

ATYANGAR COLLECTION

WAVERLEY NOVELS

*Edited by* William E. Glavin

VOL. V.



SCENE IN THE JUNGLE.

About the beginning of the century he closed his mortal coils, being found in the highway, exhausted and gasping.

The old white pig, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of the dying master, saying to him:

# OLD MORTALITY

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.



EDINBURGH: 1826.

*Ed.*

EDINBURGH, ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

1870

# TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY JEREMIAH CLIFTONOTHAM,

PROFESSOR AND FARRAR CLARE OF CAMBRIDGE.

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## FIRST SERIES.

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Now, Land o' Colons and better Buns,  
From Whodpork to Johnny Quack's,  
If there's a hole in o' your team,

[Make ye that do.]

A chaff's among yee bairn's toes,

And bide in't yeer (h.)

Home.



*Adhuc illis, illis et Ciceri : deinde, cum discesset, aperuit illis, quod  
inquirentes erant. Quae res placuit, respondit ei, et percontans cum eo quid sciret, cum  
illius non esset in illis rebus curio, cum non interesset, et illis illis, illis et  
illis res illis, quod et percontans de rebus illis, cum illis  
esset.—Eius Quodam, Poma L. Caput 10.*

It is a mystery well, and the policy is, indeed, being the same, indeed,  
for I have a mind to use them. To do all my best, answered the last : and  
going to his chamber, he brought out a little old chest, and, within, indeed,  
and then to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some  
manuscript papers, which he in his chamber, — *James's Translation.*

TO

HIS LOVING COUNTRYMEN,

WHETHER THEY ARE DESIGNATED

SONS OF THE SOUTH, GENTLEMEN OF THE NORTH,

PEOPLE OF THE WEST, OR FOLK OF THE FIVE;

THESE TALES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF A SCIENTIFIC SOUTHERN SLAVER, AND OF

THE TRADITIONS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE COUNTRIES,

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THEIR FRIEND AND WORTHY FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN,

JEREMIAH CLEMENSOTHAM,



## INTRODUCTION

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### THE TALES of MY LANDLORD.

FIRST SERIES—THE BLACK SWAMP & OLD MORTIMER.



*As I say, without vanity, presume that the name and official description prefixed to this Series will secure it, from the whole and reflecting part of mankind, in whom only I would be understood to address myself, such attention as is due to the valuable treasure of youth, and the useful performer of my solemn duties, I will further hold up a candle to the daylight, or to point out to the judicious those recommendations of my labours which they must necessarily anticipate from the perusal of the title-page. Nevertheless, I am not unaware, that, as Every always says Next at the heels, there may be those who will object, that either my learning and good principles cannot (beheld in the heavens!) be denied by any one, yet that my situation at Ouseborough hath been more favourable to my acquisition in learning than to the improvement of my views of the ways and works of the present generation. To the which objection, if, peradventure, any such shall be started, my answer shall be twofold —*

(Of it.—The Black Swamp has been transferred to vol. VI.)

VOL. V.

B

First, *Glasburgh* is, as it were, the central part—the pivot (if you will excuse) of this our native realm of Scotland, as that town, from every corner thereof, when travelling on their improvements of business, either towards our metropolis of *London*, by which I mean *Edinburgh*, or towards our metropolis and mart of gale, whereby I mean our *Glasgow*, are frequently led to make *Glasburgh* their abiding stage and place of rest for the night. And it must be well ascribed by the most impartial, that I, who have set in the northern direction, on the left-hand side of the line, in the western room of the *Wallace Inn*, winter and summer, for every coming in my life, do now forty years ago (the Christian's *Illustration* only excepted), must have seen more of the manners and customs of various tribes and people, than if I had sought them out by my own youthful hand and lucky talent. Even as both the tellers at the well-frequented taverns on the *Wallace-head*, sitting at his ease in his own dwelling, gather more receipt of custom, than if, moving forth upon the road, he were to require a contribution from each person whom he should so meet in his journey, when, according to the vulgar adage, he might possibly be greeted with more kind than defiance.

But, actually, supposing it equal respect, that *Newton*, the most able of the *Gruffs*, acquired his manner, as the *Roman* poet hath counsel'd us, by visiting states and men, I reply to the *Scotch* who should adhere to this objection, that, in facts, I have seen states and men also: for I have visited the famous cities of *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow*, the former town, and the latter down town, in the course of my worthy pilgrimages. And, moreover, I had the honour to sit in the General Assembly, (meaning, as an example, in the *galleria* theme), and have heard at such goodly squabbling on the law of patronage, as, with the justification thereof in mine own understanding, hath made me be considered as an oracle upon that doctrine ever since my safe and happy return to *Glasburgh*.

Again—and thirdly, if it be nevertheless pretended that my information and knowledge of mankind, however accurate, and however possibly acquired, by constant domestic enquiry, and by foreign travel, is, nothing, compared to the work of recording the pleasant narratives of my *Landlord*, I will let those critics loose, in their own natural shame and confusion, as well as to the obstinate and discomfiture of all who shall rashly take up a way against me, that I am not the writer, collector, or compiler, of the *Tales* of my *Landlord*; nor am I, in one single instance, answerable for their contents, more or less. And now, ye generation of critics, who write generation

up as if it were brass against, to him with your tongue, and to smile with your sleep, how generous does to your waking day, and acknowledge that you have lost the thoughts of ignorance, and the words of vain foolishness. So I go are taught to your own story, and your own get both granted for you. Then, then, aside from the work that is too heavy for you, destroy not your body by gaining a life; waste not your strength by quarrelling against a stable wall; nor spend your breath in contradicting its confusion with a flat steel, and let those weigh the Value of my Landlord, who shall bring with them the scales of justice, cleared from the rust of prejudice by the levels of unobscured reality. For there alone they were accepted, as well appear from a brief narrative which my ear for truth grasped as to make supplementary to the present Form.

It is well known that my Landlord was a pleasing and a fearless man, acceptable unto all the parish of Shuckborough, excepting only the Lord, the Rector, and those for whom he refused to draw liquor upon trust. These scores of deaths I will touch separately, adding my own reflections thereon.

He however, the Lord, accused our Landlord, himself, of having encouraged, in various times and places, the destruction of hares, rabbits, fox's blood and grey, partridges, mag-picks, venison, and other birds and quadrupeds, as unbecomingly common, and contrary to the laws of his realm, which have secured, in their wisdom, the slaughter of such animals for the good of the earth, whom I have remarked to take an uncommon (though to me, an unsatisfactory) pleasure therein. Now, in humble defence to his honour, and in justifiable defence of my friend himself, I reply to these charges, that however the form of such animals might appear to be similar to those so protected by the law, yet it was a more despotic view; for what resembled hares were, in fact, half-hares, and those partaking of the appearance of mag-pick, were truly mag-pick, and common and mine in nature, and not otherwise.

Again, the Rector, pretended, that my deceased Landlord did encourage that species of man-stealing called distillation, without having an especial permission from the Crown, technically called a license, for doing so. Now, I stand up to rebuke this pretence; and, in defence of him, his proceedings, and you and others, I tell him, that I never saw, or heard, a glass of unbecomingly common wine in the house of my Landlord; nay, that, on the contrary, we washed not such drinks, in respect of a pleasing and somewhat seductive liquor, which was usual and common at the Wallow Inn, under

the name of *Académie* there. If there is a party agreed upon, entering such a league, let him show me the statute, and when he does, I'll tell him if I will obey it or no.

Concerning those who come to my Landlord for *loges*, and to sit thirty days, for lack of present coin, or former credit, I cannot but say it has proved my house as if the war had been some years. Nevertheless, my Landlord considered the necessity of a steady toil, and would permit them, in extreme need, and when their end was supernatural for lack of currency, to dwell in the full robes of their vestries and morning apparel, exclusively of their inferior habitations, which he was uniformly inexorable in obliging them to retain, for the credit of the house. As to mine own part, I may well say that he never refused me that measure of refinement with which I was wont to reward others after the judgment of my school. It is true, I taught her few new English and Latin, writing, book-keeping, with a touch of mathematics, and that I instructed her daughter in geometry. Nor do I remember us of any few lamentable revival from him an account of those my library, except the stuporifics of *opium*;—nevertheless, this compensation suited my humour well, since it is a hard business to bid a dry throat wait till quarter-day.

But, truly, were I to quail my simple conceit and belief, I think my Landlord was chiefly moved to warm on my behalf the warm reputation of a scholar, or reflecting, from the pleasure he was wont to take in my conversation, which, though cold and slipping on the walls, was, like a well-built palace, decorated with fanciful ornaments and devices, finding much in the entertainment and ornament thereof. And so pleasant was my Landlord of the Wallow in his replies during such colloquies, that there was no district in Scotland, you, and no parish, and, as it were, distinction within therein parished, but was deemed inferior to;—inasmuch, that those who stood by were wont to say, it was worth a bottle of ale to hear an acquaintance with such others. And not a few travellers, from distant parts, as well as from the remote districts of our kingdom, were wont to mingle in the conversation, and to tell news that had been gathered in foreign lands, or gathered from attention in this our own.

Now, I thought to have contracted for teaching the lower classes with a young person called *Fine*, or *Patrick*, *Fattious*, who had been educated for our Holy Kirk,—you, had, by the House of Frederick, his voice against therein as a preacher,—who delighted in the collection of other tales and legends, and in persuading them with the power of poetry, whereas he was a man and frenzied professor;

for he followed not the example of those strong poets whom I proposed to him as a pattern, but formed a combination of a flowing and modern action, in the corresponding wholeness and necessary small parts and his thought. And hence I have cited him as being one of those who bring forward the fulfilment prophesied by Mr. Thomas Carey, in the *Fortnightly* on the death of the celebrated Dr. John Brown:

Here then art gone, and thy great lines will be  
The hand for liberty in poetry;  
Thou wast (by this rephrased) in this last age  
Turned into rhyme.<sup>1</sup>

I had also disagreements with him touching his indolence rather as flowing and volubility than a serious and stately diction in his prose compositions. But notwithstanding these symptoms of inferior taste, and a humour of contradicting his talents upon pretences of deliberate contradiction in Latin authors, I did seriously lament when Peter Posthumus was removed from me by death, even as if he had been the offspring of my own loins. And in respect his papers had been left in my care (in answer several and detailed answers), I married myself entitled to dispose of my parcel thereof, entitled, "Tales of my Landlord," to one meeting on the trade (as it is called) of book-selling. It was a mischievous man, of small stature, cunning in counterfeiting of wares, and in making fantastic tales and responses, and when I have to look for the truth of his dealings towards me.

Hence, therefore, the world may see the injustice that charges me with incapacity to write these narratives, seeing, that though I have proved that I could have written them if I would, yet, not having done so, the excuse will necessarily fail, if at all due, upon the memory of Mr. Peter Posthumus; whereas I must be justly entitled to the praise, when any is due, seeing that, as the Dams of St. Patrick's worthily and legally represent it,—

That without which a thing is not,  
Is Cause also the man.

The work, therefore, in such a case is in a person; as the which shall, if it prove worthy, the parent both honour and praise; but, if otherwise, the disgrace will necessarily attach to itself alone.

I have only further to intimate, that Mr. Peter Posthumus, in arranging these Tales for the press, hath more consulted his own fancy than the accuracy of the narrative; say, that he hath sometimes

<sup>1</sup> (See *Donner's Poems*, London, 1800, p. 100.)

*Shaded ten or fifteen strokes together for the background of his plate — of which I believe, although I disapprove and rather regret my labours against it, yet I have not taken upon me to correct the error, in regard to the will of the deceased that his manuscript should be collected to the press without discussion or abridgement. A faithful copy it was no the part of my deceased friend, who, if thinking wisely, ought rather to have engaged me, by all the tender ties of our friendship and common pursuits, to have carefully revised, abridged, and arranged, at my judgment and direction. But the will of the dead must be scrupulously obeyed, even when we may see their partiality and self-deceit. So, gentle reader, I bid you fare ill, recommending you to such fire as the mountains of your own country produce; and I will only further promise, that such toil be prevented by a short subscription, uniting the powers of science, and the circumstances under which, the materials thereof were collected.*

JEDITHA CLOUGH-THOM.



WHALE SCAPULA BY MISS BENTLEY.



## INTRODUCTION TO OLD MORALITY.

1839.

THE remarkable person called by the title of *Old Morality* was well known in Scotland about the end of the last century. His real name was Robert Falconer. He was a native, it is said, of the parish of Clachura in Dumfriesshire, and probably a man by profession—not least devoted to the use of the clasp. Whether *family domesticity*, or the deep and enthusiastic feeling of supposed duty, drove him to leave his dwelling, and adopt the itinerant mode of life in which he travelled, like a pedlar, through Scotland, is not known. It could not be poverty, however, which prompted his journey, for he never accepted anything beyond the hospitality which was willingly accorded him, and when that was not profused, he always had money enough to provide for his own humble wants. His personal appearance, and features, or rather his occupations are accurately described in the preliminary chapter of the following work.

It is about thirty years since or more that the author met this singular person in the churchyard of Dumfriesshire, when spending a day or two with the late learned and excellent clergyman Mr. Walker, the minister of that parish, for the purpose of a close examination of the ruins of the Castle of Dumfriesshire, and other subjects of antiquarian research in that neighbourhood. *Old Morality* seemed to be at the same place on the usual business of his pilgrimages; for the Castle of Dumfriesshire, though lying in the uninteresting district of the *Moray*, was, with the parish churchyard, celebrated for the appearance maintained there by the Government in the time of James II.

It was in 1835, when Angell was threatening a descent upon Scotland, and Macmillan was preparing to invade the west of England, that the Free Council of Scotland, with great progress, made a general census of more than a hundred persons in the western and western provinces, supported, from their religious principles, to be indebted to Government, together with many women and children. These captives were driven northward like a flock of bullocks, but with

low position to provide for their needs, and finally perished up in a subterranean dungeon in the Castle of Douzhaire, leaving a window opening to the front of a parapet which overhung the Rhodanus river. They had suffered not a little on the journey, and were much less hale at the mouth of the northern peninsula, and the weekly, daily, and instantaneous scenes played by the soldiers and sailors who had come from every quarter as they passed, to witness one the victims of their raving. The rage which the voluntary dromons reflected them was anything but uncoloured. The guards took it as pay for every line despised, even that of water, and whenever one of the prisoners coughed or sneezed, or vomited, and insisted on their right to have their necessity of life restored, their imperceptible of the water on the prison floor, saying, "If they were obliged to leave water for the visiting ships, they were not bound to afford them the use of boats or junks or galleys."

In this prison, which is still termed the *Whip's Peak*, several kind of the dromons concluded to make a rebellion; and others broke their bonds and escaped fatal injury in desperate attempts to escape from their stern prison-house. Over the graves of these unhappy persons their friends, after the Revolution, erected a monument with a suitable inscription.

The peculiar climate of the *Whip's Peak* is very much lessened by their descendants, though residing at a great distance from the land of their captivity and death. My friend, the late Mr. Walker, told me, that having come upon a tour in the north of Scotland, probably about forty years since, he had the best luck to locate himself in the highlands of passagers and troops which cross in every direction the extensive waste called Locher Moss, near Dingwall, out of which it is scarcely possible for a stranger to extricate himself, and there was no small difficulty in procuring a guide, since such people as he was were engaged in digging their graves—a work of permanent necessity, which will hardly admit interruption. Mr. Walker said, therefore, only pressure compelled him to disengage in the northern heath, which differs widely from that of the Rhodanus. He was beginning to think himself in a serious dilemma, when he stated his case to a farmer of rather the better class, who was employed, as the others, in digging his winter food. The old man at first made the same answer with those who had already declined acting as the traveller's guide; but persuading him in great perplexity, and paying the reward due to his preference, "Ere are a daggymen, are?" he said. Mr. Walker started. "And I shaver from your speech that you are from the

worth?"—"You are right, my good friend," was the reply. "And may I ask if you have ever heard of a place called *Dumfriesshire*?"—"I ought to have something about it, my friend," said Mr. Walker, "since I have been several years the minister of the parish."—"I am glad to hear it," said the Descriptionist, "for one of my near relations has been there, and there is, I believe, a monument over his grave. I would give half of what I am ought to know of it to still in existence."—"He was one of those who perished in the *Wing's Field* at the castle?" said the minister; "for there are few well-known families living in our shire, and none, I think, having monuments."—"Even one—*even one*," said the old Descriptionist, for such was the farmer. He then told some his story, and on his way, and shortly offered to see the monument out of the way, if he should lose the rest of the day's wages. Mr. Walker was able to regain him empty, to his surprise, by reciting the story, which he remembered by heart. The old man was delighted with finding the memory of his grandfather, or great-grandfather, faithfully recorded amongst the names of better sowers; and rejecting all other offers of recompense, only requested, after he had paid Mr. Walker for a safe and dry road, that he would let him have a written copy of the inscription.

It was whilst I was listening to this story, and looking at the monument referred to, that I saw Old Mortality engaged in his daily task of chimney and repairing the ornaments and cyphers upon the tomb. His appearance and equipment were exactly as described in the *Book*. I was very desirous to see something of a person so singular, and expected to have done so, as he took up his quarters with the hospitable and liberal-spirited minister. But though Mr. Walker seemed him up after dinner to peruse of a glass of spirits and water, to which he was supposed not to be very warm, yet he would not speak freely upon the subject of his companion. He was too kind-hearted, and had, according to his phrase, no freedom for conversation with us.

His spirit had been early used by hearing in a certain Abbeyside Kirk the psalmody directed by a pock-pipe, or some similar instrument, which was in Old Mortality the characteristic of abbeyside music. Perhaps, after all, he did not find himself at ease with his company; he might suspect the questions asked by a north-country minister and a young baronet to answer more of idle curiosity than profit. At any rate, on the phrase of John Bunyan, Old Mortality went on his way, and I saw him no more.

The remarkable figure and complexion of this modest pilgrim was

recalled to my memory by an account transmitted by my friend Mr. Joseph Trice, supervisor of taxes at Danbury, in whom I discovered similarities of a similar nature. From this, besides some other circumstances, among which are those of the old man's death, I learned the particulars described in the text. I was also informed that the old palmer's family, in the first generation, resided, and is highly respected both for talents and worth.\*

While these sheets were passing through the press, I received the following communication from Mr. Trice, whose watchmaking business had, during the intervals of laborious duty, collected its materials from an undisturbed source:—

"In the course of my periodical visits to the Clerks, I have become intimately acquainted with Robert Peterson, a son of Old Mortality, who lives in the little village of Solisbury; and although he is now in the 70th year of his age, preserves all the vivacity of youth—has a most retentive memory, and is well stored with information for story which could be reported from a person on his station of life. To him I am indebted for the following particulars relative to his father and his descendants down to the present time.

"Robert Peterson, alias Old Mortality, was the son of Walter Peterson and Margaret Cook, who occupied the farm of Nagsden, in the parish of Haverth, during nearly the first half of the eighteenth century. Here Robert was born, in the memorable year 1716.

"Being the youngest son of a numerous family, he, at an early age, went to serve with an older brother, named Francis, who resided from Sir John Jordine of Appleworth a small tract in Concord Mass., near Ludenston. During his residence there he became acquainted with Elizabeth Gray, daughter of Robert Gray, partner to Sir John Jordine, whom he afterwards married. His wife had been for a considerable time a maid to Sir Thomas Fitzpatrick of Cheshire, who presented for her husband, from the Duke of Newcastle, an advantageous lease of the famous quarry of Galesbury, in the parish of Kinton. Here he built a house, and had as much land as kept a horse and cow. My informant cannot say, with certainty, the year in which his father took up his residence at Galesbury, but he is sure it must have been only a short time prior to the year 1746, as, during the memorable frost in 1745, he says his mother still resided in the service of Sir Thomas Fitzpatrick. When the Highlanders were returning from England on their route to

\* (See the Introduction to the *Chronicle of the Galesbury*, vol. i., &c.)

Chapin, in the year 1745-6, they purchased Mr. Paterson's house at Guthrieburg, and carried him a prisoner as far as Glendock, merely because he still is one of the struggling army that their reform might have been easily forgiven, as the strong arm of the Lord was evidently raised, not only against the bloody and wicked house of Stuart, but against all who attempted to support the abominable hierarchy of the Church of Rome. From this circumstance it appears that Old Mortality had, even at that early period of his life, inherited the religious enthusiasm by which he afterwards became so much distinguished.

"The religious and ardent Millman, or Cameronian, was at that time much used for preaching and devotion, in addition of carrying their founder, of whom much Old Mortality became a most strenuous supporter. He made frequent journeys into Galloway to attend their assemblies, and occasionally carried with him permission from his quarry at Guthrieburg to keep in remembrance the righteous whom death had long purchased to their fathers. Old Mortality was not one of those religious devotees who, although one eye is necessarily turned towards heaven, keep the other steadfastly fixed on some earthly object. As his religiousness increased, his journeys into Galloway became more frequent; and he gradually neglected even the common professional duty of providing for his offspring. From about the year 1760 he neglected wholly to return from Galloway to his wife and five children at Guthrieburg, which induced her to send her eldest son, Walter, then only twelve years of age, to Galloway, in search of his father. After traversing nearly the whole of that extensive district, from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Forth, he found him at last dwelling on the Cameronian mountains in the old baronial of Kildrummy, on the west side of the Dee, opposite the town of Elgin. The little wanderer told all the particulars in his power to induce his father to return to his family; but in vain. Mrs. Paterson and some some of her female children into Galloway in search of their father, for the same purpose of persuading him to return home; but without any success. At last, in the summer of 1768, she removed to the little upland village of Edinvalley, in the Galloway of Galloway, where, upon the small pension derived from keeping a little school, she supported her numerous family in a respectable manner.

#### THE END OF THE BOOK

OF JAMES MCCORMICK OF GUTHRIEBURG  
AND HIS SON ALAN MAY 1800 AGED 66

\* There is a small monument done in the form of the Golden,

near the House of the Hall in Wymondham, which is highly venerated as being the first erected by Old Manesty in the memory of several persons who fell at that place in defence of their religious lands to the civil war, in the reign of Charles Second.\*

"From the Children, the labours of Old Manesty, in the course of time, spread over nearly all the Leicesters of Scotland. There are few churches in Aberdeen, Glasgow, or Dumfriesshire, where the work of his mind is not yet to be seen. It is rarely distinguished from the work of any other talent by the primitive violence of the emotions of death, and of the inscriptions which adorn the different kinds of his creation. This habit of observing and creating greatness, practical wisdom for its reward, was the only admissible employment of the singular person for upwards of sixty years. The door of every Government's house was indeed open to him at all times when he chose to enter, and he was gladly received as an inmate of the family; but he did not thoroughly accept of those abilities, as may be seen by the following account of his frequent requests, found amongst other little papers (some of which I have preserved in my possession) on his pocket-book after his death:—

"Continued of Post, 4th February 1791.

Estimate of money due to Manesty Government.

To days Lodgings for seven weeks . . . . .	£l	4	1
To New Year's of All Souls . . . . .	0	0	6
To 6 Lippin of Fenton . . . . .	0	1	6
To Last Money at the time of Mr. Hall's Departure . . . . .	0	0	0
To 6 Shoppings of Tell with Lady the Endless? . . . . .	0	0	0
	£l	15	3
Amount to pay . . . . .	0	15	0
Obeyed . . . . .	00	0	0

"This statement shows the religious weakness to have been very great in his old age; but he was so near by death then through necessity, as, at the period here alluded to, his children were all comfortably married, and were most anxious to keep their father at home. But no embassy could induce him to alter his usual way of life; he travelled from one churchyard to another, married on his old wedding day, till the last day of his existence, and died as you have described, at Sandhill, near Leicester, on the 14th February 1801, on the 60th

\* The house was burned by a Captain Colclough of Wymondham, who was shot in the action.

† "A well-known historical house deeply popularly called by the name of the Holyrope, who could be the best or worst with which to compare such a house."

year of his age. As soon as his body was freed, ventilation was sent to his sons at Edinburgh; but from the great depth of the snow at that time, the letter communicating the particulars of his death was so long detained by the way, that the remains of the pilgrim were interred before any of his relations could arrive at Banffhill.

<sup>a</sup> The following is an exact copy of the account of his funeral expenses—the original of which I have in my possession:—

<sup>a</sup> *Memorandum of the Funeral Charges of Robert Petreux, who died at Banffhill on the 11th day of February 1802.*

To a Coffin	£ <sup>s</sup> 10 0
To Hacking for do	0 2 0
To a Sheet for do	0 6 0
To a pair of Cotton Stockings	0 3 0
To Bread at the Funeral	0 3 0
To Wine at do	0 3 0
To 1 pint Rum	0 4 0
To 1 pint Whisky	0 4 0
To a man going to Assam	0 2 0
To the gravedigger	0 1 0
To Assam for a sheet to him	0 2 0
	<hr/>
	£1 2 10
Taken of him when dead	1 7 0
	<hr/>
	£1 14 4

<sup>a</sup> The sheet entered is authenticated by the use of the demand.

<sup>a</sup> My friend was prevented by indisposition from ever going to Banffhill to attend the funeral of his father, which I regret very much, as he is not aware on what shroudage he was interred.

<sup>a</sup> For the purpose of erecting a small monument to his memory, I have made every possible inquiry wherever I thought there was the least chance of finding out where Old Mortality was laid, but I have done in vain, as his death is not registered in the public-book of any of the neighbouring parishes. I am sorry to think that in all probability this singular person, who spent so many years of his lengthened existence in striving with his blind and restless to perpetuate the memory of many less deserving than himself, must remain ever without a single stone to mark out the resting-place of his mortal remains.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> [This good intention on the part of the author has now been carried out. A headstone was erected, November 1816, to the memory of Old Mortality in the churchyard of Canislaw, where there is satisfactory proof of his having been interred in the month of February 1802.]

"*Old Mortality* had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John; the former, as has been already mentioned, lives in the village of Dal-macallan, in comfortable circumstances, and is much respected by his neighbours. Walter died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now respectably situated in this parish. John went to America in the year 1776, and after various turns of fortune, settled at Baltimore."

*Old Hol himself* is said to have lived an innocent yet, (*the Captain Dalgarno's Memoirs*\*) *Old Mortality* somewhat troubled the Protesters in this town to fidelity. Like Master Shug, he had been merry twice and once in his time; but even his joys were of a melancholy and equidistant nature, and sometimes attended with inconvenience to himself, as will appear from the following anecdote:—

The old man was at one time following his wonted occupation of repairing the heads of the martyrs, in the churchyard of Duthen, and the ladies of the parish were playing his kindred task at no great distance. Some regular workmen were working near them, and by their noisy gambols disturbing the old man in their serious occupation. The most petulant of the juvenile party were ten or eleven boys, grandchildren of a person well known by the name of Oliver Clement.—This artist enjoyed almost a monopoly in Duthen and the neighbouring parishes for making and setting hails, spears, knives, broods, spades, axes, and trawlers, formed of wood, for the use of the country people. It must be noticed that, notwithstanding the excellence of the Oliver's wares, they were apt, when wet, to impart a reddish tinge to whatever liquor was put into them, a circumstance not uncommon in his case.

The grandchildren of this dealer in wooden ware took it into their head to ask the ladies what use he could possibly make of the numerous fragments of old armour which were thrown up in opening new graves. "Do you not know," said *Old Mortality*, "that he will turn to your grandfathers, who makes them into spears, trawlers, knives, broods, and so forth?" At this anecdote, the youthful group broke up in great confusion and disgust, on reflecting how many meals they had eaten out of dishes which, by *Old Mortality's* account, were only fit to be used as a banquet of wights or of ghouls. They carried the tidings home, when many a dinner was spoiled by the boiling which the *Intelligencer* imported, for the

\* This work forms part of a volume of Memoirs written during the great civil war, being the Life of the famous Dringy, published by the author in 1761.



account of the materials was supposed to explain the selfish usage, which, even in the days of the Quaker's fame, had caused somewhat suspicion. The name of Quaker Chumey was repeated in horror, much to the delight of his rivals the smugglers, who dealt in contraband. The use of contraband and balls was his trade interrupted, and learned the reason by his generous customers coming upon him in search to return the goods which were composed of such unwholesome materials, and demand repayment of their money. In this deplorable predicament the fishers acted what Old Mortality calls a sort of justice, where he proved that the worst he met in his trade was that of the names of old wine-pipes brought from smugglers, with whom the country then abounded—a circumstance which fully accounted for their imparting a colour to their sentence. Old Mortality himself made the fullest declaration that he had no other purpose in making the mention than to check the petulance of the children. But it is easier to take away a good name than to restore it. Quaker Chumey's business continued to languish, and he died in a state of poverty.

[Here—Mr Todd seems to have been misled by his information, respecting the scene of the village where Robert Pollock died. That house, during our life-time that we, Glasgow and Edinburgh, was the place where Old Mortality lived; so that this village, although in the same county, is distant about 14 miles from Glasgow, and is situate in a different parish—Gill of Gartnavel. It was in the churchyard of Gartnavel that his remains are said to have been buried, and of this fact, doubtless exists.]



## PRELIMINARY.

Why settle in with mortal toil  
Through death's dim valley through his way,  
Bidding his ever-constant spirit,  
And hand deliver him day?

LACONTOIS.

"*MOST readers,*" says the Manuscript of Mr. Feltman, "must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dissolving of a college-school on a fine summer morning. The frequent spirit of delight, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be said to explode, as it were, in shout and song, and *fitly*, as the birds welcome June to groups on their playground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dissolution, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, as is apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, surrounded with the lawn, and surrounded with the clamour of his scholars, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling passion, meeting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to refine idleness: and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by one, and only varied by the various blunders of the readers. Even the flowers of classic poetry, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their connection with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the *Eclogues of Virgil* and *Odes of Horace* are such insignificantly allied to associations with the *solitary figure* and *manicured vegetation* of some blustering schoolboy. If in these mental straits are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher destination than that of being the

[*NOTE.*—This preliminary chapter formed the first in previous editions, but on account of its introductory character has now been printed in italics.]

tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which the military walk, in the coat of a *fat woman's* morning, affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shocked, for so many hours, in gazing the intense look of public instruction.

"To me these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unhappy life; and if any gentle reader shall hereafter find pleasure in pursuing these wanderings, I am not unwilling he should have that the place of them has been usually traced in those moments when relief from toil and clamour, combined with the quiet scenery around me, has directed my mind to the task of composition.

"My chief haunt, in these hours of golden leisure, is the border of the small stream, which, winding through a 'low vale of green broadens,' passes its forest of the village schoolhouse of Goudersloot. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations, in order to return the scraps, or *defied* haunts, of such stragglers among my people as fish for trout or minnows in the little brook, or such rakes and wild flowers by its margin. But, beyond the spot I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do not, after sunset, voluntarily extend their excursions. The stream is, thus, further up the narrow valley, and in a scene which none escaped out of the side of the steep basaltic bank, there is a deserted burial-ground, which the little currents are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron, *forget not his promise*, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage."

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of falling attended to a burial-ground, without wanting those of a more unpleasant description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The mementoes, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground, and overgrown with moss. No accidental look disturbs the calm serenity of our reflections, by reminding us of mortal calamity, and no rankling griefs press upon our imagination the conviction, that it may be dark

\* Now, by Mr. Andrew Robertson.—That I kept my flight to this solitary walk with my favourite and frequent friend, appeared from a handsome invitation, written at my proper chamber in this spot, bearing the name and address of Peter Peckham, with the note of his meeting and departure, together also with a testimony of his merit, attested by myself as his superior and patron.—J. C.

luxuriance to the foul and frowning elements of mortality which ferment beneath. The delay which sprinkles the soil, and the hail which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven, and their growth impresses us with no depressing or disgusting reflections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are official and dignified of their career by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection, that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their robes are now identified with their mother earth, were shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

"Yet, although the mass has been collected in the most numbers of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of them who sleep beneath them is still held in sacred remembrance. It is true, that, upon the largest, and in an antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigy of a dauntless knight on his head of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few unimportant letters may be read, at the pleasure of the day-dreamer, *Don John—de Harvel—de John—de Lancel—*. And it is also true, that of another tomb, richly sculptured with an ornamental cross, roses, and pastoral staff, tradition can only aver that a certain wandering bishop has interred there. But upon other two stones which lie beside, may still be read in rude gothic, and ruder rhyme, the history of those who sleep beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a marvellously subject for history in the times of Charles II. and his successor.\* In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the King's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The generous attention to which is the title of these victims of party we honour which they do not render to more splendid manes; and, when they print them out in their arms, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude by entreating them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

"Although I am far from venerating the peculiar tenets asserted

\* James, seventh King of Scotland of that name, was forced according to the convention of the Kings of England—d. 17.

by those who call themselves the followers of their own, and whose endeavours and narrow-minded bigotry are at least as conspicuous as their doctrinal ones, yet it is without depreciating the meaning of those efforts, many of whom visited the independent sentiments of a *Disciple* with the suffering soul of a *Preper* or *Lutheran*. On the other hand, it would be unjust to forget that many even of those who had been most active in creating what they considered the schismatic and selfish spirit of these unhappy members, displayed themselves, when called upon to suffer for their political and religious opinions, the same daring and devoted soul, fearless in their own, with Christian equality, as in the former with republican enthusiasm. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stubbornness with which it is usually shown must in submission to authority, when it comes close to the native opinions of their life, which seems to be kindled in the midst of growth even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, standing the breeze with equal boldness on every direction, shows no weather-side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bowed. It must be understood that I speak of my countrymen as they fall under my own observation. What in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But it is time to return from this digression.

"Our summer evening, as in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually make its abode—the gentle chiding, usually, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of those gigantic ash-trees, which mark the country. The click of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I understood some stones that a remarkable, long wall built by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my father's brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its roughness abruptly for the graceful swelling of the natural boundary.\* As I approached, I was speedily understood,

\* I deem it fitting that the reader should be apprised that this boundary boundary between the extensive fertile property of his house the Laird of Ganton, though, and the house the Laird of Bannock, was to have been its basis on a spot, or rather more or somewhat greater, called by the vulgar a *depression* spot, unincorporated, or rapid, rapid river, &c. with a and last. Truly that house will take descent concerning two parts of morning ground, near the river called the Bannock's Burn, and the controversy, having since years before been removed from before the judges of the high court where it stands long, even over the quality of London and the Assembly of the British Church, is, as I may say, still in progress. 22

An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deciphering with his stout the letters of the inscription, which, answering, in scriptural language, the general thoughts of fidelity to be the lot of the slain, and the method the murderers with corresponding violence. A thin bonnet of trowsers, *flammarion* covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large oblong-tailed coat of the same cloth called *habille-grey*, usually worn by the older peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong slanted shoes, stuffed with *bat-mats*, and gaiters, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Seated here, far among the graves & gurgs, the congregation of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its protruding bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was increased in the most simple manner, with a pair of breeches, a hair collar, or halter, and a stick, or cushion of straw, instead of boots and saddle. A canvas pack hung around the neck of the animal,—for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipment, I had no difficulty in recognising a religious itinerant, whom I had often heard to that of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of *Old Mortality*.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the notions which reach from desert his home, and adopt the events made of life which he pursued, known to me, except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfriesshire or Galloway, and having descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small married farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other peaceful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his home, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious individual regulated his conduct as he annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. There are most numerous

in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfriesshire; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had sought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the war-fred wanderer has been often surprised to find him busied in clearing the moss from the grey stones, and ring with his chisel the half-obliterated inscriptions, and repairing the outlines of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. *Memento mori* of the most solemn, though fearful denotation, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while wandering in the eye of posterity the deepening outlines of the soil and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby brimming, as it were, the lamp-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion with noble blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old physician never seemed to want, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some *Chapman*<sup>2</sup> of his own set, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the grave-stones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or quarters of his host. At the wanderer was usually to be seen, bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, distilling the plover and the lark-moth with the click of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his sojourn among the dead, the popular appellation of *Old Mortality*."

"The character of such a man could have in it little attraction even with innocent gaiety. Yet, among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining wanderers here, and the sufferer of religion by whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually termed the generation of vipers. Conversing with others,

<sup>2</sup> (A name applied to the same right sort of Presbyterian, the followers of Richard Duguid.)

he was grave and unobtrusive, not without a cast of severity. But he did not seem to have been observed to give way to violent passions, excepting upon one occasion, when a mischievous tramp-boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face, which the old man was engaged in re-reading. I am in general a lover of the real, notwithstanding the maxims of Solomon, for which advantage have hills room to thrust his memory; but on that occasion I deemed it proper to show that I did not hate the child.—But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

"In meeting Old Mortality, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man interrupted the operation of the dial, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I ventured upon him some questions concerning the efforts in whose honour he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the Cromwells was the delight, as it were, their monuments were the business, of his life. He was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had he narrative the circumstantiality of an eye-witness.

"*'W's,*' he said, in a tone of exultation,—*'we are the only true Whigs! Ourselves can have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit the hour on a wet hill-side to hear a golly sermon? I know an hour of it and starve them. They are wiser a hour better than them that choose us to talk upon themselves the pernicious name of kindhearted Tories. Selfishness all of them, arrives after wealth, power, and worldly ambition, and forgets all of what has been done and done by the mighty men who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. How wonder they loved the accomplishment of what was spoken by the mouth of the worthy Mr. Puley (that pious account of the Lord, none of whose words fell to the ground), that the French monarch\* will rise as fast in the place of Ape, and the bones of Gallioy, as over the Highlands did in 1577. And now they*

\* (This was spoken during the expedition of Lewis from France.

See note V, p. 466.)



are grizzling to the larder and to the spire, when they could be mauling for a single head and a broken croissant."

"Smoking the old man, by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and success in giving conversation with so singular a character, I persuaded upon him to accept that hospitality which Mr. Clibbitham is always willing to extend to those who seek it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house, we called at the Mallon Inn, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a simple glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to smoke the pipe, which he proposed with a grace of about five minutes, and then, with heaven's digest, and eyes uplifted, drew to the memory of those lanes of the East who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his civility to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him in the Prophet's Chamber, as it is his pleasure to call the closet which holds a open bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller."

"The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his conversation, and burred in his conversation. After he had mumbled, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took me by the hand and said, 'The blessing of our Master be with you, young man! My bones are like the moss of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the scythe of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a scythe in your clack, that, like the bill of the rook, swoops oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore labour as one who laboureth not when his Master calleth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gone home to your ain place, there could withered hands well frame a stone of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people.'

\* His rights were settled, and for the rich slave, when I read my share, the grant of the earth gave him better harbours in my poor dwellings. And, during the service of my benefactor, Bentley, who was known and worthy of respect, the Master of the Duke of Manchester, in the perpetuation to and from the metropolis, two roads to guide my Prophet's Chamber was the needed chamber of this in the Mallon Inn, and to further a necessity, as he would possibly say, to attend the freedom of the house, but, in reality, to secure himself of my company during the evening.—*J. G.*

" I thanked *Old Mortality* for his kind intentions in my behalf, and bowed a sigh, not I think, of regret, as much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But though, in all human probability, he did not see in supposing that my span of life may be extended in youth, he had over-estimated the period of his own pilgrimage on earth. It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while men, fishes, and flowers, are fast creating those stains, or clouds which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century, he stood his martial look, being found on the highway near *Leander's*, in *Dumfriesshire*, advanced and just aspiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to show that his death was in no way hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion, that the stream which he repulsed will not again require the existence of the child. They even assert, that on the banks where the manner of the martyr's murder is recorded, their names have remained indelibly visible since the death of *Old Mortality*, while those of the persecutors, sculptured on the same monuments, have been entirely defaced. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a *fine* imagination, and that, since the time of the *glorious martyrs*, the monuments which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly monuments, into ruin or decay.

" My readers will of course understand, that in embodying into one compressed narrative many of the anecdotes which I had the advantage of deriving from *Old Mortality*, I have been far from adopting either his style, his opinions, or even his facts, so far as they appear to have been distorted by party prejudice. I have endeavored to extract or verify them from the most authentic sources of tradition afforded by the representations of either party.

" On the part of the *Presbyterians*, I have consulted such overland farmers from the western districts, as, by the loss of their land, kirk or otherwise, have been able, during the late general change of property, to obtain possession of the grounds on which their predecessors fed their flocks and herds. I need not say, that of late days I have found this a limited source of information. I have therefore called in the supplementary aid of those modest itinerant, whom the scrupulous simplicity of our ancestors denominated travelling merchants,

but whom, of late, accommodating ourselves in this as to more national particulars, to the feelings and sentiments of our more sensible neighbours, we have learned to call *gentlemen or gaffers*. To society women travelling in hopes to get rid of their winter work, but more especially to sailors, who, from their sedentary profession, and the necessity, in our country, of converting it by temporary residence to the function by whom they are employed, may be considered as possessing a complete register of racial traditions, I have been enabled for many illustrations of the narrative of *Old Mortality*, much to the taste and spirit of the original.

"I had more difficulty in finding materials for correcting the text of *partially* which seriously prevented these stores of treasured learning, in order that I might be enabled to present an uncoloured picture of the manners of that unhappy period, and of the same time to do justice to the merits of both parties. But I have been enabled to qualify the narrative of *Old Mortality* and his *Glennan* friends, by the reports of more than one descendant of ancient and honourable families, who, themselves dropped into the horrible rule of life, yet had proudly held on the period when their ancestors fought and fell in behalf of the noble house of Stuart. I may even have met several nobles in the same state; for more than one reigning bishop, whose authority and income were upon an equal level with as the greatest abbot of *Episcopacy* could well desire, have dropped, while partaking of the humble cheer of the *Wallace* Inn, to furnish me with information accurate of the facts which I learned from others. There are also here and there a lord or two, who, though they shew their shoulders, profess no great shame in their fathers having served in the preceding generations of *Elizabeth* and *Charles*. From the participants of these gatherings, on either the most apt of any other to become hereditary in such families, I have also contrived to collect much valuable information.

"Upon the whole, I can hardly fear, that at this time, in describing the operation which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can be suspected of showing partiality or injustice to either. If recollection of former injuries, wrongs, and contempt and hatred of their characters, produced anger and openness in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that if the zeal for their houses did not set up the reverendness, it showed at least, to include the ghosts of *Dryden*, no small portion of their loyalty, other aims, and good breeding. We may safely hope,

that the souls of the brave and sincere on either side have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-considered measures which caused their mutual hatred and hostility while in this valley of darkness, blood, and tears. Peace to their memory! Let us think of them as the heroes of our only Scottish tragedy, and let us think of her departed also—

*"O rule not up the names of our fathers!  
Feyrheart's vengeance was their action,  
And justice has the vengeance been."*



SCOTTISH FLAG, HISTORICAL RECORD, 1861.





*Old Mortality*

**CHAPTER FIRST**

*Enthusiasm as kindled here by break of day,  
To wait our pleasure at the death-pail.*

*DOUGLAS.*

UNDER the reign of the last Stuarts, there was an anxious wish on the part of Government to counteract, by every means in their power, the spirit or partiality spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which excited the blood to the legs head, and both to the crown. Frequent reviews and assemblies of the people, both for military exercises and for sports and pastimes, were appointed by authority. The interference, in the latter case, was improper, to say the least; for, as usual on such occasions, the courtesies which were at first only scruples, became confirmed in their opinions, instead of giving way to the terms of authority; and the youth of both sexes, to whom the pipe and tabor in England, or the bagpipe in Scotland, would have been in themselves an irresistible temptation, were enabled to set them at defiance, from the proud consciousness that they were, at the same time, visiting an act of counsel. To compel

men to dance and be merry by authority, has rarely succeeded even on board of ships, where it was formerly sometimes attempted by way of inducing the wretched captives to agitate their limbs and restore the circulation, during the few minutes they were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck. The rigour of the strict Calicutah increased in proportion to the wisdom of the Government that it should be relaxed. A pointed observation of the Subbott—a expostious condemnation of all manly pastimes and harmless recreations, as well as of the profane custom of promiscuous dancing, that is, of men and women dancing together in the same party (for I believe they admitted that the dances might be innocuous if purified by the parties separately)—distinguishing those who professed a more than collorary share of sanctity. They discouraged, as far as lay in their power, even the ancient jugglery, as they were termed, when the feudal array of the county was called on, and each court-martial was required to appear with such number of men and armour as he was bound to make by his fief, and that under high statutory penalties. The Commissioners were the more jealous of these assemblies, as the lord lieutenants and sheriffs under whom they were held had instructions from the Government to spare no pains which might render them agreeable to the young men who were thus mustered together, upon whom the military exercise of the morning, and the sports which usually closed the evening, might naturally be supposed to have a salutary effect.

The preachers and proselytes of the more rigid Postyphedians informed, therefore, by caution, remonstrance, and authority, to diminish the attendance upon these exercises, conscious that in doing so, they lessened not only the appearance, but the actual strength of the Government, by impeding the estimation of that spirit & enterprise which even makes young men who are in the habit of meeting together for manly sport, or military exercises. They, therefore, exerted themselves earnestly to prevent attendance on these exercises by those who could find any possible excuse for absence, and were especially severe upon such of their hearers as were variously led to be spectators, or here or there to be partakers, of the array and the sports which took place. Each of the parties as entitled to these distinctions were not always, however, in a situation to be ruled by them. The commands of the law were imperative; and the party present, who administered

the executive power in Scotland, were severe in enforcing the statutory penalties against the crowd-vendors who did not appear at the periodical *weppenachers*. The headholders were compelled, therefore, to send their sons, tenants, and vassals to the rendezvous, to the number of horses, men, and spears, at which they were rated; and it frequently happened, that notwithstanding the strict charge of their chiefs, to return as soon as the formal inspection was over, the young men-at-arms were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in the sports which succeeded the muster, or to avoid listening to the papers read in the churches on these occasions, and thus, to the opinion of their reigning parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the *weppenacher* of a wild district, called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on a large or level plain, near to a royal burgh, the name of which is no way essential to my story, on the morning of the 5th of May 1676, when our narrative commences. When the muster had been made, and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the *popinjay*,\* an ancient game formerly practiced with archery, but at this period with firearms. This was the figure of a bird, decked with party-colored feathers, so as to resemble a parakeet or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark at which the competitors discharged their fuses and carbines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark, held the proud title of Captain of the *Popinjay* for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change-house in the neighbourhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices, and, if he was able to sustain it, at his expense.

It will, of course, be supposed, that the ladies of the country assembled to witness this gallant sight, those accepted who held the stricter tenets of puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Ladies, baronesses, or illustrious, there were none in those simple days. The lord lieutenant of the county (a personage of dual rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculp-

\* Note A. *Foster of the Popinjay.*



ture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight loads and six *coaches*. The *coaches* were their dinner in person, two maids of honour, two children, a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral recess, formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the *boat*, and an squerry to his Grace conveyed in the corresponding convenient on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short *carrots*, and the wigs with three tails, had livery-breeches slung behind them, and pithie at their middle-bow, conducted the equipage. On the foot-board, behind this moving *morning-house*, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six *hangers* in rich *brunon*, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the *quarry*, men and women, old and young, were on horseback, followed by their *servants*; but the *company*, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous leather vehicle which we have attempted to describe, radiating her title to precedence over the untitled *quarry* of the country, might be seen the *sober* palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the crest and grandiose form of Lady Margaret herself, dowered in those widow's weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the extinction of her husband for his adherence to *Monstrous*.

Her grand-daughter, and only surviving one, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with much grace, her gay riding-dress, and least ride-maid, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the distracting profusion of *ringlets*, which, coming from under her cap, were only confined by a green ribbon from wandering over her shoulders; her coat of *ballance*, soft and flexible, yet not without a certain expression of phlegmatic arthritis, which released their creature from the charge of *impidity*, sometimes brought against *blonds* and blue-eyed beauties,—these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendour of her equipage or the figure of her palfrey.

The attendants of these distinguished ladies was rather inferior to their birth and fashion in those times, as it consisted only of two *servants* on horseback. The truth was, that the good old lady had been obliged to make all her domestic *servants*

turn out to complete the quota which her horses ought to furnish for the muster, and in which she would not for the universe have been found deficient. The old steward, who, in steel cap and jack-boots, led forth her army, had, as he said, sweated blood and water in his efforts to overcome the scruples and evasions of the snarling farmers, who ought to have furnished men, horses, and harness, on these occasions. At last their dispute came near to an open declaration of hostilities, the licensed Apocryphal, borrowing on the remnants the whole thousands of the commination, and reciting from them, in return, the denunciations of a Calvinistic excommunication. What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would have been very enough. The petty council would readily have imposed fines, and sent a troop of horse to collect them. But this would have been calling the barons and lords into the palace to kill the hays.

"Fay," said Harrison to himself, "the squire has little enough gear at my rate, and if I call in the red-coats and take away what little they have, how is my worshipful lady to get her rents paid at Chesham, which is not a difficult matter to bring round even in the best of times?"

So he armed the foster and filloons, the footmen and the ploughmen, at the house farm, with an old dragoon considering better, who had served with the late Sir Richard under Montrose, and shrouded the family nightly with his exploits at Killisnoe and Tippernew, and who was the only man in the party that had the smallest need for the work in hand. In this manner, and by recruiting one or two gentlemanlike poachers and blackshirts, Mr Harrison completed the quota of men which fell to the share of Lady Margaret Belknap, as lieutenant of the barony of Ellinstown and others. But when the steward, on the morning of the eventful day, had mustered his troops forth before the iron gate of the town, the mother of Oedipus Haddock the ploughman appeared, habited with the jack-boots, buff coat, and other equipments which had been used forth for the service of the day, and had them before the steward; declaring assured him, that "whether it were the will, or a quail of conscience, she couldn't ask upon her to do this, but sure it was, Oedipus had been in our studies at night, and the couldn't say he was much better this morning. The finger of Heaven," she said, "was in it, and her hairs should gang on

THE E.

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was his command." Pain, position, and threats of dismemberment were denounced in vain; the mother was obstinate, and Gaidhe, who underwent a disciplinary visitation for the purpose of verifying his state of body, could or would answer only by deep groans. Maria, who had been an ardent domestic in the family, was a sort of favourite with Lady Margaret, and presumed accordingly. Lady Margaret had herself set forth, and her authority could not be appealed to. In this dilemma, the good genius of the old brother suggested an expedient.

"He had seen many a horse collect, far less than Guss Gibbie, fight bravely under Montrose. What for no tak Guss Gibbie?"

This was a half-witted lad, of very small stature, who had a kind of charge of the poultry under the old housewife; for in a Scottish family of that day there was a wonderful substitution of labour. This wretch being sent for from the stable-yard, was hastily clothed in the buff coat, and girded rather to than with the sword of a full-grown man, his little legs plunged into jack-boots, and a steel cap put upon his head, which seemed, from its size, as if it had been intended to extinguish him. Thus equipped, he was isolated, at his own earnest request, upon the quietest home of the party; and, prompted and supported by old Gaidhe the butler, as he fronted him, he passed muster tolerably enough; the sheriff not caring to examine too closely the ruyana of so well-affected a person as Lady Margaret Ballantine.

To the short notice it was owing that the personal retinue of Lady Margaret, on this eventful day, amounted only to two laquays, with which furnished train she would, on any other occasion, have been much advanced to appear in public. But, for the cause of royalty, she was ready at any time to have made the most unreserved personal sacrifice. She had lost her husband and two promising sons in the civil wars of that unhappy period; but she had received her reward, for, on his death through the west of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester, Charles the Second had actually been detained at the Tower of Tillicoultry—an incident which formed, from that moment, an important era in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards partook of that meal, either at home or abroad, without detailing the whole circumstances of the royal visit, not forgetting the consolation which his majesty

rested on each side of her face, though she sometimes omitted to notice that he bestowed the same favour on two brown serving-women who appeared at her back, elevated for the day into the capacity of waiting parlour-maids.

Those instances of royal favour were decisive; and if Lady Margaret had not been a confirmed royalist already, from cause of high birth, influence of education, and habit to the opposite party, through whom she had suffered such domestic calamity, she having given a breakfast to majesty, and received the royal salute in return, were become enough of themselves to make her exclusively to the fortunes of the Stuarts. These were now, in all appearance, triumphant; but Lady Margaret's soul had suffered to them through the worst of times, and was ready to sustain the same reverses if fortune should their side once more kick the beam. At present she enjoyed, in full extent, the military display of the force which stood ready to support the crown, and stilled, as well as she could, the mortification she felt at the unworthy dissipation of her own person.

Many struggles passed between her jealousy and the representative of every ancient loyal family who were upon the ground, by whom she was held in high reverence; and not a young man of rank passed by them in the course of the muster, but he carried his body more erect in the saddle, and threw his horse upon its haunches, to display his own horsemanship and the perfect setting of his steel to the best advantage in the eyes of Miss Edith Bellenden. But the young cavaliers, distinguished by high descent and undoubted loyalty, attracted no more attention from Edith than the laws of courtesy peremptorily demanded; and she turned an indifferent ear to the compliments with which she was addressed, most of which were little the worse for the wear, though borrowed for the nonce from the laboured and long-winded romances of Calverley and Bowden, the mirrors in which the youth of that age delighted to dress themselves, as Felly had thrown her ballad confused, and cut down her vessels of the first-rate, such as the romances of Cyrus, Cleopatra, and others, into small casks, drawing as little water, or, to speak more plainly, consuming as little time, as the little cockboat in which the gentle reader has deigned to embark. It was, however, the decree of fate that Miss Bellenden should not continue to witness the same equanimity till the conclusion of the day.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

*Thompson and home routine'd the latter gang.*

*And even that master fell with better grace*

*Thompson at last.*

When the military evolutions had been gone through tolerably well, allowing for the disadvantages of men and of horses, a loud shout announced that the competitors were about to step forth for the game of the popgun already described. The mast, or pole, having a yard extended across it, from which the mark was displayed, was raised amid the acclamations of the assembly, and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the landed militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic mien, then dissimulation to the royal cause in which they were profoundly satisfied, could not refrain from taking considerable interest in the strife which was now approaching. They crowded towards the goal, and witnessed the appearance of each competitor, as they advanced in succession, discharged their pieces at the mark, and had their good or bad address rewarded by the laughter or applause of the spectators. But when a slender young man, dressed with great simplicity, yet not without a certain air of pretension to elegance and gentility, approached the station with his fawn in his hand, his dark-green cloak thrown back over his shoulder, his head well and feathered cap indicating a superior rank to the vulgar, there was a murmur of interest among the spectators, whether altogether favourable to the young adventurer, it was difficult to discover.

"Behave, sir, to me like father's son at the like of these far-less fellow!" was the ejaculation of the elder and more rigid partisans, whose anxiety had in the extreme their bigotry as to bring them to the playground. But the generosity shared the strife less morosely, and was contented to wish success to the son of a deceased Presbyterian leader, without strictly examining the propriety of his being a competitor for the prize.

These elides were granted. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popgun, being the first palpable hit of the day, though several balls had passed very near the mark. A loud shout of applause ensued. But the women

was not despised, it being necessary that each who followed should have his chance, and that those who succeeded in hitting the mark, should raise the stick waving themselves, till one displayed a decided superiority over the others. Two only of those who followed in order succeeded in hitting the poplajay. The first was a young man of low rank, heavily built, and who kept his face veiled in his grey cloak; the second a gallant young cavalier, remarkable for a handsome exterior, richly decorated for the day. He had been since the murder in close attendance on Lady Margaret and Miss Belvidere, and had felt them with an air of indifference, when Lady Margaret had asked whether there was no young man of family and loyal principles who would dispute the prize with the two lads who had been successful. In half-a-minute, young Lord Branksome threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, hit the mark. Great was the interest excited by the success of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The state equestriads of the Duke was, with some difficulty, put in motion, and approached more near to the scene of action. The riders, both male and female, turned their horses' heads in the same direction, and all eyes were bent upon the issue of the trial of skill.

It was the etiquette in the second contest, that the competitors should take their turn of doing after drawing lots. The first fell upon the young physician, who, as he took his stand, half-unlocked his rustic countenance, and said to the gallant in green, "Ye see, Mr. Henry, if it were any other day, I could have wished to ride for your sake, but Jerry Darnley is looking at us, and I must do my best."

He took his aim, and his bullet whistled past the mark so nearly, that the precarious object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. Still, however, he had not hit it, and with a downcast look he withdrew himself from further competition, and hastened to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognised. The green cavalier next advanced, and his ball a second time struck the poplajay. All shouted; and from the outskirts of the assembly arose a cry of "The good old comes for ever!"

While the dignitaries bent their brows at these exciting sports of the dissipated, the young Lord Branksome advanced again to the hazard, and again was successful. The shouts and con-

gratulations of the well-affected and aristocratic part of the audience attended his success; but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The great marksmen, as if determined to bring the affair to a decision, took his horse from a groom who held him, having previously looked carefully to the security of his girths and the fitting of his saddle, vaulted on his back, and mounting with his hand for the bystanders to make way, set upon, passed the place from which he was to fire at a gallop, and, as he passed, threw up the reins, turned sideways upon his saddle, discharged his carbine, and brought down the popjay. Lord Erskine imitated his example, although many around him said it was an innovation on the established practice which he was not obliged to follow. But his shot was not so perfect, or his horse was not so well trained. The animal swerved at the moment his master fired, and the ball missed the popjay. Those who had been surprised by the ability of the great marksmen, were now equally pleased by his courtesy. He disclaimed all merit from the last shot, and proposed to his antagonist that it should not be counted as a hit, and that they should renew the contest on foot.

"I would prefer horseback, if I had a horse as well fitted, and, probably, as well broken to the exercise, as yours," said the young Lord, addressing his antagonist.

"Will you do me the honour to use him for the next trial, on condition you will lend me yours?" said the young gentleman.

Lord Erskine was reluctant to accept this courtesy, as conscious how much it would diminish the value of victory; and yet unable to suppress his wish to redeem his reputation as a marksman, he replied, "that although he resented all particularities to the honour of the day" (which he said somewhat scornfully), "yet if the victor had no particular objection, he would willingly exchange his obliging offer, and change horses with him, for the purpose of trying a shot for him."

As he said so, he looked boldly towards Miss Belvidere, and tradition says that the eyes of the young scullion twinkled, though more covertly, in the same direction. The young lord's last wish was as unreasonable as the former, and it was with difficulty that he preserved the tone of assumed indifference which he had hitherto assumed. But, conscious of the ridicule which attaches itself to the retirement of a losing party, he re-

turned to his antagonist the horse on which he had made his last unsuccessful attempt, and received back his own; giving, at the same time, thanks to his competitor, who, he said, had established his favourite horse in his good opinion, for he had been in great danger of transmitting to the posterity the blame of an inferiority, which every one, as well as himself, must now be satisfied remained with the rider.—Having made this speech, in a tone in which mortification assumed the veil of indifference, he mounted his horse and rode off the ground.

As is the usual way of the world, the applause and attention even of those whose wishes had favoured Lord Bunsdale, were, upon his decisive discomfiture, transferred to his triumphant rival.

"Who is he? what is his name?" ran from mouth to mouth among the party who were present, to few of whom he was personally known. His style and title having soon transpired, and being written that day upon a great many night notices without exception, few of the Duke's friends, with the exception of that poor Melville sacrifice to his imaginary science, made out to lead the victor to his presence. As they conducted him in triumph through the crowd of spectators, and strewed him at the same time with their compliments on his success, he seemed to pass, or rather to be led, immediately in front of Lady Margaret and her grand-daughter. The Captain of the Poplarjay and Miss Fallowden coloured like witnesses, as the latter returned, with embarrassed courtesy, the low inclination which the victor made, even to the saddlebow, in passing her.

"Do you know that young person?" said Lady Margaret.

"I—I—have seen him, madam, at my uncle's, and—  
and there, occasionally," stammered Miss Edith Fallowden.

"I hear them say around me," said Lady Margaret, "that the young spark is the nephew of old Melwood."

"The son of the late Colonel Horton of Melwood, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Bender and Isverksching," said a gentleman who sat on horseback beside Lady Margaret.

"Ay, and who, before that, fought for the Covenanters both at Marston Moor and Philiphaugh," said Lady Margaret, sighing as she pronounced the last fatal words, which her husband's death gave her such sad reason to remember.



"Your ladyship's memory is just," said the gentleman smiling; "but it were well all that were forget men."

"He ought to remember it, Gilberts-leugh," returned Lady Margaret, "and dispense with intruding himself into the company of those to whom his name must bring unpleasant recollections."

"You forget, my dear lady," said her remonstrator, "that the young gentleman comes to discharge suit and service in name of his uncle. I would every estate in the country sent out as pretty a fellow."

"His uncle, as well as his uncles' father, is a roundhead, I presume," said Lady Margaret.

"He is an old man," said Gilberts-leugh, "with whom a broad pace would at any time weigh down political opinions, and therefore, although probably somewhat against the grain, he sends the young gentleman to attend the master, to save pecuniary pain and penalty. As for the rest, I suppose the youngster is happy enough to emerge here for a day from the dreariness of the old house at Milwood, where he sees nobody but his hypochondriac uncle and the dromedary housekeeper."

"Do you know how many men and horses the house of Milwood was rated at?" said the old lady, manifesting her inquiry.

"Two hundred with complete harness," answered Gilberts-leugh.

"Our land," said Lady Margaret, drawing herself up with dignity, "has always furnished to the master eight men, cousin Gilberts-leugh, and often a voluntary aid of three the more. I remember his sacred Majesty King Charles, when he took his dejeuner at Tilletstown, was particular in inquiring"—

"I see the Duke's carriage in motion," said Gilberts-leugh, peering at the moment as dawn common to all Lady Margaret's friends when she touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family mansion—"I see the Duke's carriage in motion; I presume your ladyship will take your right of rank in leaving the field. May I be permitted to convey your ladyship and Miss Belinden home? Pursue of the wild whips have been chased, and are said to hunt and chase the well-affected who tread in equal numbers."

"We thank you, cousin Gilberts-leugh," said Lady Margaret; "but as we shall have the escort of my own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome to our friends."

"Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up my people somewhat more briskly ; he takes them towards us as if he were leading a funeral procession."

The goodness in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command ; but more laud and reserved, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a head-gallop, followed by the butler, in such a military attitude as became one who had served under Marlborough, and with a look of defiance, rendered sterner and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had caught a moment to belt to the king's health, and confusion to the Covenant, during the intervals of military duty. Unhappily this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the dangers and difficulties of his run-like Goose Office. No sooner had the horses struck a curve, than Gibb's jade-hoofs, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and, being armed with long-pronged spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounded and plunged, while poor Gibb's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too headless butler, being drowned partly in the noise of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tone of the Gallant Graces, which Mr. Gutzwill whistled with all his power of lungs.

The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge dunghill-mass already described. Gibb's jake, sweeping from his sling, had fallen to a level direction across his back, which I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His carcase, too, had slipped completely over his ears, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances ; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, branched as many Moors as a Frenchman's epic legs.

On beholding the host of this misdirected career, a panic shock of undagled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, horses and vehicles, at once, which had the effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Green Giffen was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently as soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups. Natives Green Giffen, who was lately sprung out of those wide and ponderous grooves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His knee and helmet had broken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Belvidere, not perfectly aware that it was one of her valets who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her dissolute manservant stripped of his lion's hide,—of the buff-coat, that is, in which he was clothed.

As she had not been made acquainted with this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, her surprise and resentment were extreme,—and were they much modified by the excuses and explanations of her steward and butler. She made a hasty retreat homeward, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her displeasure on the subservient agriculturist whose place Green Giffen had so unhappily supplied. The greater part of the gentry now departed, the whimsical telephones which had befitted the grandfathers of Tiberiades furnishing them with huge entertainment on their road homeward. The horsemen also, in little parties, as their road lay together, diverged from the place of rendezvous, excepting such as, having tried their dexterity at the polo-play, were, by ancient custom, obliged to partake of a glass-cup with their captain before their departure.

## CHAPTER THIRD.

All folk he played before the quene,  
 And jolly gauched in their gear there,  
 Skot benches, yills, and vauls above their ban  
     In very ban;  
 Now who will play before an weir man,  
     Kare Habbie's dead!  
     *Enter an Illustrious Person.*

THE cavalcade of horsemen, on their road to the little borough town, was preceded by Niel Hume, the town-piper, mounted on his white gallows, armed with his dirk and broadsword, and bearing a banner streaming with as many ribbons as would deck out an country belle for a fair or procession. Niel, a clean, tight, well-featured, long-winded fellow, had gained the official situation of town-piper of ——— by his merit, with all the emoluments thereof;—namely, the Piper's Crook, as it is still called, a field of about an acre in extent; five marks, and a new livery-coat of the town's colours, yearly; some hopes of a dollar upon the day of the election of magistrates, providing the provost were alive and willing to afford such a gratuity; and the privilege of jayng, at all the respectable houses in the neighbourhood, an annual visit at spring-time, to rejoice their hearts with his music, to comfort his eyes with their ale and bread, and to beg from each a measure of seed-corn.

In addition to these inestimable advantages, Niel's personal, or professional, accomplishments won the heart of a jolly widow, who then kept the principal change-house in the borough. Her former husband having been a strict Presbyterian, of such note that he usually went among his seat by the name of *Glebe* the pious, many of the more rigid were scandalised by the profusion of the successor whom his will had chosen for a second helpmate. As the lowest (or lowest) of the House retained, nevertheless, its unrivalled reputation, most of the old customers continued to give it a preference. The character of the new landlord, indeed, was of that accommodating kind, which enabled him, by close attention to the helm, to keep his little vessel pretty steady amid the contending tides of faction. He was a good-humoured, shrewd, sensible sort of fellow, indifferent

often in the disputes about church and state, and only anxious to secure the good-will of customers of every description. But his character, as well as the state of the country, will be best understood by giving the reader an account of the instructions which he issued to his daughter, a girl about eighteen, whom he was initiating in those cares which had been faithfully discharged by his wife, until about six months before our story commences, when the hottest women had been turned to the kiln-dried.

"Jenny," said Ned Kince, as the girl waited to disencumber him of his baggage, "this is the first day that ye are to take the place of your worthy mother in attending to the public; a dour woman she was, divil to the customers, and had a good name w' Wigg and Torg, both up the street and down the street. It will be hard for you to fill her place, especially on so a thrang day as this, but Hector's will mean he choyed Jenny, whatever Milwood ca's for, to see he mean heart, for he's the Captain o' the Frying, and auld customers mean he supported; if he mean pay the lawing himself, as I has he's kept once short by the head, I'll find a way to chase it out o' his neck. The courts is playin' at dices w' Corbett Graham. Be silent and divil to them. bairn—clergy and expidies can gie an izzet dool o' fash in these times, where they take an ill-will. The dragons will be crying for ale, and they women want it, and women want it—they are surely chibbs, but they pay ane some gin or other. I got the horse com, that's the best in the byre, the black Frank Inglis and Sergeant Redwell, for ten paid bairn, and they drack out the price as so downwilling."

"But, father," interrupted Jenny, "they say the two riding lasses drive the cow free the gatewits o' Delfinmore, just because the good to hear a field-predicating as Sabbath afternoon."

"Which, ye aillie tamplin!" said her father; "we have naething to do how they come by the bauch they sell—he that steers them and their consciences.—A-weel—take notice, Jenny, of that dour, stour-looking auld, that sits by the chair o' the table, and turns his back on a man. He looks like an o' the half-fair, for I saw him start a wee when he saw the red-coats, and I please he wad has liked to has ridden by, but his horse (it's a gude gilding) was over air troubled; he believed to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him surely, Jenny, and w' Wile din, and Gossie bring the soldiers on him by speering

any questions at him; but let us him, has a room to himself—they wad say we were hiding him.—For yourself, Jemmy,—ye'll be dirlt to a' the folk, and take me heed o' any nonsense and dafting the young lads may say t'ye;—folk in the brother line never pit up w' gossip. Your mother—wad her and I—could pit up w' as much as any woman—but aff hands is fair play; and if anybody be undrill, ye may gie me a cry.—A wad, —when the mair begins to get about the meal, they'll begin to speak about government in kirk and state, and then, Jemmy, they are like to quarrel.—Let them be doing—sugar's a dronkey passion, and the mair they dispute, the mair ale they'll drink; but ye wad best stirr them w' a pint o' the sma' brown—it will heat them less, and they'll never ken the difference."

"But, father," said Jemmy, "if they come to blunder like Iker, as they did last time, wadna I cry on ye?"

"At us head, Jemmy; the miller gets aye the worst kick in the bag. If the soldiers draw their swords, ye'll cry on the corporal and the guard; if the country folk tak the traps and poles, ye'll cry on the bailie and town-officers;—but in two weeks cry on me, for I am waded w' dooking the bag o' wind a' day, and I am gane to eat my dinner quietly in the space.—And, now I think on't, the Laird of Liddings (that's him that was the laird) was speaking for sma' drink and a smut herring—gie him a pot he the deserve, and round into his bag I wad be blithe o' his company to dinn w' me; he was a gude customer once in a day, and wants nothing but mair to be a gude one again—he likes drink as wad as e'er he did. And if ye ken my pair body o' our acquaintance that's blate for want o' ailer, and has far to gang home, ye needna stick to gie them a weight o' drink and a lumsack—we'll w'er mair, and it looks creditable in a house like ours. And now, blawy gang awa', and serve the folk, but that bring me my dinner, and two shagbuns o' yill and the excellent stoup o' beauty."

Having thus devolved his whole cause on Jemmy as prime minister, Sir Ebene and the a-fraught laird, came his patron, but now glad to be his treacher-companion, sat down to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the evening, remote from the bustle of the public room.

All in Jemmy's department was in full activity. The knights of the payinging received and regaled the hospitable entertainment of their captain, who, though he spared the day himself,

took care it should go round with due publicity among the rest, who might not have otherwise deemed themselves handsomely treated. Their numbers melted away by degrees, and were at length diminished to four or five, who began to talk of breaking up their party. At another table, at some distance, sat two of the dragons whom Ned Elton had mentioned, a sergeant and a private in the celebrated John Grahams of Chesham's regiment of Life-Guards. Even the non-commissioned officers and privates in these corps were not considered as ordinary mercenaries, but rather approached to the rank of the French mercenaries, being regarded in the light of soldiers, who performed the duties of mail-and-file with the prospect of obtaining commissions in case of distinguishing themselves.

Many young men of good families were to be found in the ranks, a circumstance which added to the pride and self-consequence of these troops. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the person of the non-commissioned officer in question. His real name was Francis Stewart, but he was universally known by the appellation of Redwell, being lineally descended from the last end of that name—not the infamous lover of the unfortunate Queen Mary, but Francis Stewart, Earl of Redwell, whose turbulence and repeated escapades embarrassed the early part of James Sixth's reign, and who at length died in exile in great poverty. The son of this Earl had come to Charles I. for the restitution of part of his father's forfeited estates, but the grasp of the nobles to whom they had been allotted was too tenacious to be unloosened. The looking out of the civil war utterly ruined him, by interrupting a small pension which Charles I. had allowed him, and he died in the utmost indigence. His son, after having served as a soldier abroad and in Britain, and passed through several vicissitudes of fortune, was able to content himself with the situation of a non-commissioned officer in the Life-Guards, although lineally descended from the royal family, the father of the forfeited Earl of Redwell having been a natural son of James V.\* Great personal strength and dexterity in the use of his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of his descent, had recommended this man to the attention of his officers. But he partook in a great degree of the headstrongness and oppressive disposition, which the habit of acting as agents for government in levying fines, exacting free quarters, and

\* Note N. See page Redwell.

otherwise approving the Presbyterian accounts, had rendered no general among these soldiers. They were so much accustomed to such violence, that they considered themselves at liberty to commit all manner of crimes with impunity, as if totally exempted from all law and authority, excepting the command of their officers. On such occasions Bethwell was usually the most forward.

It is probable that Bethwell and his companions would not so long have remained quiet, but for respect to the presence of their Cornet, who commanded the small party quartered in the borough, and who was engaged in a game at dice with the guests of the place. But both of these being suddenly called from their amusement to speak with the chief magistrates upon some urgent business, Bethwell was not long of creating his contempt for the rest of the company.

"Is it not a strange thing, Haliday," he said to his comrade, "to see a set of rascals sit carousing here this whole evening, without having drunk the king's health?"

"They have drunk the king's health," said Haliday. "I heard that great bell-ringer of a lad raise his Majesty's health."

"Dad he!" said Bethwell. "Then, then, we'll have them drink the Archbishop of St. Andrews' health, and do it as their knees too."

"So we will, by G—!" said Haliday; "and be that sworn to, we'll have him to the guard-house, and teach him to ride the gilt stool of an ass, with a brace of cudgels at each foot to keep him steady."

"Right, then," continued Bethwell; "and, to do all things in order, I'll begin with that milky blue-bonnet in the high-neck."

He rose accordingly, and taking his shaggy broadsword under his arm to support the incision which he meditated, placed himself in front of the stranger noticed by Miss Hume in his attentions to his daughter, as being, in all probability, one of the half-bird, or refractory Presbyterians.

"I make as bold as to request of your goodness, beloved," said the trooper, in a tone of affected solemnity, and assuming the mien of a country preacher, "that you will arise from your seat, beloved, and, having laid your hands until your knees do rest upon the floor, beloved, that you will turn over this message (called by the profane a gill) of the comfortable creature, which



the usual domestic beauty, to the health and glorification of his Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the worthy patron of all Scotland."

All waited for the stranger's answer. His features, intense even to severity, with a cast of the eye which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint, and which gave a very sinister expression to his countenance, joined to a frame, square, strong, and muscular, though something under the middle size, seemed to announce a man wholly to undivided rule, justly, or to receive insults with impunity.

"And what is the consequence," said he, "if I should not be disposed to comply with your stated request?"

"The consequence thereof, beloved," said Rotherell, in the same tone of collary, "will be, firstly, that I will touch thy proboscis or nose. Secondly, beloved, that I will administer my tea to thy distorted visual optic, and will conclude, beloved, with a practical application of the fist of my sword to the shoulder of the servant."

"Is it once so?" said the stranger; "then give me the cup," and, taking it in his hand, he said, with a peculiar expression of voice and manner, "The Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the place he now worthily holds;—may each priest in Scotland now be as the Right Reverend James Sharp?"

"He has taken the test," said Rotherell, evasively.

"But with a qualification," said Rotherell; "I don't understand what the devil the cross-eyed wing means."

"Come, gentlemen," said Morton, who became impatient of their rhapsody, "we are met here as good subjects, and on a merry occasion; and we have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of diatribe."

Rotherell was about to make a warty answer, but Rotherell retorted him in a whisper, that there were strict injunctions that the soldiers should give no offence to the men who were sent out to the masters agreeably to the council's orders. He, after honouring Morton with a broad and fierce stare, he said, "Well, Sir Poppyey, I shall not disturb your sleep; I reckon it will be out by twelve at night.—Is it not an odd thing, Rotherell," he continued, addressing his companion, "that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their drinking pipes at a man who, say women or boys could hit at a day's practice? If Captain Poppyey were, or any of his troop, would try a hand,

either with the broadsword, backsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble, the first drawn blood, there would be some end to it,—or, possibly, would the brumphies but wreathe, or pinch the bar, or part the stone, or throw the skeleton, if (touching the end of Morton's sword accidentally with his toe) they carry things about them that they are afraid to draw."

Morton's patience and goodness now gave way entirely, and he was about to make a very angry answer to Belshwall's lastest observations, when the stranger stopped forward.

"This is my quarrel," he said, "and in the name of the good cause, I will see it out myself.—Hark thee, friend" (to Belshwall), "will thou wreathe a bill with me?"

"With my whole spirit, beloved," answered Belshwall; "yea, I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both."

"Thus as my trust is in him that can help," retorted his antagonist, "I will belshwall make thee an example to all such calling Rakehellins."

With that he dropped his coarse grey broadsword's coat from his shoulders, and, extending his strong leonine arms with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was nothing daunted by the muscular frame, broad chest, square shoulders, and hoarse look of his antagonist, but, whistling with great composure, unbracketed his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stood round them, anxious for the event.

In the first struggle the trooper seemed to have some advantage, and also in the second, though neither could be considered as decisive. But it was plain he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth, against an antagonist possessed of great endurance, skill, vigour, and length of wind. In the third show, the countryman lifted his opponent fairly from the floor, and hurled him to the ground with such violence, that he lay for an instant stunned and motionless. His comrade, Hallday, immediately drew his sword—"You have killed my opponent," he exclaimed to the victorious wrestler, "and by all that is sacred you shall answer it!"

"Stand back!" cried Morton and his companions, "it was all fair play: your comrade sought a bill, and he has got it."

"That is true enough," said Belshwall, as he slowly rose; "put up your bills, Tom, I did not think there was a drop-er of them all could have laid the best rap and feather in the

King's Life-Guards on the floor of a muscally change-house.—  
 "Mark ye, friend, give me your hand." The stranger held out  
 his hand. "I promise you," said Bothwell, squeezing his hand  
 very hard, "that the time will come when we shall meet again,  
 and try this game over in a more critical manner."

"And I promise you," said the stranger, returning the  
 grasp with equal firmness, "that when we next meet, I will  
 lay your head as low as it lay once now, when you shall lack the  
 power to lift it up again."

"Well, beloved," answered Bothwell, "if there be't a while,  
 then art a stout and a brave one, and so good-even to thee—  
 Hadst best take thy way, before the Cornet makes the round;  
 for I promise thee, he has stayed less suppliant-looking persons."

The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be  
 neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and going into the  
 stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now  
 recruited by rest and forage, and turning to Morton, clattered,  
 "I ride towards Midwood, which I hear is your home: will  
 you give me the advantage and protection of your company?"

"Certainly," said Morton; although there was something of  
 gloomy and reluctant severity in the man's manner, from which  
 his mind recoiled. His companion, after a courteous good-  
 night, took up and went off in different directions, some keep-  
 ing their company for about a mile, until they dropped off one  
 by one, and the travellers were left alone.

The company had not long left the Borel, as Blane's public-  
 house was called, when the trumpets and kettle-drums sounded.  
 The troops got under arms in the market-place at this mag-  
 nificent distance, white, with faces of anxiety and earnestness,  
 Cornet Graham, a lieutenant of Chesham, and the Provost of  
 the borough, followed by half-dozen soldiers, and town-officers  
 with halberds, entered the apartment of Mel Blane.

"Guard the doors!" were the first words which the Cornet  
 spoke; "let no man leave the house.—So, Bothwell, how comes  
 this? Did you not hear them sound beat and saddle?"

"He was just going to quarters, sir," said his associate; "he  
 has had a bad fall."

"In a fray, I suppose?" said Graham. "If you neglect  
 duty in this way, your royal blood will hardly protect you."

"How have I neglected duty?" said Bothwell, mildly.

"You should have been at quarters, Sergeant Bothwell,"

replied the officer, "you have lost a golden opportunity. Here are news come that the Archbishop of St. Andrews has been strongly and fully assuaged by a body of the rebel whigs, who pursued and stopped his carriages on Magnus-Hair, near the town of St. Andrews, dragged him out, and despatched him with their swords and daggers."\*

All stood agast at the intelligence.

"Here are their descriptions," continued the Consul, pulling out a proclamation, "the reward of a thousand marks is on each of their heads."

"The last, the last, and the qualification!" said Bothwell to Hallybur, "I know the meaning now—Gowds, that we should not have slept him! Go saddle our horses, Hallybur—Was there one of the men, Consul, very stout and square-made, dark-chested, thin in the limbs, hawk-nosed?"

"Stay, stay," said Consul Gowds, "let me look at the paper—Blackston of Rathcliff, tall, thin, black-haired."

"That is not my man," said Bothwell.

"John Hallybur, called Barclay, square nose, red-headed, five feet eight inches in height"—

"It is he—it is the very man!" said Bothwell;—"stretch steadily with one eye!"

"Right," continued Gowds—"note a strong black horse, taken from the priory at the time of the murder."

"The very man," exclaimed Bothwell, "and the very horse! he was in this room not a quarter of an hour since."

A few hasty enquiries tended still more to confirm the opinion that the reserved and stern stranger was either of Barclay, the actual commander of the band of assassins, who, in the fury of misgratified zeal, had murdered the priory, whom they accidentally met, as they were searching for another person against whom they bore enmity.† In their excited imagination, the

\* The general account of this act of assassination is to be found in all histories of the period. A more particular narrative may be found in the writer of one of the notes, James Burnet, in the Appendix to *Robertson's History of the Church of Scotland*, published by Charles Knapton, St. Paul, London, 1812.

† One Geraldine, sheriff-depute in Fife, who had been active in enforcing the penal measures against nonconformists. He was on the night watching, but receiving unheeded information that a party was out in quest of him, he returned home, and escaped the fate designed for him, which befell his patron the Archbishop.

crustal monster had the appearance of a providential intervention, and they put to death the Archdeacon, with circumstances of great and cold-blooded cruelty, under the belief that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hands.\*

"Hear, hear, and pursue, my lord!" exclaimed Ormst Guthrie; "the wandering dog's head is worth its weight in gold."

\* John G. Macdonald of Archibald's Story.

## CHAPTER FOURTH.

Arise thou, youth!—it is no longer self—  
God's church is injured—clerk to save the well;  
Hark! where the Redeemer himself cries on high,  
Signs of eternal death, or glory!

JAMES DUFF.

Morton and his companion had attained some distance from the town before either of them addressed the other. There was something, as we have observed, repulsive in the manner of the stranger, which prevented Morton from opening the conversation, and he himself seemed to have no desire to talk, until, on a sudden, he abruptly demanded, "What has your father's eye to do with such pious manumises as I find you this day engaged in?"

"I do my duty as a subject, and pursue my harmless recreations according to my own pleasure," replied Morton, somewhat offended.

"Is it your duty, think you, or that of any Christian young man, to bear arms in their cause who have poured out the blood of God's saints in the wilderness as if it had been water? or is it a lawful recreation to waste time in shooting at a bunch of feathers, and close your evening with wine-bibbing in public-houses and smoking-rooms, when He that is mighty is come into the land with his sin in his hand, to purge the wheat from the chaff?"

"I suppose, from your style of conversation," said Morton, "that you are one of those who have thought proper to stand

and against the Government. I must remind you that you are unconsciously using dangerous language in the presence of a more stranger, and that the times do not render it safe for me to listen to it."

"That must not help it, Henry Morton," said his companion; "thy Master has his uses for thee, and when he calls, thou must obey. Well wot I thou hast not heard the call of a true preacher, or thou hadst ere now been what thou wilt assuredly one day become."

"We are of the Presbyterian persuasion, like yourself," said Morton, for his uncle's family attended the society of one of those numerous Presbyterian churches, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach without interruption from Government. This exception, as it was called, made a great schism among the Presbyterians, and those who accepted of it were severely censured by the more rigid sectaries, who refused the proffered terms. The stranger, therefore, conversed with great freedom to Morton's profusion of faith,—

"That is but an equivocation—a poor evasion. Ye listen on the Sabbath to a cold, worldly, time-serving discourse, from one who forgets his high commission so much as to hold his apostleship by the favour of the courtiers and the duke's prelates, and ye call that hearing the word! Of all the pains with which the devil has laboured for souls in these days of blood and darkness, that Black Indulgence has been the most destructive. An evil dispensation it has been, a smiling of the shepherd and a scattering of the sheep upon the mountains—an upstirring of one Christian's banner against another, and a fighting of the wars of darkness with the weapons of the children of light!"

"My uncle," said Morton, "is of opinion, that we enjoy a reasonable freedom of conscience under the indulgent dispensation, and I must necessarily be guided by his sentiments respecting the choice of a place of worship for his family."

"Your uncle," said the heretic, "is one of those to whom the least lamb is his own folk at Malwood is dearer than the whole Christian flock. He is one that would willingly bend down to the golden-calf of Bethel, and would have dashed for the dust thereof when it was ground to powder and cast upon the waters. Thy father was a man of another stamp."

"My father," replied Morton, "was indeed a brave and

gallant men. And you may have heard, sir, that he fought for that royal family in whose name I was this day carrying arms."

"Ay; and had he lived to see these days, he would have earned the hour he ever drew sword in these parts. But more of this hereafter—I promise thee full surely that thy hour will come, and then the words thou hast now heard will stick in thy bosom like barbed arrows. My road lies there."

He pointed towards a pass leading up into a wild extent of dreary and desolate hills; but as he was about to turn his lance's head into the rugged path which led from the high-road in that direction, an old woman, wrapped in a red cloak, who was sitting by the cross-way, arose, and approaching him, said, in a supercilious tone of voice, "If ye be of our ain folk, gangye up the pass this night for your here. There is a lion in the path that is there. The castle of Bredentown and ten soldiers has beset the pass, to see the lives of any of our pair wardenes that venture that gate to join w<sup>th</sup> Hamilton and Dargwall."

"Have the peremient folk drawn to my head among these selves?" demanded the stranger.

"About sixty or seventy horse and foot," said the old dame; "but draw! they are poorly armed, and wane fisted w<sup>th</sup> rapiers."

"God will help his own," said the horseman.—"Which way shall I take to join them?"

"It's a mere impossibility this night," said the woman, "the troyens keep me strict & guarded; and they say there's strange news come frae the east, that makes them rage in their cruddy hair here this eve.—Ye must take shelter somewhere for the night before ye get to the castle, and keep yourself in hiding till the gray o' the morning, and then you may find your way through the Drake Moss. When I heard the words' threatnings o' the approach, I've took my cloak about me, and aye down by the wayside, to warn any of our pair scattered remnant that chanced to come this gate, before they fall into the nets of the spoilers."

"Have you a house near this?" said the stranger; "and can you give me hiding there?"

"I have," said the old woman, "a hut by the wayside; it may be a mile from hence; but four men of Beldal, called druggans, are lodged therein, to spoil my household goods at

their pleasure, because I will not wait upon the dawdling, trifling, dissipated ministry of that carnal man, John Ballou, the curate."

"Good night, good woman, and thanks for thy counsel," said the stranger, as he rode away.

"The blessing of the promise upon you!" returned the old dame; "may He keep you that can keep you!"

"Amen!" said the traveller; "for where to hide my head this night, mortal skill cannot direct me."

"I am very sorry for your distress," said Marion; "and had I a house or place of shelter that could be called my own, I almost think I would risk the utmost anger of the law rather than leave you in such a strait. But my uncle is so alarmed at the pains and penalties denounced by the law against such a conduct, retreat, or contact with intercommunicated persons, that he has strictly forbidden all of us to hold any intercourse with them."

"It is no less than I expected," said the stranger; "nevertheless, I might be resolved without his knowledge,—a barn, a hay-loft, a cart-shed—any place where I could stretch me down, would be to my habits like a tabernacle of silver set about with planks of cedar."

"I assure you," said Marion, much embarrassed, "that I have not the means of receiving you at Milnwood without my uncle's consent and knowledge; nor, if I could do so, would I think myself justifiable in engaging him unnecessarily in a danger which, most of all others, he fears and deprecates."

"Well," said the traveller, "I have but one word to say. Did you ever hear your father mention John Ballou of Darby?"

"His ancient friend and comrade, who saved his life, with almost the loss of his own, in the battle of Longparish Moor?—Often, very often."

"I am that Ballou," said his companion. "Your uncle stands thy uncle's house; I am the light among the trees. The avenger of blood is behind me, and my death certain unless I have refuge there. Now, make thy choice, young man; to shrink from the side of thy father's friend, like a thief in the night, and to leave him exposed to the bloody death from which he rescued thy father, or to expose thine uncle's worldly goods to such peril, as, in this perverse generation, attacks those who



give a morsel of bread or a draught of cold water to a Christian man, when perishing for lack of refreshment?"

A thousand reflections thronged on the mind of Morton at once. His father, whose memory he revered, had often enlarged upon his obligations to this man, and regretted that, after having been long comrades, they had parted in some unkindness at the time when the kingdom of England was divided into Royalists and Protesters; the former of whom adhered to Charles II. after his father's death upon the scaffold, while the Protesters inclined rather to a union with the triumphant Republicans. The stern fanaticism of Barley had attached him to this latter party, and the comrades had parted in displeasure, never, as it happened, to meet again. These circumstances the devoted Calicut Morton had often mentioned to his son, and always with an expression of deep regret that he had never in any manner been enabled to repay the assistance which on more than one occasion he had received from Barley.

To hasten Morton's decision, the night-wind, as it swept along, brought from a distance the muffled sound of a battle-drum, which, seeming to approach nearer, intimated that a body of horse were upon their march towards them.

"It must be Chesham's, with the rest of his regiment. What can have occasioned this night-march? If you go on, you fall into their hands—if you turn back towards the borough-town, you are in no less danger from Cornet Glouster's party—the path to the hill is best. I must shelter you at Milwood, or expose you to instant death;—but the punishment of the law shall fall upon myself, as in justice it should, not upon my uncle.—Follow me."

Barley, who had awaited his resolution with great composure, now followed him in silence.

The house of Milwood, built by the father of the present proprietor, was a desert mansion, suitable to the size of the estate, but, since the accession of this owner, it had been suffered to go considerably into disrepair. At some little distance from the house stood the court of offices. Here Morton paused.

"I must leave you here for a little while," he whispered, "until I can provide a bed for you in the house."

"I care little for such a delinquency," said Barley; "for thirty years this head has rested offener on the turf, or on the sward

grey stone, one upon either wall or down. A thought of this, a mental allusion, to say my prayers, and to stretch me upon my bay, were to me as good as a pointed chamber and a peaceful life."

It occurred to Morton at the same moment, that to attempt to introduce the fugitive within the house, would materially increase the danger of detection. Accordingly, having struck a light with implements left in the stable for that purpose, and having fastened up their houses, he assigned Darley, for his place of repose, a wooden bed, placed in a loft half full of hay, which an out-of-door domestic had occupied, until dislodged by his uncle in one of those fits of parsimony which became more rigid from day to day. In this automated loft Morton left his companion, with a caution so to shade his light that no reflection might be seen from the window, and a promise that he would presently return with such refreshments as he might be able to procure at that late hour. This last, indeed, was a subject on which he felt by no means confident, for the power of obtaining even the most ordinary provisions depended entirely upon the humor in which he might happen to find his uncle's sole confidant, the old housekeeper. If she chanced to be sober, which was very likely, or out of humor, which was not less so, Morton well knew the case to be at least problematical.

Caring in his heart the morbid paralysis which pervaded every part of his uncle's establishment, he gave the usual gentle knock at the locked door by which he was accustomed to seek admittance when accident had detained him abroad beyond the early and established hours of rest at the house of Midwood. It was a sort of hesitating tap, which carried an acknowledgment of transgression in its very sound, and seemed rather to solicit than command attention. After it had been repeated again and again, the housekeeper, grumbling betwixt her teeth as she rose from the chimney corner in the hall, and wrapping her checked handkerchief round her head to secure her from the cold air, pined across the stone-passage, and repeated a caustic "Who's there at this time o' night?" more than once before she unlatched the bolts and bars, and cautiously opened the door.

"This is a fine time o' night, Mr. Henry," said the old dame, with the tyrannic intonation of a spiteful and ferocious domestic—"a brown time o' night and a bonny, to disturb a peaceful house in, and to keep quiet folk out o' their beds

wasting for you. Your uncle's been in his waist three hours up to, and Fiddle's ill o' the rheumatism, and he's in his bed too, and see I had to sit up for ye myself, for as much a lass as I be."

Here she laughed once or twice, in further evidence of the egregious immorality which she had sustained.

"Much obliged to you, Alison, and many kind thanks."

"Heh, now, see fair-finished as we are! Many folk as me Mrs. Wilson, and M'harried himself is the only one about the town thinks o' calling me Alison, and indeed he as often says Mrs. Alison as any other thing."

"Well, then, Mrs. Alison," said Marion, "I really am sorry to have kept you up waiting till I come in."

"And now that you are come in, Mr. Harry," said the cross old woman, "what fur do you no tak up your candle and gang to your bed? and mind ye dinna let the candle wick as ye gang along the window panes, and heat a' the house according to get out the grease again."

"But, Alison, I really must have something to eat, and a draught of ale, before I go to bed."

"But I—and ah, Mr. Henry! My certes, ye're ill to wae! Do ye think we havene heard o' your grand poppiny walk yonder, and how ye blazed away as muchlike powder as wad has shot o' the wild fowl that we'll wint across and Chudlemas—and then ganging noising to the paper's Herald wi' o' the tide boats in the country, and sitting there hilling, at your poor uncle's cost, and doing wi' a' the staff and ruff o' the water-side, till sun-down, and then coming home and crying for ale, as if ye were madder and mair?"

Extremely vexed, yet anxious, on account of his guest, to procure refreshments if possible, Marion expressed his regret—warm, and good-humouredly accused Mrs. Wilson that he was really both hungry and thirsty; "and as for the shooting at the poppiny, I have heard you say, you have been there yourself, Mrs. Wilson—I wish you had come to look at us."

"Ah, Master Henry," said the old dame, "I wish ye hims beginning to learn the way of blowing in a woman's bag wi' o' your whiffy-whiff!—Awed, see ye dinna practise them but an odd wince like me, the lass mair. But tak heed o' the young quanta, lad.—Poppiny—ye think yourself a horse fellow now, and tooth!" (snarling like with the candle) "there's nae left to find wi' the outside, if the inside be conforming. But I need,

when I was a gilly of a house, seeing the Duke, that was him that lost his head at London—dilt sold it wae as a very gude one, but it was aye a sair loss to him, poor gentleman—dread, he was the peygingy, for few cared to win it over his Grace's head—wae, he had a comely presence, and when at the garden mounted to show their aspect, his Grace was as near to me as I was to you, and he said to me, 'Talk tent o' yourself, my bonny lassie (these were his very words), for my house is not very cheap.'—And now, as ye say ye had een little to eat or drink, I'll let you see that I haeen been aw reasonable o' you; for I dince think it's wae for young folk to gang to their bed on an empty stomach."

To do Mrs. Wilson justice, her accustomed haughtiness upon such occasions was infrequently terminated with this sage epiphonem, which always produced the producing of some provision a little better than ordinary, such as she now placed before him. In fact, the principal object of her manufacturing was to display her consequence and love of power, for Mrs. Wilson was not, at the bottom, an ill-tempered woman, and certainly loved her old and young master (both of whom she tolerated extremely) better than any one else in the world. She now eyed Mr. Henry, as she called him, with great complacency, as he partook of her good cheer.

"Muckle gude may't do ye, my bonny man. I trow ye dince get me a dilt in-the-paw as that at Elsie Blane's. His wife was a comely body, and could dree things very wae for me in her line o' business, but no like a gentleman's housekeeper, to be sure. But I din't the daughter's a silly thing—as wae metherway she had baked on her head at the kirk last Sunday. I am dootin' there will be news o' a' these hours. But my mind ain't drawing together;—dince hurry yourself, my bonny man; talk wae about the putting out the candle, and there's a haud o' aie, and a glass of dewgill-flower water; I dince gie the body that—I keep it for a pain I hae wae in my ain stomach, and it's better for your young blood than brandy. See, good-night to ye, Mr. Henry, and see that ye tak gude care o' the candle."

Martin promised to attend punctually to her caution, and requested her not to be alarmed if she heard the door opened, as she knew he must again, as usual, look to his horse, and arrange him for the night. Mrs. Wilson then retreated, and

Morton, folding up his provisions, was about to hasten to his guest, when the maddening head of the old housekeeper was again thrust in at the door, with an intimation to reconsider his late irrevocable of his ways before he laid himself down to rest, and to keep the protection during the hours of darkness.

Such were the manners of a certain class of domestic, once common in Scotland, and perhaps still to be found in some old manse-houses in its remote counties. They were fastidious in the family they belonged to; and as they never conceived the possibility of such a thing as desecrating to be within the chambers of their fires, they were, of course, extremely attached to every member of it.\* On the other hand, when spoiled by the indulgence or insolence of their superiors, they were very apt to become ill-tempered, self-sufficient, and tyrannical; so much so, that a mistress or master would sometimes almost have wished to exchange their over-grown fidelity for the smooth and accommodating duplicity of a modern servant.

\* A narrative retainer of this kind, having attended his master extremely, was intimated to leave his service instantly. "Is truth and that will I say," answered the domestic. "If your honour does, but when ye see a gale coming, I'll be when I see a gale coming, and go away I will not." On another occasion of this kind, the master said, "John, ye and I shall never see your face again," to which John replied, with much content, "What the devil can your honour be saying?"

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

Yes, this man's here, like to a single head,  
Foretells the nature of a single volume.

SHAKESPEARE.

Having at length rid of the housekeeper's presence, Morton made a collection of what he had reserved from the provisions set before him, and prepared to carry them to his intended guest. He did not think it necessary to take a light, being perfectly acquainted with every turn of the road; and it was lucky he did not do so, for he had hardly stepped beyond the threshold ere a heavy tramping of horses announced that the body of cavalry,

whose kettle-drums\* they had before heard, were in the act of passing along the high-road which winds round the foot of the bank on which the house of Midwood was placed. He heard the commanding-officer distinctly give the word *halt*. A *parade* of silence followed, interrupted only by the occasional whispering or passing of an impatient charger.

"Whose house is this?" said a voice, in a tone of authority and command.

"Midwood, if it like your honour," was the reply.

"Is the owner well affected?" said the inquirer.

"He complies with the orders of Government, and frequents an indulged habitation," was the response.

"Hush! up! indulged! a mere mask for treason, very hypocritically assumed to those who are too great cowards to wear their principles barefaced.—Had we not better send up a party, and search the house, in case some of the bloody villains concerned in this heathenish butchery may be concealed in it?"

Ere Morton could recover from the alarm into which this proposal had thrown him, a third speaker rejoined, "I cannot think it at all necessary; Midwood is an infirm, hypocritical old man, who never meddles with politics, and loves his money-bags and hounds better than anything else in the world. His nephew, I hear, was at the *Wappenschaw* to-day, and gained the *populjay*, which does not look like a fanatic. I should think they are all gone to bed long since, and an alarm at this time of night might kill the poor old man."

"Well," rejoined the leader, "if that be so, to search the house would be lost time, of which we have but little to spare away. Gentlemen of the Life-Guards, forward—March!"

A few notes on the trumpet, mingled with the occasional boom of the kettle-drums, to mark the cadence, joined with the tramp of boots, and the clank of arms, announced that the troop had resumed its march. The moon broke out as the leading file of the column attained a hill up which the road wound, and showed lustrelessly the glittering of the steel caps; and the dark figures of the horses and riders might be imperfectly

\* Regiments never in former played at night. But who can assure us that such was not the custom in Charles the Fourth's time? That I am well informed on this point, the kettle-drums shall speak on, as adding something to this picturesque effect of the night march.

traced through the gloom. They continued to advance up the hill, and among over the top of it in such long succession as constituted a considerable assembled force.

When the last of them had disappeared, young Morton resumed his purpose of visiting his guest. Upon entering the place of refuge, he found him seated on his humble couch with a pocket Bible open in his hand, which he seemed to study with intense meditation. His broadsword, which he had unsheathed in the first alarm at the arrival of the dragons, lay reared across his knees, and the little taper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, threw a partial and imperfect light upon those stern and harsh features, in which ferocity was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild out of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whom some strong dominating principle has overmastered all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high spring-tide; when the usual folds and wrinkles vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the striking form of the waves that surge and wheel over them. He raised his head, and Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

"I perceive," said Morton, looking at his sword, "that you heard the horsemen ride by; their passage delayed me for some minutes."

"I scarcely heeded them," said Ralston; "my hour is not yet come. That I shall one day fall into their hands, and be honourably associated with the spirits whom they have slaughtered, I am full well aware. And I would, young man, that the hour were come; it should be as welcome to me as ever wedding to bridegroom. But if my Master has more work for me on earth, I must not do his labour grudgingly."

"Eat and refresh yourself," said Morton; "to-morrow your safety requires you should leave this place, in order to gain the hills, as soon as you can see to disengage the track through the morasses."

"Young man," returned Ralston, "you are already weary of me, and would be yet more so, perhaps, did you know the task upon which I have been lately put. And I wonder not that it should be so, for there are times when I am weary of myself. Think you not it is a sore trial for flesh and blood, to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven while we are yet in the body, and continue to retain that blinded

sense and sympathy for moral suffering, which makes our own flesh thrill when we strike a gush upon the body of another? And thank you, that when some prime tyrant has been removed from his place, that the instruments of his punishment sit at all times look back on their share as he descended with firm and unshaken nerve? Must they not sometimes even question the truth of that inspiration which they have felt and acted under?—must they not sometimes doubt the origin of that strong impulse with which their progress for heavenly direction under difficulties have been inwardly answered and confirmed, and comfort, in their disturbed apprehensions, the responses of Truth itself with some strong delusion of the enemy?"

"These are subjects, Mr. Delfour, on which I am ill qualified to converse with you," answered Morton; "but I own I should strongly doubt the origin of my inspiration, which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct."

Delfour seemed somewhat disturbed, and drew himself hastily up, but immediately composed himself, and answered softly, "It is indeed you should think so; you are yet in the dangerous-house of the law, a pit darker than that into which Jeremiah was plunged, even the danger of Malcolah the son of Ham-moloth, where there was no water but wine. Yet is the seal of the covenant upon your forehead, and the arm of the righteous, who reined to blood where the banner was spread on the mountains, shall not be utterly lost, as one of the children of darkness. Tell ye, that in this day of bitterness and calamity, nothing is required at our hands but to keep the moral law as far as our moral faculty will permit! Think ye our compass must be only over our corrupt and evil affections and passions! No—we are called upon, when we have girded up our loins, to run the race boldly, and when we have drawn the sword, we are enjoined to smite the capello, though he be our neighbour, and the man of power and cruelty, though he were of our own kindred, and the blind of our own house."

"These are the sentiments," said Morton, "that your mystic impulse to you, and which palliate, if they do not vindicate, the cruel measures which the council have directed against you. They affirm, that you pretend to derive your rule of action from what you call an inward light, rejecting the restraints of legal



magistracy, of national law, and even of common humanity, when is opposition to what you call the spirit within you."

"They do us wrong," answered the Commissioner; "it is they, perjured as they are, who have rejected all law, both divine and civil, and who now persecute us for adherence to the solemn League and Covenant between God and the kingdom of Scotland, to which all of them, save a few popish malignants, have sworn in former days, and which they now bear in the marketplace, and tread under foot in derision. When this Charles Stuart returned to these kingdoms, did the malignants bring him back? They had tried it with strong hand,—but they failed, I know. Could James Graham of Montrose, and his Highland cottermen, have put him again in the place of his father? I think their heads on the 'West Port'\* told another tale for many a long day. It was the weapons of the glorious work—the richness of the beauty of the tabernacle, that called him again to the high place from which his father fell. And what has been our reward? In the words of the prophet, 'We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble.—The morning of his houses was heard from Duns; the whole land trembled at the sound of the shouting of his strong ones; for they are come, and have devoured the land and all that is in it.'"

"Mr. Balfour," answered Morton, "I neither undertake to subscribe to or refute your complaints against the Government. I have endeavoured to repay a debt due to the creditors of my father, by giving you shelter in your distress, but you will excuse me from engaging myself, either in your cause, or in controversy. I will leave you to expose, and heartily wish it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable."

"But I shall see you, I trust, in the morning, ere I depart? I am not a man whose bowels yearn after kindred and friends of this world. When I put my hand to the plough, I entered into a covenant with my worldly affections that I should not look back on the things I left behind me. Yet the art of mine ancient creditors is to me as mine own, and I cannot behold him without the deep and firm belief that I shall one day see

\* [The West Port or gate leading into the Oldmarket, was the principal entrance to Edinburgh from the west. The heads of criminals, according to the barbarous usage of the time, were often stuck up on this and the other gates of the city.]

him, girl on his sword in the dear and precious cause for which his father fought and died."

With a promise on Morton's part that he would call the ruffians when it was time for him to pursue his journey, they parted for the night.

Morton retired to a few hours' rest; but his imagination, disturbed by the events of the day, did not permit him to enjoy sound repose. There was a blended vision of horror before him, in which his new friend seemed to be a principal actor. The fair form of Edith Relfenden also mingled in his dream, weeping, and with dishevelled hair, and appearing to call on him for comfort and assistance, which he had not in his power to render. He awoke from these unrefreshing slumbers with a feverish impulse, and a heart which foreboded disaster. There was already a tinge of dawning lustre on the roofs of the distant hills, and the dawn was dawning in all the freshness of a summer morning.

"I have slept too long," he exclaimed to himself, "and must now hasten to forward the journey of this unfortunate fugitive."

He dressed himself as fast as possible, opened the door of the house with as little noise as he could, and hastened to the place of refuge occupied by the Covenanters. Morton entered on tip-toe, for the determined tone and manner, as well as the unusual language and sentiments of this singular individual, had struck him with a sensation approaching to awe. Relfour was still asleep. A ray of light streamed on his uncurtained couch, and showed to Morton the working of his harsh features, which seemed agitated by some strong internal cause of disturbance. He had not undressed. Both his arms were above the bed-cover, the right hand strongly clenched, and occasionally making that abortive attempt to strike, which usually attends dreams of violence; the left was extended, and agitated, from time to time, by a movement as if repulsing some one. The preoccupation stood on his brow, "The battle is a late distant dream," and these marks of emotion were accompanied with broken words which escaped from him at intervals.—"Thou art below, Judas—thou art below—Clasp not to my knee—clasp not to my knee—bow him down!—A priest! Ay, a priest of Baal, to be bound and slain, even at the black Rhodou.—Firearms will not prevail against him—Sticks—thrust with the cold iron!

—put him out of pain—put him out of pain, were it but for the sake of his grey hairs.”

Mark shrank at the import of these expressions, which seemed to burst from him even in sleep with the stern energy accompanying the perpetration of some act of violence. Morton shook his guest by the shoulder in order to awake him. The first words he uttered were, “Bear me where ye will, I will enough the deed!”

His glance around having thus fully awakened him, he at once assumed all the stern and gloomy composure of his ordinary manner, and throwing himself on his knees, before speaking to Morton, poured forth an ejaculatory prayer for the suffering Church of Scotland, entreating that the blood of her martyred saints and martyrs might be precious in the sight of Heaven, and that the shield of the Almighty might be spread over the scattered remnant, who, for His name's sake, were abiders in the wilderness. Vigorous—speedy and ample vengeance on the oppressors—was the concluding petition of his devotion, which he expressed aloud in strong and emphatic language, rendered more impressive by the Orientalism of Scripture.

When he had finished his prayer he arose, and taking Morton by the arm, they descended together to the stable, where the Warden (to give Barclay a title which was often conferred on his sect) began to make his horse ready to pursue his journey. When the animal was saddled and bridled, Barclay requested Morton to walk with him a gunshot into the wood, and direct him to the right road for gaining the moors. Morton readily complied, and they walked for some time in silence, under the shade of some fine old trees, pursuing a sort of natural path, which, after passing through woodland for about half-a-mile, led into the bare and wild country which extends to the foot of the hills.

There was little conversation between them, until at length Barclay suddenly asked Morton, “Whether the words he had spoken over-night had borne fruit in his mind?”

Morton answered, “That he remained of the same opinion which he had formerly held, and was determined, at least as far and as long as possible, to walk the duties of a good Christian with those of a peaceful subject.”

“In other words,” replied Barclay, “you are desirous to serve both God and Mammon;—to be one day professing the truth

with your lips, and the next day is arms, at the command of carnal and tyrannic authority, to shed the blood of those who for the truth have broken all things! Think ye," he continued, "to touch pitch and remain undefiled? to mix in the ranks of malignants, papists, pope-priests, buffooneries, and scuffers, to partake of their sports, which are like the most offered unto idols; to hold intercourse, purchases, with their daughters, as the sons of God with the daughters of men in the world before the flood?—think you, I say, to do all these things, and yet remain free from pollution? I say unto you, that all communication with the enemies of the Church is the accursed thing which God hateth! Touch not—taste not—handle not! And spare not, young men, as if you alone were called upon to subdue your carnal affections, and renounce the pleasures which are a snare to your feet—I say to you, that the son of David hath denounced us better lot on the whole generation of mankind."

He then mounted his horse, and turning to Martin, repeated the text of Scripture, "An heavy yoke was ordained for the sons of Adam from the day they go out of their mother's womb, till the day that they return to the Mother of all things; from him who is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown, even to him who weareth simple linen,—weath, cold, trouble, and inquietude, ripour, stroke, and fear of death is the time of rest."

Having uttered these words, he set his horse in motion, and soon disappeared among the boughs of the forest.

"Fearful, stern enthusiast!" said Morton, looking after him. "In some words of my mind, how dangerous would be the society of such a companion! If I am unmoved by his zeal for abstract doctrines of faith, or rather by a peculiar mode of worship" (such was the purport of his reflections), "can I be a man, and a Scotchman, and look with indifference on that persecution which has made wise men mad? Was not the cause of freedom, civil and religious, that for which my father fought? and shall I do well to remain inactive, or to take the part of an oppressive government, if there should appear any national project of redressing the insufferable wrongs to which my miserable countrymen are subjected?—And yet, who shall warrant me that these people, rendered wild by persecution, would not, in the hour of victory, be as cruel and as treacherous as those by whom they are now hunted down? What degree

of moderation, or of mercy, can be expected from this Devil, so distinguished as one of their principal champions, and who spent even now in heaving from some recent deed of violence, and in foul stings of remorse which even his religiousness cannot altogether still. I am weary of seeing nothing but violence and fury around me—now assuming the mask of brutal animosity, now taking that of religious zeal. I am sick of my country—of myself—of my dependent situation—of my repressed feelings—of these woods, of that river—of that house—of all but—Edith, and she can never be mine! Why should I haunt her walks?—why encourage my own delusion, and perhaps hers? She can never be mine: her grandfather's pride—the opposite principles of our families—my wretched state of dependence—a poor miserable slave, for I have not even the wages of a servant,—all circumstances give the lie to the vain hope that we can ever be united. Why then protect a delusion so painful?

"But I am no slave," he said aloud, and drawing himself up to his full stature—"no slave in one respect surely. I can change my shade—my father's sword is mine, and Europe lies open before me, as before him and hundreds besides of my countrymen, who have filled it with the fame of their exploits. Perhaps some lucky chance may raise me to a rank with our Barons, our Lords, our Marquis, the chosen leaders of the famous Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus—or if not, a soldier's life or a soldier's grave."

When he had formed this determination, he found himself near the door of his uncle's house, and resolved to lose no time in making him acquainted with it.

"Another glance of Edith's eye, another walk by Edith's side, and my resolution would melt away. I will take an irreversible step, therefore, and then see her for the last time."

In this mood he entered the walled-in parlour, in which his uncle was already placed at his morning's refreshment, a huge plate of oatmeal porridge, with a corresponding allowance of butter-milk. The favourite housekeeper was in attendance, half standing, half resting on the back of a chair, in a posture between freedom and respect. The old gentleman had been remarkably tall in his earlier days, an advantage which he now lost by stooping to such a degree, that at a meeting, where there was some dispute concerning the sort of sock which should

be thrown over a considerable bench, a handsome neighbour proposed to offer Midwood a handsome sum for his earned back-bone, alleging that he would sell anything that belonged to him, Spely feat of unsworn men, long thin hands, garnished with nails which seldom left the steel, a wrinkled and pockered visage, the length of which corresponded with that of his person, together with a pair of little sharp beagle-making grey eyes, that seemed eternally looking out for their advantage, completed the highly unpromising exterior of Mr. Morton of Midwood. As it would have been very injudicious to have lodged a liberal or benevolent disposition in such an unworthy exterior, nature had suited his person with a mind exactly in conformity with it,—that is to say, mean, selfish, and covetous.

When this amiable personage was aware of the presence of his nephew, he hastened, before addressing him, to swallow the spoonful of porridge which he was in the act of conveying to his mouth, and as it chanced to be swelling hot, the pain occasioned by its descent down his throat and into his stomach, inflamed the discomposure with which he was already prepared to meet his kinsman. "The devil takes them that make them!" was his first exclamation, apostrophising his mass of porridge.

"They're quite porridge enough," said Mrs. Wilson, "if ye wad but take time to say them. I made them myself; but if folk wane hae patience, they should get their struggles encouraged."

"Haud your peace, Alison! I was speaking to my nephew.—How is this, sir!—and what sort o' conversing gaites are these o' going on! Ye were not at hame last night till near midnight."

"Thereabouts, sir, I believe," answered Morton, in an unfixed tone.

"Thereabouts, sir!—What sort of an answer is that, sir! Why came ye no hame when other folk left the grand!"

"I suppose you know the reason very well, sir," said Morton, "I had the fortune to be the best workman of the day, and realised, as it usual, to give some little entertainment to the other young men."

"The devil ye did, sir! And ye come to tell me that to my face! Ye pretend to gie entertainments, that means mair by a dinner except by serving on a curst' man like me! But if ye put me to charge, I'm wuk it out o' ye. I mean vry

ye shouldn't head the plough, now that the ploughman has left us! It wud not ye better than waiting these green days, and waiting your siller on further and haul, it wud put ye in an honest calling, and wud keep ye in bread without being beholden to any one."

"I am very ambitious of learning such a calling, sir, but I don't understand driving the plough."

"And what for no? It's easier than your grunting and snoring that ye like so well. Add Davie is ailing in o'er now, and ye may be spokesman for the first ten or three days, and tak that ye dunn o'vskive the even, and then ye will be fit to gang between the stiles. Ye'll no'er learn yonny, I'll be your caution. Haggisholm is heavy hand, and Davie is ever add to keep the snouter down now."

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir, but I have formed a scheme for myself, which will have the same effect of relieving you of the burden and charge attending my upbringing."

"Ay! indeed? a scheme o' yours? that must be a doury one!" said the uncle, with a very pointed snort; "let's hear about it, lad."

"It is said in two words, sir. I intend to leave this country, and serve abroad, as my father did before these unhappy troubles broke out at home. His name will not be so entirely forgotten in the countries where he served, but that it will procure his son at least the opportunity of trying his fortune as a soldier."

"Gude be gracious to us!" exclaimed the housekeeper; "our young Mr. Harry gang abroad? No, no! oh, no! that man never be!"

Midwood, entertaining no thought or purpose of parting with his nephew, who was, moreover, very useful to him in many respects, was thunderstruck at this abrupt declaration of independence from a person whose deference to him had hitherto been unlimited. He recovered himself, however, immediately.

"And who do you think is to give you the means, young man, for such a wild-goose chase? Not I, I am sure—I can hardly support ye at home. And ye wud be marrying, I'm warrint, as your father did afore ye, too, and sending your snail home a pack o' women to be fighting and striking through the house in my wild days, and to take wing and din off like yourself, whenever they were asked to serve a turn about the town?"

"I have no thoughts of ever marrying," answered Henry.

"Hear till him, now!" said the housekeeper. "It's a shame to have a decent young lad speak in that way, since o' the world knows that they want either money or do want."

"Hearl your grace, Almon," said her master;—"and yet, Henry" (he added, more mildly), "put this woman out o' your head—the chance o' letting ye gang re-signing for a day—mind ye has me either, lad, for aye or no more plan."

"I beg your pardon, sir, my wants shall be very few; and would you please to give me the gold chain, which the Marquess gave to my father after the battle of Lutter"—

"Hear ye on! the good chain!" exclaimed his uncle.

"The chain o' gold!" repeated the housekeeper, both agitated with astonishment at the audacity of the proposal.

"I will keep a few links," continued the young man, "to remind me o' him by whom it was won, and the place where he won it," continued Morton; "the rest shall furnish me the means o' following the same career in which my father obtained that mark o' distinction."

"Merrill's power!" exclaimed the governor, "my master wants it every Sunday!"

"Sunday and Saturday," added old Milwood, "whenever I put on my black velvet coat; and Wylie Macintosh is partly o' opinion it's a kind o' hair-shirt, that neither belongs to the head o' the house than to the immediate descendant. It has three thousand links; I have created them a thousand times. It's worth three hundred pounds sterling."

"That is more than I want, sir; if you choose to give me the third part of the money, and five links o' the chain, it will amply serve my purpose, and the rest will be some slight acknowledgment for the expense and trouble I have put you to."

"The lad's in a cowl!" exclaimed his uncle. "O sir! what will become o' the sign o' Milwood when I am dead and gone! He would hang the money o' Scotland awa, if he had it."

"Hear, sir," said the old housekeeper, "I want aye my life partly paid aye dead. Ye mairna cut his head over air in neither; and, to be sure, since he has gone down to the Devil, ye mairna put aye pay the living."

"If it be not above ten dollars, Almon," said the old gentleman, very reluctantly.

"I'll settle it myself w' that Black the first time I gang



down to the kitchen," said Alice, "cheaper than your house-  
 or Mr. Harry can do;" and then whispered to Harry, "Dance  
 yer him any more, I'll pay the fare out o' the better offer, and  
 not make waste about it." Then proceeding aloud, "And ye  
 murtherers speak o' the young gentlemen breaking the plough,  
 there's poor distressed whigs scarce about the country will be  
 glad to do that for a bit and a soap—it sets them far better  
 than the like o' him."

"And then we'll have the dragons on us," said Milverton,  
 "for conducting and entertaining intercommunal rebels;—a  
 heavy strain ye wad put us in!—But take your breakfast,  
 Harry, and then lay by your now green coat, and put on your  
 Baylish grey; it's a much morese' and thrifty dress, and a new  
 seventy-eight, than this changing clasp and ribbons."

Morton left the room, protesting plainly that he had no  
 ground or chance of gaining his purpose, and, perhaps, not  
 altogether displeased at the obstacles which seemed to prevent  
 themselves in his leaving the neighbourhood of Tibbaldston.  
 The housekeeper followed him into the next room, putting him  
 on the back, and bidding him "be a good bairn, and pit by his  
 braver things.—And I'll keep down your hat, and lay by the  
 band and ribbon," and the officious dame; "and ye must  
 never, at no hand, speak o' leaving the land, or o' selling the  
 poor chaise, for your uncle has an unco pleasure in looking on  
 you, and in counting the links of the chaise; and ye ken wad  
 bid him leave her for ever; see the chain, and the links, and o'  
 wad be your ain as day; and ye may carry our bairn to the  
 country-side ye like, and keep a new house at Milverton, for  
 there's more o' means; and is not that worth waiting for, my  
 dear?"

There was something in the latter part of the proposition  
 which sounded so agreeably in the ears of Morton, that he  
 shook the old dame cordially by the hand, and assured her he  
 was much obliged for her good advice, and would weigh it  
 carefully before he proceeded to act upon his former resolution.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

From seventeen years till now, almost forgotten,  
 How lived I, but now how have we done;  
 At seventeen years away these fortunes met,  
 Full of resources it is too late a week.

AS THE LARK SINGS.

We must conduct our readers to the Tower of Tillatodden, to which Lady Margaret Tillatodden had returned, in romantic places, melancholic and full of harrows, at the unexpected, and, as she deemed it, indefinable effort, which had been brought upon her dignity by the public misdeeds of George Gilchrist. That unfortunate man-at-arms was forthwith commanded to drive his feathered charge to the most remote parts of the common moor, and on no account to awaken the grief or resentment of his lady, by appearing in her presence while the name of the effort was yet recent.

The next proceeding of Lady Margaret was to hold a solemn court of justice, to which Harries and the barter were admitted, partly on the footing of witnesses, partly as accused, to inquire into the rectitude of Caddie Headrigg the ploughman, and the abatement which he had received from his mother—these being regarded as the original causes of the disaster which had befallen the delivery of Tillatodden. The charge being fully made out and substantiated, Lady Margaret resolved to reprimand the culprit in person, and, if she found them impudent, to extend the censure into a sentence of expulsion from the barony. Miss Bellenden alone ventured to say anything in behalf of the accused. But her intervention did not profit them as it might have done on any other occasion; for as soon as Edith had heard it ascertained that the unfortunate cavalier had not suffered in his person, his disaster had affected her with an irresistible disposition to laugh, which, in spite of Lady Margaret's indignation, or rather irritation, as usual, by restraint, had broke out repeatedly on her return homeward, until her grandmother, in no shape imposed upon by the several fictitious causes which the young lady assigned for her ill timed merriment,

sprinkled her in very bitter terms with being inimical to the honour of her family. Miss Redden's intervention, therefore, led on this occasion little or no change to be effected in.

As if to evince the rigour of her disposition, Lady Margaret, on this solemn occasion, exchanged the ivory-headed cane with which she customarily walked, for an immense gold-headed staff which had belonged to her father, the deceased Earl of Tarnood, and which, like a sort of mast of office, she only made use of on occasions of special solemnity. Supported by this awful baton of command, Lady Margaret Bellenden entered the cottage of the delinquents.

There was an air of consciousness about old Mance, as she rose from her wicker chair in the dining-room, set with the usual stiffness of rings which used, on other occasions, to expose the honour she felt in the visit of her lady, but with a certain solemnity and embarrassment, like an accused party on his first appearance in presence of his judge, before whom he is, nevertheless, determined to assert his innocence. Her arms were folded, her mouth primed into an expression of respect mingled with obduracy, her whole mind apparently bent up to the solemn interview. With her best courtesy to the ground, and a taste notion of reverence, Mance pointed to the chair which on former occasions Lady Margaret (for the good lady was somewhat of a gossip) had deigned to occupy for half-an-hour sometimes at a time, leaving the name of the country and of the borough. But at present her mistress was far too indignant for such condescension. She rejected the taste inclination with a haughty wave of her hand, and drawing herself up as she spoke, she uttered the following interrogatory in a tone calculated to overwhelm the subject.

"Is it true, Mance, as I am informed by Harrison, Gedyll, and others of my people, that you have been it upon you, contrary to the oath you owe to God and the King, and to me, your natural lady and mistress, to keep back your eye from the wrongdoings told by the oaths of the sheriff, and to return his answer and acknowledgments at a moment when it was impossible to find a suitable delegate in his stead, whereby the honour of Tiffenallens, both in the person of its mistress and lady, has incurred a disgrace and dishonour as heinous before the family since the days of Malcolm Canmore?"

Mance's habitual respect for her mistress was intense;—she

hesitated, and one or two short sobs expressed the difficulty she had in disabusing herself.

"I am sure—my laddy—how? how?—I am sure I am sure—very sure; that any cause of displeasure should have occurred—but my son's illness!"

"Dinna tell me of your son's illness, Maime! Had he been severely smitten, ye would hae been at the Tavern by daylight to get something that wad do him good; there are few ailments that I hanna medical receipts for, and that ye hae for woe."

"O ay, my laddy! I am sure ye hae wrought wonderful cures, the last thing ye sent Cobble, when he had the latta, aye wrought like a charm."

"Why, then, woman, did ye not apply to me, if there was any real need?—but there wis none, ye fash-headed wench that ye are!"

"Your laddiship never said me sic a word as that before. Ohna! that I wald hae to be call'd me," she continued, bursting into tears, "and me a born servant o' the house o' Dilworths! I am sure they hold both Cobble and me dear, if they wad be wadha right over the boots to make for your laddiship and Miss Edith, and the said Tavern—ay wald be, and I woud rather see him buried beneath it, than he wald ga wey; but their ridings and wappenshirts, my laddy, I hae nae leue o' them are—I can find nae warrant for them whatsoever."

"Nae warrant for them?" cried the high-born dame. "Do ye na ken, woman, that ye are bound to be here ready in all hunting, hooting, wedding, and wailing, when lawdly summoned thereto in my name? Your service is not gratuitous—I trow ye hae had for it. Ye're kindly thanks; hae a colts-horn, a half-yard, and a wee's grace on the common. Few hae been brought farther here, and ye grudge your an' wald ye no a day's service in the field?"

"Na, my laddy—na, my laddy, it's no that," exclaimed Maime, greatly embarrassed, "but our oaths were twa quarters; and, if the truth wass aye come out, there's nae shame whae commands I mean obey before your laddiship's. I am sure I woud put neither king's nor halber's, nor any earthly creature's after them."

"Haw mean ye by that, ye said false woman!—D'ye think that I order anything against conscience?"

"I durst pretend to say that, my laddy, in regard o' your

laddyship's consciences, which has been brought up, as it were, w' protestin' principles; but this one never walk by the light o' their own, and mine," said Maise, waving hollow as the conference became animated, "tells me that I shall leave it—yes, let's pass, and ere's grace—and suffer it, rather than that I or mine should put on harness in an unbecom' cause."

"Unbecom'?" exclaimed her mistress; "the cause to which you are called by your lordly laddy and mistress—by the command of the king—by the writ of the privy council—by the order of the lord-lieutenant—by the warrant of the sheriff?"

"Ay, my laddy, we doubt; but as to displeasure your laddyship, ye'll mind that there was once a king in Scripture they call Sabekebamur, and he set up a golden image in the place o' Dura, as it might be in the haugh powder by the water side, where the army were warned to meet yesterday; and the priests, and the governors, and the captains, and the judges themselves, fely the treasures, the counsellors, and the sheriffs, were warned to the dedication thereof, and commanded to fall down and worship at the sound of the cornet, flute, bag, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music."

"And what o' it this, ye tale with! Or what had Sabekebamur to do with the soppenachaw of the Upper Ward of Clydesdale?"

"Only just this Sir, my laddy," continued Maise, firmly, "that prebui is like the great golden image in the plain o' Dura, and first as Sabekech, Mabekech, and Abekago, were borne out in refusing to bow down and worship, so neither shall Godlie Hedrigg, your laddyship's poor pleighman, at least w' his cold mother's consent, make surreptitious or jugglifications as they o' them, in the house of the prelates and curates, nor gild him w' armour to fight in their cause, either at the sound of battle-drum, organ, bagpipes, or any other kind of music whatever."

Lady Margaret Hollenden heard this exposition of Scripture with the greatest possible indignation, as well as surprise.

"I see which way the wind blows," she exclaimed, after a pause of astonishment; "the evil spirit of the year sixteen hundred and forty-two is at work again as readily as ever, and this evil will in the chimney-corn will be for knocking doctrine w' doctors o' divinity and the gally fathers o' the church."

"If your laddyship means the bishops and curates, I'm sure they has been but sleepers to the Kirk o' Scotland. And

since your ladyship is pleased to speak of parting w<sup>th</sup> us, I am free to tell you a piece o' my mind in another article. Your ladyship and the steward has been pleased to propose that my son Cuddie sail work in the barn w<sup>th</sup> a new-fangled machine<sup>b</sup> for lighting the men free the chaff, thus impudently thwarting the will o' Divine Providence, by making wind for your ladyship's ain particular use by human art, instead o' soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation o' wind Providence was pleased to send upon the standing-bill. Now, my lady!"

"The woman would drive my reasonable being daft!" said Lady Margaret; then assuming her tone of authority and indifference, she concluded, "Well, Maam, I'll just end where I and her began—you're over learned and over godly for me to dispute w<sup>th</sup>; so I have just this to say,—either Cuddie must attend nature when he's lawfully warned by the ground-officer, or the sooner he and you kin and quit my bonnie the better; there's nae scarcity o' odd wires or ploughmen; but if there were, I had rather that the sign o' Tithemaster have something but whistle-stroke and waddy jargon<sup>c</sup> than that they were ploughed by wheels to the king."

"Aweel, my lady," said Maam, "I was born here, and thought to die where my father died; and your ladyship has been a kind mistress, I'll ne'er deny that, and I've ne'er ceas'd to pray for you and for Miss Edith, and that ye may be brought to see the error o' your ways. But end!"

"The error o' my ways!" interrupted Lady Margaret, much incensed—"the error o' my ways, ye unfilial woman!"

"Oo, ay, my lady, we are blinded that live in this valley of tears and darkness, and has a' ower many errors, gyt folks as wad as we!—but, as I said, my pair headpiece will rest w<sup>th</sup> you and yours wherever I am. I will be wae to hear o' your affliction, and blythe to hear o' your prosperity, temporal and spiritual. But I cannot prefer the commands o' an earthly mistress to those o' a heavenly master, and so I am s'ten ready to suffer for righteousness' sake."

<sup>a</sup> Probably something similar to the barn frames now used for winnowing wire, which were not, however, used in their present shape until about 1760. They were displaced in by the more rigid sections, as their first introduction, upon each resembling as that of horse Maam in the back.

<sup>b</sup> Wind-gauge and wind-lake.

"It is very well," said Lady Margaret, turning her back in great displeasure; "ye ken my will, Mamma, in the matter. I'll lee nae whiggery in the house of Tullibardine—the worst thing wad be to set up a caricature in my very withdrawing room."

Having said this, she departed, with an air of great dignity; and Mamma, giving way to feelings which she had suppressed during the interview,—for she, like her mistress, had her own feeling of pride,—now lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

Gudie, whose melody, real or pretended, still detained him in bed, by words during all this confusion, singly expressed within his hoarsed breast, and tended to death but Lady Margaret, whom he held in hereditary reverence, should have detected his presence, and bestowed on him personally some of those bitter reproaches with which she loaded his mother. But as soon as he thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing, he bounced up in his nest.

"The devil fit ye, that I wad say nae," he cried out to his mother, "for a lang-tongued chattering wife, as my father, honest man, aye ca'd ye! Owdie ye let the lady sene w' your whiggery! And I was aye as good a general to let ye persuade me to lie up here among the blankets like a harebaw, instead o' gae to the wappanshaw like other folk.—Och, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window-bell when your cold back was turned, and awa' down by to hae a ha'p' of the poppidge, and I shot within ten ca't. I cheated the lady for four clivers, but I wame gam to cheat my jo. But she may marry when she likes aw, for I'm awa' doing aw. This is if your doctors than we get this Mr. Gudyll when ye gae'd me refuse to eat the plum-porridge on Tule-ere, as if it wae any matter to God or man whether a phlegmatic had supper on minced pie or some sweenie."

"Oh, whisht, my bairn! whisht!" replied Mamma; "then knowe about these things.—It was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of Protestant Christians."

"And now," continued her son, "ye has brought the lady herself on our hands!—As I could but has gotten some doocot claes to, I wad has speanged out o' bed, and told her I wad ride where she liked, night or day, as she wad but leave us the fire house, and the yaird that grew the best early haly in the hall country, and the cow's grass."

"O woe! my winnowing hairs, Cuddie," continued the old dame, "mourn not at the dispensation; never grieve suffering in the gods' name."

"But what has I if the cause is gods or no, neither," rejoined Cuddie, "for a' ye blame not the meikle doctrine about it! It's clear beyond my comprehension a' together.—I see an meikle difference aween the two ways o't as a' the folk pretend. It's very true the quater read are the same words over again; and if they be right words, what for us!—a gods tale's no the waur o' being twice tald, I trow; and a body has aye the better chance to understand it. Everybody's so an' aye at the uptake as ye are yourself, neither."

"O, my dear Cuddie, this is the wildest distress o' a'," said the anxious mother—"O, how often have I shown ye the difference between a pure evangelical doctrine, and ane that's corrupt w' human inventions! O, my hairs, if no for your sin auld's sake, yet for my gray hairs"—

"Woe, mother," said Cuddie, interrupting her, "what need ye seek an meikle din about it? I has aye done whatever ye bade me, and gaed to kirk whar'er ye bidt on the Sundays, and sendd wae for ye in the kin days besides. And that's what vexes me mair than a' the rest, when I think how I am to dood for ye now in these bridle times. I am so dear if I can plough my place but the Minns and Macklewhams, at least I never tried any other ground, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring baribons will daur to take me, after being turned off their bounds for non-conformity."

"Non-conformity, bintie," sighed Minnie, "is the name that does worldly men gie us."

"Aweel, aweel—we'll ha' to gang to a far country, maybe twill be o' them mair a'. I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, for I can ride and play w' the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be raving about your blessing and your gray hairs." (Here Minnie's exclamations became extreme.) "Woe, woe, I hat spae o't; besides, ye're over auld to be stiking coiled up as a baggage-wagon, w' Eggs Dumblane, the corpse's wife. See wha's to come o' us I canna wae see—I doubt I'll ha' to take the hills w' the wild whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a martin at some dize-side, or to be sent to Heaven w' a Saint Johnston's tipper about my haire."



"O, my honey Cuddie," said the restless Mamma, "believe me earnest, unfeigning language, while it is just a mischieving of Providence—I have not seen the son of the righteous begging his bread,—one says the best; and your father was a decent honest man, though somewhat wildly in his dealings, and numbered about earthly things, did his power, my jo!"

"Aweel," said Cuddie, after a little consideration, "I am not as glib for't, and there's a coo'd end to blow at, neither. Howsoever, nothing, ye has some guess o' a wee bit kindness that's shown Miss Edith and young Mr. Henry Morton, that wad be o'd young Milwood, and that I has whine married a bit back, or maybe a bit later, quietly stowed them, and made believe never to hear o' them frae, though I ken'd barely. There's whine convenience in a body looking a wee stupid—and I have often seen them walking at eve on the little path by Dingwood burn; but nobody ever ken'd a word about it frae Cuddie. I ken I'm gay thick on the head, but I'm as honest as our wild fire-heads or, your father, that I'll ne'er work my main—I hope they'll be so kind to him that come elint me as I has been.—But, as I was saying, we'll awa' down to Milwood and tell Mr. Henry our distress. They want a pleughman, and the grand's as unlike our an—I am sure Mr. Henry will share my part, for he's a kind-hearted gentleman.—I'll get but little penny-frae, for his uncle, said Nipper Milwood, has as done a grip at the dill himself. But we'll aye win a bit bread, and a drop milk, and a fire-side, and checking over our heads; and that's o' we'll want for a season.—Has got up, neither, and sort your things to gang away; for stae me it is that gang we mean, I wad like ill to wait till Mr. Morton and said Gusty'll come to ye as call by the lag and the ham."

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

*The devil a portion or anything else he is, but a Emancipator.*

*THOMAS MORTON.*

It was evening when Mr. Henry Morton perceived an old woman wrapped in her tatter'd plaid, supported by a short, stoop-shouldered fellow, in ludding-gay, approach the house of

Withered. Old Mamma made her apology, but Oublie took the lead in addressing Morton. Indeed, he had previously stipulated with his mother, that he was to manage matters his own way; for though he readily allowed his general inferiority of understanding, and fully submitted to the guidance of his mother on most ordinary occasions, yet he said, "For getting a service, or getting forward in the world, he could struggle for the win yidsle same he had gang muckle farther than here, though she could crack the very minister o' them a'."

Accordingly, he thus opened the conversation with young Morton—

"A bonn night this for the eye, your honour; the west yark will be leaving heavily this day."

"I do not doubt it, Oublie; but what can have brought your mother—this is your mother, is it not?" (Oublie nodded).

"What can have brought your mother and you down the water so late?"

"Took, sir, just what gae the wind afore toot—windy, sir—I'm seeking for service, sir."

"For service, Oublie, and at this time of the year! how comes that?"

Mamma could forbear no longer. Tired alike of her pains and her sufferings, she commenced with an affected humility of tone, "It has pleased Heaven, as it like your honour, to distinguish us by a visitation"—

"Dad's in the wile, and nas gae!" whispered Oublie to his mother; "as ye come out w' your whiggery, they'll no durst open a door to us through the haill country!" Then, aloud, and addressing Morton, "My mother's wile, sir, and she has rather suspicion herself in speaking to my laddie, that some wad bid to be contrivedit (as I ken nobody else it if they could help themselves), especially by her ain folk; and Mr. Harrison the steward, and Gudyll the butler, they're no very fond o' us, and it's ill sitting at Rome and stirring w' the Pope; so I thought it best to fit before ill came to worse—and here's a wee bit line to your honour frae a friend will maybe say some mair about it."

"Morton took the billet, and exclaiming up to the men between joy and surprise, read these words: "If you can serve these poor helpless people, you will oblige R. R."

It was a few instants before he could attain composure enough to ask, "And what is your object, Caddis? and how can I be of use to you?"

"Work, sir, work, and a nervous, is my object—a bit help for my mother and myself—we have quite plenty of our sin, if we had the cut of a suit to bring it down—and wife and maid, and greens now, for I'm gay gleg at meal-time, and not in my mother, long may it be so—And, for the penny-fee and of that, I'll just leave it to the laird and you. I ken ye'll no see a poor lad wrangled, if ye can help it."

Morton shook his head. "For the coat and lodging, Caddis, I think I can provide something; but the penny-fee will be a hard chapter, I doubt."

"I'll take my chance o't, sir," replied the candidate for service, "rather than gang down about Hamilton, or any sic far country."

"Well, step into the kitchen, Caddis, and I'll do what I can for you."

The negotiation was not without difficulties. Morton had first to bring over the housekeeper, who made a thousand objections, as usual, in order to have the pleasure of being brought and introduced; but, when she was gained over, it was comparatively easy to induce old Milnerod to accept of a servant whose wages were to be in his own option. An outburst was, therefore, assigned to Misses and her son for their habitation, and it was settled that they were for the time to be admitted to eat of the frugal fare provided for the family, until their own establishment should be completed. As for Morton, he exhausted his own very slender stock of money, in order to make Caddis such a present, under the name of *order*, as might show his sense of the value of the recommendation delivered to him.

"And now we're settled once mair," said Caddis to his mother, "and if we're no sic hie and comfortable as we were up yonder, yet life's life our gale, and we've w' decent kirk-punging bits o' your sin possession, mother; there will be nee quarrelling about that."

"O' my possession, Mary!" said the too-enlightened Misses; "wa's me for thy blindness and folly. O, Caddis, they are but in the coat of the Gentry, and will we'r win further ben, I doubt; they are but little better than the peevishness themselves."

They wait on the ministry of that blessed man, Peter Fount-  
font, such a precious teacher of the Word, but now a back-  
sliding pastor, that has, for the sake of shined and family  
maintenance, forsaken the strict path, and gone astray after  
the black Indulgence. O, my son, had ye but profited by the  
gospel doctrine ye has heard in the Glan of Bongsom, from  
the dear Richard Roundberry, that sweet youth, who suffered  
martyrdom in the Greenmarket,\* where Goodness! Edith ye  
hear him say, that Hereticism was as bad as Prolary, and that  
the Indulgence was as bad as Hereticism!"

"Haud ever anybody the like o' this!" interrupted Caddie;  
"we'll be driven out o' house and ho' again, above we ken where  
to turn ourselves. Well, neither, I has just as word made—As I  
hear my ma's o' your din—above folk, that is, for I dinna mind  
your dinna myself, they are set me sleeping—but if I hear my  
ma's din above folk, as I was saying, about Prolarys and  
Roundberrys, and doctrines and malignants, I've din turn a  
single edge myself, or maybe a serpent or a captain, if ye  
pleases me the ma's, and let Roundberry and you gang to the  
dod together. I no'er get my guide by his doctrine, as ye ca't,  
but a sour fit o' the bats w' sitting among the wet moss-hags  
for four hours at a poking, and the lady moved me w' some  
hickory-pickery; ma's by toke, as she had ha'd how I came  
by the disorder, she wad has been in sic a hurry to mend it."

Although growing in spirit over the delicate and import-  
tant state, as she thought it, of her son Caddie, Misses drew  
neither rage him further on the topic, nor altogether neglect  
the warning he had given her. She knew the disposition of  
her deceased helpmate, when this carrying phlegm of their  
union greatly resembled, and remembered, that although sub-  
mitting implicitly in most things to her least of superior com-  
monness, he had in certain seasons, when driven to extremity, to  
be seized with fits of obstinacy, which neither remonstrance,  
flattery, nor threats, were capable of overpowering. Troubling  
therefore, at the very possibility of Caddie's following his threat,  
she put a guard over her tongue; and even when Fountfont  
was commended in her presence, as an able and fruitful  
preacher, she had the good sense to suppress the contradiction  
which thrilled upon her tongue, and to express her sentiments

\* [The Greenmarket, a well-known locality in Edinburgh, where execution  
was executed during the reign of Charles II.]

no otherwise than by deep groans, which the hearers charitably construed to flow from a vivid recollection of the more painful parts of his banishment. How long she could have expressed her feelings, it is difficult to say—an unexpected accident relieved her from the necessity.

The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old customs which were connected with economy. It was, therefore, still the custom in his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, sat down at the lower end of the board, and partook of the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters. On the day, therefore, after Oudiff's arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robt, who was butler, valet-de-chambre, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and colicourt, in which some of liquid was indistinctly discovered, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton waiting to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and pease, and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would now-a-days have indicated more liberal housekeeping; but at that period salmon was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that instead of being accounted a delicacy, it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are still sometimes to be observed that they should not be required to eat a food so tasteless and unwholesome in its quality above five times a-week. The large black jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was allowed to the company at discretion, as were the hams, cakes, and broth; but the position was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs. Wilson included; and a measure of six somewhat exceeding the name, was set apart in a silver tuckered for their exclusive use. A large kolback (a cheese, that is, made with two-milk mixed with cow's milk) and a jar of salt butter, were in season to the company.

To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed, at the head of the table, the old Laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the fire-eating housekeeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt of course, sat old Robt, a meagre, half-starved serving-man, rendered so and crippled by rheumatism, and a dirty dish of a housemaid, whom we had reached cal-

low to the daily exertions which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs. Wilson. A barn-man, a white-headed cow-herd boy, with Oddie the new ploughman and his mother, completed the party. The other labourers belonging to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could eat their fill, untroubled by the sharp, voracious, grey eyes of Milwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of his dependants swallowed, as closely as if their glances attended each morsel in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Oddie, who sustained much prejudice in his new master's opinion, by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labour was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very man-servant.

"Pay that vagabond, quotha!" said Milwood to himself,—  
 "There will eat in a week the value of work that three men will work for in a month."

These disagreeable calculations were interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer gate. It was a national custom in Scotland, that, when the family was at dinner, the outer gate of the courtyard, if there was one, and if not, the door of the house itself, was always shut and locked, and only guests of importance, or persons upon urgent business, sought or received admittance at that time.\* The family of Milwood were therefore surprised, and, in the unsettled state of the times, something alarmed, at the urgent and repeated knocking with which the gate was now assailed. Mrs. Wilson ran in person to the door, and having remonstrated those who were so clamorous for admittance, through some most apertures with which most Scottish dwellings were furnished for the express purpose, she returned wringing her hands in great dismay, exclaiming, "The red-coats! the red-coats!"

"Rubbie—Ploughman—what an' they ye?—Barnman—Nanny Harry—open the door, open the door!" exclaimed old Milwood, snatching up and slipping into his pocket the two

\* Note D. Locking the door during dinner.

or three silver spoons with which the upper end of the table was garnished, these beneath the salt being of greatly less value. "Speak them fast, she—Lord love ye, speak them fast—they wanna beds therrin'!—We're a' hantred—we're a' hantred!"

While the servants admitted the trespass, whose aches and throats already indicated resentment at the delay they had here put to, Cokkie took the opportunity to whisper to her mother, "Naw, ye daft widd woman, mak yourself deaf—ye hae made us a' deaf an' now—and let me speak for ye.—I wad like ill to get my neck round for an' widd' dander, though ye be our mother."

"O, hush, ay; I'm be silent or there will come to ill," was the corresponding whisper of Hester; "but bethink ye, my dear, thou that dost the Word, the Word will keep!"

Her solicitation was cut short by the entrance of the Life-Guardsman, a party of four troopers, commanded by Bethwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone floor with the broad-shod heels of their huge jack-boots, and the clink and ring of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnerwood and his housekeeper trembled, from well-learned apprehensions of the system of taxation and plunder carried on during these domolitary raids. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood unrevokable to the law for having harboured Bushy. The widow Maude Hastings, between fear for her son's life and an embarrassed and enthusiastic zeal which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to hold her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cokkie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Sautter passed on at times as well as a mask for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoonfuls of his broth, to comment which he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself, until the conclusion, to a second portion.

"What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?" said Milnerwood, kneeling himself before the satellites of power.

"We come in behalf of the king," answered Bethwell; "why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?"

"We were at dinner," answered Milnerwood, "and the door

was locked, as is usual in backward towns\* in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had had my servants of one grade long has stood at the door—But would ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of masty sack, or claret wine?" making a pause between each offer as long as a stinging ladder at an auction, who in haste to advance his offer for a forward lot.

"Claret for me," said one fellow.

"I like ale better," said another, "provided it is right juice of John Baskycomb."

"Better never was waited," said Milwood; "I can hardly say any words for the claret. It's thin and cold, gentlemen."

"Brandy will cure that," said a third fellow; "a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the concurring in the stomach."

"Brandy, ale, sack, and claret!—we'll try them all," said Bodswell, "and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that, if the claret's that whig in Scotland had said so."

Quickly, yet with a collected quiver of his muscles, Milwood hugged out two ponderous loaves, and delivered them to the gentlemen.

"The housekeeper," said Bodswell, taking a seat, and throwing himself upon it, "is either so young not so handsome as to tempt a man to follow her to the garden, and devil a one here is there worth sending in her place.—What's this!—man?" (searching with a fork among the broth, and taking up a curl of mutton)—"I think I could eat a bit—why, it's as tough as if the devil's days had hatched it."

"If there is anything better in the house, sir," said Milwood, alarmed at these symptoms of dyspepsia.—

"No, no," said Bodswell, "it's not worth while; I must proceed to business.—You attend President the Presbyterian patron, I understand, Mr. Morton?"

Mr. Morton hesitated to still in a confusion and apology.

"By the indulgence of his gracious Majesty and the Government, for I was to nothing out of law—I have one objection whatever to the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, but

\* The Scots retain the use of the word town in its comprehensive sense meaning, as a place of habitation. A manor or a farm house, though solitary, is called the town. A backward town is a dwelling situated in the country.



only that I am a country-bred man, and the ministers are a homelier kind of folk, and I can follow their doctrine better; and, with reverence, sir, it's a sair dragal establishment for the country."

"Well, I care nothing about that," said Bothwell; "they are indulged, and there's an end of it; but, for my part, if I were to give the law, never a copper'd ear of the whole pack should bark in a Scottish pulpit. However, I am to obey commands.—There comes the liquor; put it down, my good old lady."

She decanted about one-half of a quart bottle of claret into a wooden gush or bucket, and took it off at a draught.

"You did your good wine injustice, my friend;—it's better than your bruddy, though that's good too. Will you pledge me to the king's health?"

"With pleasure," said Milwood, "in ale,—but I never drink claret, and keep only a very little for some honored friends."

"Like me, I suppose," said Bothwell, and then passing the bottle to Henry, he said, "Here, young man, pledge you the king's health."

Henry filled a moderate glass in silence, regardless of the blunts and pushes of his uncle, which seemed to indicate that he ought to have followed his example in preferring beer to wine.

"Well," said Bothwell, "have you all drunk the toast?—What is that old wife about? Give her a glass of brandy, she shall drink the king's health, by —"

"If your honor please," said Caddis, with great stolidity of aspect, "this is my mother, sir; and she's as deaf as Corra Linn,\* we cannot make her hear—say nor doer; but if your honor please, I am ready to drink the king's health for her in as many glasses of brandy as ye think necessary."

"I dare swear you are," answered Bothwell; "you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy—help thyself, man; off's fire whome'er I come.—Tom, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt wather. Fill round once more. Now's to our noble commander, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse! What the devil is the old woman gracing for? She looks as wye a whig as ever sat on a hill-side—Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman?"

\* [One of the upper Falls of the Clyde.]

"What Covenant is your honour meaning?—is it the Covenant of Works, or the Covenant of Grace?" said Caddie, interposing.

"Any Covenant—all covenants that ever were hatched," answered the trooper.

"Mother," cried Caddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, "the gentleman wants to know if ye will renounce the Covenant of Works?"

"With all my heart, Caddie," said Nance, "and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof."

"Come," said Roderick, "the old dame has come more freely off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business.—You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, by ten or eleven rascal knaves?"

All started and looked at each other; at length Millicent himself answered, "They had heard of some such misfortune, but were in hopes it had not been true."

"There is the relation published by Government, old gentleman; what do you think of it?"

"Think, sir! Wh—wh—whatever the council please to think of it," stammered Millicent.

"I desire to have your opinion more explicitly, my friend," said the dragon, authoritatively.

Millicent's eye hastily glanced through the paper to pick out the strongest expressions of censure with which it abounded, in glancing which he was greatly aided by their being printed in italics.

"I think it a—bloody and execrable—murder and parricide—devoted by hellish and implacable cruelty—utterly abominable, and a scandal to the land."

"Well said, old gentleman!" said the quaker—"Here's to thee, and I wish you joy of your good principles. You owe me a cup of thanks for having taught you them; nay, since that pledge me to think ever such—now she sits all upon a loyal stomach.—Now comes your turn, young man; what think you of the matter in hand?"

"I should have little objection to answer you," said Henry, "if I knew what right you had to put the question."

"The Lord preserve us!" said the old housekeeper, "to ask

the life of that of a trooper, when a' folk ken they do whatever they like through the half country of man and woman, beast and body."

The old gentleman exclaimed, in the same horror at his nephew's audacity, "Hold your peace, sir, or answer the gentleman himself. Do you mean to affront the king's authority in the person of a sergeant of the Life-Guards?"

"Silence, all of you!" exclaimed Redwell, striking his hand fiercely on the table—"Silence, every one of you, and hear me!—You ask me for my right to examine you, sir" (to Henry); "my conduct and my bloodwork are my justification, and a better one than ever Old Bel gave to his roundheads; and if you want to know more about it, you may look at the act of council empowering his Majesty's officers and soldiers to search for, examine, and apprehend suspicious persons; and therefore, once more, I ask you your opinion of the death of Archbishop Sharp—It's a new touchstone we have got for trying people's mettle."

Henry had, by this time, reflected upon the useless risk to which he would expose the family by resisting the tyrannical power which was delegated to such rude hands; he therefore read the narrative over, and replied, composedly, "I have no hesitation to say, that the perpetrators of this assassination have committed, in my opinion, a rash and wicked action, which I regret the more, as I foresee it will be made the cause of proceedings against many who are both innocent of the deed, and as far from approving it as myself."

While Henry thus expressed himself, Redwell, who bent his eyes keenly upon him, seemed suddenly to recollect his features.

"Alas! my friend Captain Popajoy! I think I have seen you before, and in very suspicious company."

"I saw you once," answered Henry, "in the public-house of the town of —."

"And with whom did you have that public-house, popajoy!—was it not with John Halfour of Buxley, one of the murderers of the Archbishop?"

"I did have the house with the person you have named," answered Henry—"I mean to deny it; but, as far from knowing him to be a traitor of the prince, I did not even know at the time that such a crime had been committed."

"Lord have mercy on me! I am ruined!—officially ruined!

and undone!" exclaimed Milwood. "That colliet's tongue will run the head off his six shillars, and waste my gages to the very grey cloak on my back!"

"But you know Forley," continued Rothwell, still addressing Henry, and regardless of his uncle's interruption, "to be an intercommenced rebel and traitor, and you know the prohibition to deal with such persons. You know, that, as a loyal subject, you were prohibited to meet, supply, or intercommence with this attainted traitor, to correspond with him by word, writ, or message, or to supply him with meat, drink, houses, harbour, or victual, under the highest pains—you know all this, and yet you broke the law." (Henry was silent.) "Where did you part with him?" continued Rothwell; "was it in the highway, or did you give him harbourage in this very house?"

"In this house?" said his uncle, "he faced not for his neck being my traitor into a house of mine."

"Does he deny that he did so?" said Rothwell.

"As you charge it to me as a crime," said Henry, "you will excuse my saying anything that will exonerate myself."

"O, the lands of Milwood!—the heavy lands of Milwood, that have been in the name of Morton two hundred years!" exclaimed his uncle; "they are hatching and bearing, outfield and infield, bough and brine!"

"No, sir," said Henry, "you shall not suffer on my account.—I own," he continued, addressing Rothwell, "I did give this man a night's lodging, as to an old military comrade of my father. But it was not only without my uncle's knowledge, but contrary to his express general order. I trust, if my evidence is considered as good against myself, it will have some weight in proving my uncle's innocence."

"Come, young man," in a somewhat milder tone, "you're a smart spark enough, and I am sorry for you; and your uncle here is a fine old Trojan—harkye, I see, he has gages than himself, for he gives us wine, and drinks his own than ale;—tell me all you know about this Forley, what he said when you parted from him, where he went, and where he is likely now to be found; and, O—a H, I'll wink as hard as your share of the business as my duty will permit. There's a thousand marks on the murdering whigsmonger's head, as I could but light on it.—Come, out with it—where did you part with him?"

"You will excuse my answering that question, sir," said

Merton; "the same great reasons which induced me to afford him hospitality at considerable risk to myself and my friends, would convince me to respect his secret, if, indeed, he had treated me with any."

"So you refuse to give me an answer?" said Bothwell.

"I have none to give," returned Henry.

"Perhaps I could teach you to find one, by tying a piece of lighted match between your fingers," answered Bothwell.

"O, for pity's sake, sir," said old Alison, apart to her master, "give them either—it's either they're seeking—they'll murder Mr. Henry, and yourself next!"

Milwood groaned in perplexity and bitterness of spirit, and, with a toss as if he was giving up the ghost, exclaimed, "If twenty p—p—pounds would make up this unhappy matter!"

"My master," intimated Alison to the surgeon, "would give twenty pounds sterling!"

"Pounds Scotch, ye b—h!" interrupted Milwood; for the agony of his anxiety overcame alike his paralytic passion and the habitual respect he entertained for his housekeeper.

"Pounds sterling," asserted the housekeeper, "if ye wad let the gentlemen to look over the lair's misconduct; he's that dour ye may tear him to pieces, and ye wad sa'er get a word out o' him; and it wad do ye little good, I'm wae, to burn his heavy finger-ends."

"Why," said Bothwell, hesitating, "I don't know—most of my debt would have the money and take off the prisoner too; but I bear a conscience, and if your master will stand to your offer, and enter into a bond to produce his nephew, and if all in the house will take the test- oath, I do not know but!"

"O ay, ay, sir," cried Mrs. Wilson, "my tent, my catie ye please!" And then aside to her master, "Hush ye away, sir, and get the siller, or they will burn the house about our legs."

Old Milwood cut a useful look upon his wrist, and moved off, like a piece of Dutch clock-work, to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Meanwhile, Sergeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his Majesty's custom-house.

"You—what's your name, woman?"

"Alison Wilson, sir."

"You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and deduce,

that you judge it unlawful for subjects under pretext of religion, office, or any other pretence whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants?"——

Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Caddie and his mother, which, long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

"Oh, whisht, mither, whisht! they're upon us—coming—Oh, whisht! and they'll agree wad enough o' more."

"I will not whisht, Caddie," replied his mother, "I will uplift my voice and spare not—I will confound the men of sin, even the wicked men, and through my voice shall Mr. Henry be freed from the net of the devil."

"She has her leg over the harrow now," said Caddie, "stop her whee oop—I see her cocked up behind a dagon on her way to the Tolbooth—I find my sin legs tied below a horse's belly. Ay—she has just murthered up her sermon, and there—w' that grace—out it comes, and we are a' mairied, horse and foot!"

"And div ye think to come here," said Maime, her withered hand shaking in concert with her knee through wrinkled wings, animated by ardent zeal, and emancipated, by the very nature of the test, from the restraints of her own prejudices and Caddie's admonition—"div ye think to come here w' your murthering, saint-reviling, conscience-confounding mither, and tests, and bands—your marks, and your traps, and your guns!—Surely it is in vain that a net is spread in the sight of any bird."

"Eh! what, good dame!" said the warden—"Here's a whig miracle, ayed! the old wile has got both her eyes and tongue, and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn.—Go to, hold your peace, and remember whom you talk to, you old kilt."

"Whom do I talk to! Eh, aye, ever wad may the screaming hawk ken what ye are. Maligned adherents ye are to the pretence, first prone to a feeble and silly cause, bloody hearts of gow, and hardens to the earth."

"Upon my soul," said Beliswell, astonished as a mastiff-dog might be should a hen-pardship fly at him, in defiance of her young, "this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?"

"Gie ye some mair o't!" said Maime, clearing her voice with a preliminary cough—"I will take up my testimony against you, name and again. Philistines ye are, and Edomites—beards are ye, and fairs—eviling wolves, that gnaw out the bones till the

murder—wicked dogs, that creep about the chosen—thrusting knives, and pushing balls of Bulmer—piercing serpents ye see, and allied balls in name and nature with the great Red Dragon; Revolution, twelfth chapter, third and fourth verses."

Here the old lady stopped, apparently much moved from lack of breath than of matter.

"Curse the old hag!" said one of the dragons—"pug her, and take her to head-quarters."

"For shame, Andrews!" said Rothwell; "remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privilege of her tongue.—But, hark ye, good woman—every ball of Bulmer and Red Dragon will not hit as well as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the meantime, I must necessarily carry off this young man to head-quarters. I cannot answer to my commanding-officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and badness."

"See now, neither, what ye has done," whispered Caddle; "there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gait to whiny aw' Mr. Henry, and a' w' your muck-gab, dell he w'n't!"

"Haud your tongue, ye cowardly loon," said the mother, "and layn the wyte on me; if you and these thousand phantoms, that are sitting staring like crows bawling on clover, and twaddling w' your heads as I have testified w' my tongue, they should never lark the precious young lad aw' to captivity."

While this dialogue passed, the soldiers had already heard and secured their prisoner. Milwood returned at this instant, and, alarmed at the preparations he beheld, hastened to prefer to Rothwell, though with many a grievous groan, the purse of gold which he had been obliged to rummage out as ransom for his nephew. The trooper took the purse with an air of indifference, weighed it in his hand, clucked it up into the air, and caught it as it fell, then shook his head, and said, "There's nae a merry night in this nest of yellow legs, but d—n me if I dare venture for them—that old woman has spoken too hard, and before all the men too.—Hark ye, old gentleman," to Milwood, "I must take your nephew to head-quarters, as I cannot, in conscience, keep near them as my due is strictly-merry;" then opening the purse, he gave a gold piece to each of the soldiers, and took three to himself. "Now," said he, "you have the comfort to know that your Niece, young Captain Popplejoy,

will be carefully looked after and civilly used; and the rest of the money I return to you."

Mirrored eagerly extended his hand.

"Only you know," said Bothwell, still playing with the paces, "that every headfeller is answerable for the conformity and loyalty of his household, and that these fellows of mine are not obliged to be silent on the subject of the fine sermon we have had from that old parson in the tartan plaid there; and I presume you are aware that the consequences of delation will be a heavy fine before the Council."

"Good sagacious!—worthy captain!" exclaimed the terrified wretch, "I am sure there is no person in my house, to my knowledge, would give cause of offence."

"Nay," answered Bothwell, "you shall hear her give her testimony, as she calls it, herself.—You, fellow" (to Cuddie), "stand back, and let your mother speak her mind. I see she's primed and loaded again since her first discharge."

"Lord! noble sir," said Cuddie, "an auld wife's tongue's but a fiddles matter to make sic a fish about. Neither my father nor me ever minded muchie what our mother said."

"Hold your peace, my lad, while you are well," said Bothwell; "I promise you I think you are slyer than you would like to be supposed.—Come, good dame, you see your master will not believe that you can give us as bright a testimony."

Kissie's soul did not require this spur to set her again on full career.

"Woe to the complacent and cruel self-seekers," she said, "that dash over and drown their consciences by complying with wicked customs, and giving instance of wickedness to the sons of Belial, that it may make their peace with them! It is a sinful complacency, a base confederacy with the Enemy. It is the evil that Menahem did in the sight of the Lord, when he gave a thousand talents to Pal, King of Assyria, that his hand might be with him.—Second Kings, fifteenth chapter, sixteen verse. It is the evil deed of Ahab, when he sent money to Tiglath-Pileser; see the same Second Kings, seventh and eighth. And if it was accounted a backsliding even in godly Hanneiah that he complied with Sennacherib, giving him money, and offering to bear that which was put upon him (see the same Second Kings, twentieth chapter, fourteen and fifteen verses), even so it is with them that in this contumacious and backsliding gener-



alike pays kindness and fun, and rose and dine, to greedy and unscrupulous publicans, and extortions and stipends to bleeding curries (hung dogs which bark not, sleeping, lying down, leaving to shambler), and give gifts to be helps and loans to our opponents and destroyers. They are all like the masters of a lot with three—like the preparing of a table for the troop, and the furnishing a drink-offering to the number."

"There's a fine sound of doctrine for you, Mr. Marion! How like you that?" said Bothwell; "or how do you think the Council will like it? I think we can carry the greatest part of it in our hands without a hylarine pen and a pair of tablets, such as you bring to conversions. She decies paying one, I think, Andrews?"

"Yes, by G—," said Andrews; "and she wants it was a sin to give a trooper a pot of ale, or ask him to sit down to a table."

"You hear," said Bothwell, addressing Milwood; "but it's your own affair;" and he pocketed back the paper with his disengaged contents, with an air of indifference.

Milwood, whose head seemed stunned by the accumulation of his misfortunes, extended his hand mechanically to take the paper.

"Are ye mad?" said his housekeeper, in a whisper, "toll them to keep it—they will keep it either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them quiet."

"I canna do it, Ailie—I canna do it," said Milwood, in the bitterness of his heart. "I canna part wi' the ailer I have counted on often over, to these blackguards."

"Then I mean do it myself, Milwood," said the housekeeper, "or see a' gang wrong altogether.—My master, sir," she said, addressing Bothwell, "canna think o' taking back anything at the hand of an honourable gentleman like you; he requires ye to pit up the ailer, and be as kind to his nephew as ye can, and be honourable in reporting our dispositions to Government, and let us tak our wrong for the daft speeches of an auld head" (here she turned fiercely upon Milwood, in indulgence herself for the effort which it cost her to utter a word denunciate to the soldiers), "a daft auld whig ready, that wae was in the house (fool to her!) till yesterday afternoon, and that aill wae cross the door-stane again, an' then I had her out o't."

"Ag, ag," whispered Cuddie to his parent, "she said I kin'd we wud be put to our travels agin, whate'er ye did get three words spoken to an end. I was sure that wud be the end of it, mother."

"Waitst, my babe," said she, "and dine with me at the cross—Cross their down-stone I wot I wot I'll ne'er cross their down-stone. There's one mark on their threshold for a signet that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a baptism of his hand yet, that flink are made of the creature and are little o' the Creator—see marks o' warlike gear and see little o' a brices covenant—see marks about them whose pieces o' yellie mant, and see little about the pure gold o' the Scripture—see marks about them are frierd and kinsmen, and see little about the elect, that are tird w' burnings, harvestings, burnings, workings, dressings, catchings, imprisonments, tortures, banishments, burnings, hangings, dismemberings, and quarterings quick, forgy the hundreds fessed from their sin habitations in the desert, mountains, rocks, moors, meadows, and post-hags, there to hear the word like bread eaten in secret."

<sup>22</sup> "Glory to the Command now, sergeant; shall we not have her away?" said one of the soldiers.

"You be d—d!" said Bethwell, aside to him; "cannot you see she's better where she is, as long as there is a responsible, sensible, money-broking baronet, like Mr. Marlow of Millwood, who has the means of steering her trespasses! Let the old mother fly to raise another brood—she's too tough to be made anything of herself.—Here," he cried, "one other round to Millwood and his residence, and to our next merry meeting with him!—which I think will not be far distant, if he keeps such a qualified family."

He then ordered the party to take their horses, and pressed the best in Milwood's stable into the king's service to carry the prisoner. Mrs. Wilson, with weeping eyes, made up a small parcel of necessaries for Henry's compelled journey, and as she bustled about, took an opportunity, unseen by the party, to slip into his hand a small sum of money. Bedford and his troopers, on other requests, kept their promise, and were civil. They did not bind their prisoner, but confined themselves with locking his horse between a file of men. Then they

mounted, and marched off with much mirth and laughter among themselves, leaving the Milwood family in great confusion. The old Laird himself, overpowered by the loss of his nephew, and the marvellous outlay of twenty pounds sterling, did nothing the whole evening but rock himself backwards and forwards in his great leather easy-chair, repeating the same lamentation, of "Rained on a' sides! rained on a' sides!—hurried and undone! hurried and undone!—body and gude! body and gude!"

Mrs. Alison Wilson's grief was partly indulged and partly repressed by the torrent of invectives with which she accompanied Maize and Oddie's expulsion from Milwood.

"It lack be in the gaiting o' them—the prettiest lad in Clydesdale this day morn be a sufferer, and a' for you and your daft whiggery!"

"Oae w'e," replied Maize; "I trow ye are put in the bonds of sin, and in the gall of iniquity, to grudge your bonniest and best in the cause of Him that gars ye a' ye hae—I promise I hae daps as much for Mr. Harry as I wad do for my ain; for if Oddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the Green-market!"

"And there's gude hope o't," said Alison, "unless you and he change your scenes."

"—And if," continued Maize, disregarding the interruption, "the bloody Deugs and the flustering Epistles were to seek to exasperate me with a proffer of his redemption upon sinful compliances, I wad persevere, methinks, in lifting my testimony against popery, priestery, anticonformity, erastianism, hypocrisies, unhippercrasies, and the sins and acorns of the times—I wad cry as a woman in labour against the black Indulgence, that has been a stumbling-block to professors—I wad split my voice as a powerful preacher."

"Hoot, hoot, wiles!" cried Oddie, interposing and dragging her off heavily, "thae deave the gentleman w' your testimony! ye hae preached enough for our days. Ye preached us out o' our sunny free-house and gude hale-yard, and out o' this new city o' refuge afore our hinder end was well luffed in it; and ye hae preached Mr. Harry awa' to the prison; and ye hae preached twenty pounds out o' the Laird's pocket, that he likes as ill to quit w'; and see ye may head me for as wee while, without preaching me up a ladder and down a tree."

"See, come awa', come awa' ; the family has had enough o' your testimony to mind it for us while."

So saying he dropped off Mame, the words "Testimony—Covenant—redempti—indulgence," still thrilling upon her tongue, to make preparations for instantly removing their trunks in quest of an asylum.

"Il-lur'd, awa', crack-brained gowk that she is!" exclaimed the housekeeper, as she saw them depart, "to set up to be as sensible better than their folk, the auld bewan, and to bring me trouble dition on a dooce quiet family ! If it hadna been that I am mair than half a gentleman by my station, I wad hae tried my ten nails in the wisest's hole o' her !"

## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

I am a son of Man who have been in many wars,  
And show my rule and power wherever I come ;  
This have war for a watch, and that other is a watch,  
When welcoming the Fourth at the sound of the drum.

Eden.

"Don't be too much cast down," said Sergeant Bothwell to his prisoner, as they journeyed on towards the head quarters ; "you are a smart pretty lad, and well connected ; the worst that will happen will be strapping up for it, and that is many an honest fellow's lot. I tell you fairly your life's within the compass of the law, unless you make submission, and get off by a round shot upon your uncle's estate, he can well afford it."

"That seems me more than the rest," said Henry. "He parts with his money with regret ; and as he had no concern whatever with my having given this person shelter for a night, I wish to Heaven, if I escape a capital punishment, that the penalty may be of a kind I could bear as my own person."

"Wep, perhaps," said Bothwell, "they will propose to you to go into one of the Scotch regiments that are serving abroad. It's no bad line of service, if your friends are active, and there are say lands going, you may soon get a commission."

"I am, by no means sure," answered Morton, "that such a sentence is not the best thing that can happen to me."

"Why, then, you are no real whig after all!" said the surgeon.

"I have *liberty* modified with no party in the state," said Henry, "but have remained quietly at home, and sometimes I have had serious thoughts of joining one of our foreign regiments."

"Have you?" replied Bothwell; "why, I honour you for it, I have served in the Scotch French Guards myself many a long day; it's the place for learning discipline, &c.—&c. &c. They never mind what you do when you are off duty; but when you are on duty, and see how they'll manage you—D—n 'em, if old Captain Montgomery didn't make me smart guard upon the wheel in my steel-buck and breast, plate-armor, and head-plate, for six hours at once, under so burning a sun, that, god, I was baked like a turtle at Port Royal. I never never to mind answering to Francis Stewart again, though I should leave my head of curls upon the drum-head—Ah! discipline is a capital thing."

"In other respects you liked the service?" said Morton.

"For *madness*," said Bothwell; "women, wine, and music, all to be had for little but the asking; and if you find it in your conscience to let a d—n priest think he has some chance to convert you, and, he'll help you to thank comfort himself, just to give a little ground in your good affection. Where will you find a crooked whig parson will be so civil?"

"Why, nowhere, I agree with you," said Henry. "But what was your chief duty?"

"To guard the King's person," said Bothwell, "to look after the safety of Louis le Grand, my boy, and now and then to take a turn among the Huguenots (Protestants, that is). And there we had fine scope; it brought my head pretty well in for the service in this country. But, come, as you are to be a law advocate, as the Spaniards say, I must put you in each with some of your old uncle's broad places. This is *utter's* law; we must not see a pretty fellow want, if we have cash ourselves."

Thus speaking, he pulled out his purse, took out some of the contents, and offered them to Henry without counting them. Young Morton declined the favour; and, not judging it prudent to enquire the surgeon, notwithstanding his apparent generosity, that he was actually in possession of some money,

he assured him he should have no difficulty in getting a supply from his uncle.

"Well," said Rothwell, "in that case those yellow rumps must serve to bolster my purse a little longer. I always make it a rule never to quit the tavern (unless obliged so duty) while my purse is so weighty that I can chuck it over the sign-post." When it is so light that the wind blows it back, then, bust and saddle,—we must fall on some way of replenishing.—But what tower is that before us, rising so high upon the steep bank, out of the woods that surround it on every side?"

"It is the tower of Tillochmillan," said one of the soldiers. "Old Lady Margaret Bellenden lives there. She's one of the best affected women in the country, and one that's a soldier's friend. When I was hurt by one of the d—d wily dogs that shot at me from behind a fidd-dice, I lay a month there, and would stand such another wound to be in as good quarters again."

"If that be the case," said Rothwell, "I will pay my respects to her as we pass, and request some refreshment for myself and horses; I am as thirsty already as if I had drunk nothing at Milnwood. But it is a good thing in these times," he continued, addressing himself to Henry, "that the King's soldier cannot pass a house without getting a refreshment. In such houses as Tillo—what d'ye call it?—you are served for love; in the houses of the so-called families you help yourself by force; and among the moderate Presbyterians and other suspicious persons, you are well treated from fear; so your thirst is always quenched on some terms or other."

"And you propose," said Henry seriously, "to go upon that errand up to the Tower yonder?"

"To be sure I do," answered Rothwell. "How should I be able to report favourably to my officers of the worthy lady's sound principles, unless I know the taste of her sack, for such she will produce—that I take for granted; it is the favourite

\* A Highland bird, whose predilection lies still in the predilection of his domestics, and to regulate his residence at Edinburgh in the following manner: Every day he visits the Water-side, or, it is called, of the Canongate, over which is extended a wooden walk. Space being clear the general curiosity, he shows his person over the gate, and as long as it was heavy enough to be thrown over, he continued his round of pleasure in the metropolis; when it was too light, he thought it time to return to the Highlands. Query.—How often would he have repeated this experiment at Temple Bar?

consider of your old dowager of quality, as small direct is the position of your country hotel."

"Then, for Harrow's sake," said Henry, "if you are determined to go there, do not mention my name, or expose me to a family that I am acquainted with. Let me be shuffled up for the time in one of your soldier's cloaks, and only mention me generally as a prisoner under your charge."

"With all my heart," said Bethwell; "I promised to see you still, and I swore to break my word.—Here, Anderson, wrap a cloak round the prisoner, and do not mention his name, nor where we caught him, unless you would have a trial on a bench of wood."<sup>\*</sup>

They were at this moment at an arched gateway, battlemented and flanked with towers, and whose roof was totally ruined, excepting the lower story, which served as a new-house to the peasant whose family inhabited the tower that remained entire. The gate had been broken down by Monk's soldiers during the civil war, and had never been repaired, therefore presented no obstacle to Bethwell and his party. The avenue, very steep and narrow, and cumbered with large round stones, ascended the side of the precipitous bank in an oblique and zigzag course, now showing, now hiding, a view of the Tower and its exterior bulwarks, which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly above their heads. The fragments of Gothic defences which it exhibited were upon such a scale of strength, as induced Bethwell to exclaim, "It's well this place is in honest and loyal hands. Egad, if the enemy had it, a dozen of old whigsmore wives with their distaffs might keep it against a troop of dragons, at least if they had half the spirit of the old girl we left at Midwood. Upon my life," he continued, as they came in front of the large double tower and its surrounding defences and bastions, "it is a superb place, founded, says the very inscription over the gate—unless the remnant of my Latin has given me the slip—by Sir Ralph de Hollinden in 1155—a respectable antiquity. I must greet the old lady with due honour, though it should put me to the labour of recalling some of the compliments that I used to deliver in when I was wont to keep that sort of company."

As he thus conversed with himself, the butler, who had reconducted the soldiers from an arrow-slit in the wall, ap-

<sup>\*</sup> Note E. Windsor Man.

nooned to his lady, that a commanded party of dragons, or, as he thought, Life-Guardsmen, waited at the gate with a prisoner under their charge.

"I am certain," said Gudyll, "and positive, that the sixth man is a prisoner; for his horse is led, and the two dragons that are before have their cushions out of their budgets, and rested upon their thighs. It was eye the way we guarded prisoners in the days of the great Marjorie."

"King's soldiers!" said the lady; "probably in want of refreshment. Go, Gudyll, make them welcome, and let them be accommodated with what provision and storage the tower can afford. And stay, tell my gentlewoman to bring my black scarf and moustern. I will go down myself to receive them; one cannot show the King's Life-Guards too much respect in houses when they are doing so much for royal authority. And, Gye here, Gudyll, let Jenny Dunsen slip on her pendants to walk before my niece and me, and the three women to walk behind; and bid my niece attend me instantly."

Fully accoutred, and attended according to her direction, Lady Margaret now called out into the court-yard of her tower with great courtesy and dignity. Sergeant Bellwell saluted the grave and reverend lady of the manor with an assurance which had something of the light and careless address of the dissipated men of fashion in Charles the Second's time, and did not at all avow of the awkward or rude manners of a non-commenced officer of dragons. His language, as well as his manners, seemed also to be refined for the time and occasion; though the truth was, that, in the fluctuations of an adventurous and profligate life, Bellwell had sometimes kept company much better suited to his society than to his present situation of life. To the lady's request to know whether she could be of service to them, he answered, with a suitable bow, "That as they had to march some miles farther that night, they would be much accommodated by permission to rest their horses for an hour before continuing their journey."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Lady Margaret; "and I trust that my people will see that neither horse nor man want suitable refreshment."

"We are well aware, madam," continued Bellwell, "that such has always been the reception, within the walls of Tullybruden, of those who served the King."



"We have studied to discharge our duty faithfully and loyally on all occasions, sir," answered Lady Margaret, pleased with the compliment, "both to our monarchs and to their followers, particularly to their faithful advisers. It is not long ago, and it probably has not escaped the recollection of His sacred Majesty now on the throne, when he himself honoured my poor house with his presence, and breakfasted in a room in this castle, Mr. Sergeant, which my waiting gentlewomen shall show you; we still call it the King's room."

Bothwell had by this time dismounted his party, and committed the horses to the charge of one life, and the prisoner to that of another; so that he himself was at liberty to continue the conversation which the lady had so understandingly opened.

"Since the King, my master, had the honour to experience your hospitality, I cannot wonder that it is extended to those that serve him, and whose principal merit is doing it with fidelity. And yet I have a warmer relation to his Majesty than the coarse red coat would seem to indicate."

"Indeed, sir? Probably," said Lady Margaret, "you have belonged to his household?"

"Not exactly, madam, to his household, but rather to his army, a connection through which I may claim kindred with most of the best families in Scotland, not, I believe, exclusive of that of Tillamouth."

"Sir!" said the old lady, drawing herself up with dignity at hearing what she conceived an important post; "I do not understand you."

"It is but a foolish subject for one in my situation to talk of, madam," answered the trooper; "but you must have heard of the history and misfortunes of my grandfather Francis Stewart, to whom James I., his coach-groom, gave the title of Bothwell, as my comrades give me the nickname. It was not, in the long run, more advantageous to him than it is to me."

"Indeed?" said Lady Margaret, with much sympathy and surprise; "I have indeed always understood that the grandson of the last Earl was in sometimes circumstances, but I should never have expected to see him so low in the service. With such connections, what ill fortune could have reduced you?"

"Nothing much out of the ordinary course, I believe, madam," said Bothwell, interrupting and anticipating the question. "I have had my moments of good luck like my neighbours—

have drunk my bottle with Rochester, thrown a merry meal with Buckingham, and fought at Tangiers side by side with Sheffield. But my luck never lasted; I could not make useful friends out of my jolly companions—Perhaps I was not sufficiently aware," he continued, with some bitterness, "how much the descent of the Scottish Stewarts was honoured by being admitted into the constableness of Wilnot and Ylham."

"But your Scottish friends, Mr. Stewart—your relations here, so numerous and so powerful?"

"Why, ay, my lady," replied the sergeant; "I believe some of them might have made me their gamekeeper, for I am a tolerable shot—some of them would have entertained me as their bravo, for I can use my sword well—and here and there was one, who, when better company was not to be had, would have made me his companion, where I can drink my three bottles of wine. But I don't know how it is—between service and service among my kinsmen, I prefer that of my cousin Charles as the most profitable of them all, although the pay is but poor, and the livery far from splendid."

"It is a shame! it is a burning scandal!" said Lady Margaret. "Why do you not apply to his most sacred Majesty? he cannot but be surprised to hear that a son of his august family"—

"I beg your pardon, madam," interrupted the sergeant; "I am but a blunt soldier, and I trust you will excuse me when I say, his most sacred Majesty is more busy in granting orders of his own, than with searching those which were placed by his grandfather's grandfather."

"Well, Mr. Stewart," said Lady Margaret, "one thing you must promise me—speak at Tiffindale to-night; to-morrow I expect your commanding officer, the gallant Clarendon, to whom king and country are so much obliged for his strenuous against those who would turn the world upside down. I will speak to him on the subject of your speedy promotion; and I am certain he feels too much, both what is due to the blood which is in your veins, and to the request of a lady so highly distinguished as myself by his most sacred Majesty, not to make better provision for you than you have yet received."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship, and I certainly will remain here with my prisoner, since you request it, especially as it will be the easiest way of presenting him to Colonel

Guthorne, and obtaining his ultimate orders about the young spark."

"Who is your prisoner, pray you?" said Lady Margaret.

"A young fellow of rather the better class in this neighbourhood, who has been so fortunate as to give countenance to one of the mariners of the private, and to facilitate the dog's escape."

"O, do open him!" said Lady Margaret. "I am but too apt to forgive the injuries I have received at the hands of these rascals, though some of them, Mr. Stewart, are of a kind not like to be forgotten; but those who would shed the perpetration of so cruel and deliberate a homicide on a single man, an old man, and a man of the Archbishop's sacred profession—O do upon him! If you wish to make him secure, with little trouble to your people, I will cause Harrison, or Gladwell, look for the key of our pit, or principal dungeon. It has not been open since the week after the victory of Eilrytha, when my poor Sir Arthur Beldenden put twenty whips into it; but it is not more than two staves beneath ground, so it cannot be unwholesome, especially as I rather believe there is somewhere an opening to the cellar air."

"I beg your pardon, madam," answered the servant; "I dare say the dungeon is a most admirable one; but I have promised to be civil to the lad, and I will take care he is watched as as to render escape impossible. I'll set three to look after him, shall keep him as fast as if his legs were in the stocks, or his fingers in the stocks."

"Well, Mr. Stewart," rejoined the lady, "you best know your own duty. I heartily wish you good evening, and commit you to the care of my steward, Harrison. I would ask you to keep ourselves company, but a—a—a—"

"O, madam, it requires no apology; I am sensible the marble red coat of King Charles II. does and ought to stimulate the principles of the red blood of King James V."

"Not with me, I do assure you, Mr. Stewart; you do me injustice if you think so. I will speak to your officer to-morrow; and I trust you shall soon find yourself in a rank where there shall be no anomalies to be recalled."

"I believe, madam," said Bethwell, "your goodness will find itself deceived; but I am obliged to you for your intention, and, at all events, I will have a merry night with Mr. Harrison."

Lady Margaret took a conscientious leave, with all the respect which she owed to royal blood, even when flowing in the veins of a servant of the Life-Guards; again assuring Mr Stewart, that whatever was in the Tower of Tillamouth was heartily at his service and that of his attendants.

Sergeant Bothwell did not fail to take the lady at her word, and readily forgot the height from which his family had descended, in a joyous mood, during which Mr Harrison exerted himself to produce the best wine in the cellar, and to excite his guest to be merry, by that seducing example which, in matters of conviviality, goes further than precept. Old Gudyall associated himself with a party so much to his taste, pretty much as Dory, in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, mingles in the revels of his master, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar at the risk of breaking his neck, to rummage some private cask, known, as he boasted, only to himself, and which never either had, or should, during his superintendence, render forth a bottle of its contents to any one but a real king's friend.

"When the Duke dined here," said the butler, seating himself at a distance from the table, being somewhat overawed by Bothwell's genealogy, but yet hushing his seat half-a-yard nearer at every clause of his speech, "my lady was importunate to have a bottle of that Burgundy"—(here he advanced his seat a little) "but I dissuade her how it was, Mr Stewart, I misadvised him. I followed him, sir, so to be the friend to Government he pretends the family are not to listen to. That said Duke James lost his heart before he lost his head; and the Worcester man was but wench porrick, neither gale to fly, bod, nor rap could." (With this witty observation, he completed his first parallel, and commenced a signig, after the manner of an experienced engineer, in order to continue his approaches to the table.) "See, sir, the factor my lady cited 'Burgundy to his Grace, the said Burgundy—the choice Burgundy—the Burgundy that came over in the Thirty-nine'—the main did I say to myself, Dull a drop gauge down his house unless I was made sensible o' his principles; and what could may serve him. Na, na, gentlemen, as long as I has the trust o' butler in this house o' Tillamouth, I'll tak it upon me to see that our disloyal or doubtful parents in the better o' our blood. But when I can find a true friend to the king and his cause, and a moderate episcopacy—when I find a man, as I say,

that will stand by church and crown as I did myself in my master's life, and all through Montrose's time, I think there's something in the collar over gods to be spared on him."

By that time he had completed a judgment in the body of the piece, or, in other words, advanced his seat close to the table.

"And now, Mr. Francis Stewart of Bothwell, I have the honour to drink your good health, and a commission to you, and much luck may ye have in making this country clear o' whigs and rascalions, Scotland and Covenanters."

Bothwell, who, it may well be believed, had long ceased to be very scrupulous as point of society, which he regulated more by his convenience and station in life than his ancestry, readily approved the latter's pledge, acknowledging, at the same time, the excellence of the wine; and Mr. Gairdill, thus adopted a regular member of the company, continued to furnish them with the means of mirth until an early hour in the next morning.

## CHAPTER NINTH.

Did I but purpose to embark with thee  
On the smooth surface of a summer sea,  
And would I could the stiff and snail-like shore  
When the whole world and the tempests roar!

FERGUS.

When Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended argument of despatch, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her grand-daughter, partaking in a less degree her ladyship's enthusiasm for all who were sprung of the blood-royal, did not honour Sergeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which showed her a tall powerful person, and a set of hardy weather-beaten features, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the restless gaiety of dissipation. The other soldiers offered still less to attract her consideration; but from the prisoner, troubled and dispirited as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

"I wish," she said to Jerry Dawson, who was the immediate attendant on her person, "I wish we knew who that poor fellow is."

"I was just thinking on myself, Miss Edith," said the waiting woman; but it cannot be Oudlin Bawdrip, because he's taller and no use stout."

"Yet," continued Miss Bellenden, "it may be some poor neighbour, for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves."

"I can soon learn who he is," said the enterprising Jerry, "if the soldiers were once settled and at leisure, for I know one of them; very well—the best-looking and the youngest of them."

"I thank you know all the idle young fellows about the country," answered her mistress.

"No, Miss Edith, I am no use free of my acquaintance as that," answered the *fille-de-chambre*. "To be sure, folk cannot help hearing the folk by hand-work that they see eyes glowering and looking at them at Kirk and market; but I ken few folk to speak to unless it be them of the family, and the three Bellendons, and Tom Reed, and the young miller, and the five Howmans in Kethershead, and lang Tam Gray, and"—

"Pray cut short a list of exceptions which threatens to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier," said Miss Bellenden.

"Lord, Miss Edith, it's Tam Halfday—Trooper Tam, as they call him,—that was wounded by the ball-folk at the counter-side at Ouder-side Mark, and lay here while he was under care. I can ask him anything, and Tam will no refuse to answer me, I'll be creation for him."

"Try, then," said Miss Edith, "if you can find an opportunity to ask him the name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says."

Jerry Dawson proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as evinced a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

"What is the matter?" said Edith anxiously; "does it prove to be Oudlin, after all, poor fellow?"

"Oudlin, Miss Edith! No! no! it's *not* Oudlin," blubbered out the faithful *fille-de-chambre*, sensible of the pain which her news were about to inflict on her young mistress. "O dear, Miss Edith, it's young Milford himself!"

"Young Milford!" exclaimed Edith, aghast in her turn,

"It is impossible—totally impossible! His uncle attacks the dangerous indulged by law, and has no connection whatever with the refractory people; and he himself has never interfered in this unhappy disturbance; he must be totally innocent, unless he has been standing up for some wicked right."

"O, my dear Miss Edith," said her attendant, "there are not days to ask what's right or what's wrong; if he were as innocent as the new-born infant, they would find some way of making him guilty, if they tried; but Tom Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been meeting one of the Fife gentlemen that killed that wretched curle of an Archbishop."

"His life!" exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up, and speaking with a hurried and tremulous accent;—"they cannot—they shall not—I will speak for him—they shall not hurt him!"

"O, my dear young lady, think on your grandmother; think on the danger and the difficulty," added Jenny; "she has kept under close confinement till Clerkenwell comes up in the morning, and if he deems ye him full satisfaction, Tom Halliday says there will be brief work of him—knew down—made ready—present—dne—just as they did w<sup>th</sup> wretched John Macbrat, that never understood a single question they put till him, and we lost his life for lack o' hearing."

"Jenny," said the young lady, "if he should die, I will die with him; there is no time to talk of danger or difficulty. I will put on a plaid, and slip down with you to the place where they have kept him—I will throw myself at the feet of the verdict, and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved!"

"Ed, guide us!" interrupted the maid, "our young lady at the feet o' Trower Trust, and speaking to him about his soul, when the pair child hardly knew whether he has one or no, unless that he wishes answers by it—that will never do; but what more to mean he, and I'll never desert a true-love cousin—And see, if ye mean see young Milwood, though I ken nae guile it will do, but to make both your hearts the sicker, I'll o'er tak the risk o't, and try to manage Tom Halliday; but ye mean let me but try the gate, and we speak no word—let's keeping good o'er Milwood in the eastern round of the tower."

"Oa, go, fetch me a plaid," said Edith. "Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger—Haste ye, Jenny, as ever ye hope to have good at my hands."

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which

Edith wrapped herself so as completely to screen her face, and in part to disguise her person. This was a mode of arranging the plaid very common among the ladies of that century, and the earlier part of the succeeding one; so much so, indeed, that the venerable sages of the Kirk, conceiving that the mode gave tempting facilities for intrigue, directed more than one act of Assembly against this use of the mantle. But fashion, as usual, proved too strong for authority, and while plaids continued to be worn, women of all ranks continuously employed them as a sort of muffler or veil.\* Her face and figure thus concealed, Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study or closet, in one of the towers, opening upon a gallery in which the sentinel was posted to send to; for Sergeant Bothwell, scrupulous in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and pained demeanour, had waived the indignity of putting his guest into the same apartment with him. Half-day, therefore, with his carbine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally shooting himself with a draught of ale, a large flagon of which stood upon the table at one end of the apartment, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air—

*Between Saint Johnstone and Sandy Teacher  
It gaes ye to him to follow me.*

Jenny Denbigh cautioned her mistress once more to let her take her own way :

"I can manage the trooper well enough," she said, "for as rough as he is—I know their nature well, but ye manage my single word."

She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back from it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sang in a coquettish tone of rustic melody—

*If I were to follow a poor soldier lad,  
My friends wad be angry, my ainlie he wad :*

\* Contrasted with an institution, which is public or semi-public society, yet then very common. In England, where no plaids were worn, the ladies used closed coaches for the same purpose, and the galleons drew the skirts of their cloaks over the right shoulder, so as to cover part of the face. This is especially noticed in the *Peep's Story*.



*A hint, or a look, they were like for me,  
But I'll never be like to know thee.—*

"A fair challenge, by Jove," cried the soldier, waving round, "and from two at once; but it's not easy to bring the soldier with his bundle;" then taking up the song where the dæmned had stopped—

*To follow me ye wad may be glad,  
A share of my supper, a share of my bed,  
To the crowd of the driven to camps, barrens and fens,  
I'll get ye to bide to follow me.—*

"Come, my pretty lass, and kin me for my song."

"I should not have thought of that, Mr. Halloway," answered Jenny, with a look and tone expressing just the necessary degree of contempt at the proposal, "and, I'm waeze ye, ye'll kin her kin little o' my company unless ye show gentler feelings.—It waeze to hear that sort o' nonsense that brought me here wif my friend, and ye should think shame o' yourself, 't' should ye."

"Umph! and what sort of nonsense did bring you here, then, Mrs. Denness?"

"My knowsome has some particular business with your prisoner, young Mr. Harry Morton, and I wa come wif her to speak till him."

"The devil you are!" answered the soldier. "And pray, Mrs. Denness, how do your knowsome and you propose to get in? You are rather too plump to wrink through a keyhole, and opening the door is a thing not to be spoken of."

"It's no a thing to be spoken o', but a thing to be done," replied the persevering dæmned.

"We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny;" and the soldier resumed his march, humming, as he walked in and fro along the gallery—

*Back into the draw-rod,  
Jenny, Jenny,  
Then ye'll see your bonny aill,  
My Joe Jenny.*

"So ye're no thinking to let us in, Mr. Halloway! Well, well; gude day to ye—ye has seen the last o' us, and o' this bonny the too," said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a splendid silver dollar.

"Give him gold, give him gold," whispered the agitated young lady.

"Silver's a' our gods for the like o' him," replied Jenny, "that dinna care for the black o' a bonny lassie's ee—and what's mair, he wad think there was something mair in't than a kindness o' mine. My eery! ather's no use plenty w' me, let alone good." Having addressed this advice aside to her mistress, she raised her voice and said, "My cousin wien stay my lairer, Mr. Haliday; see, if ye please, gods a'oe t'ye."

"Halt a bit, halt a bit," said the cooper; "sit up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kindnesses in to speak to my prisoner, you must stay here and keep me company till she come out again, and then we'll all be well pleased, you know."

"The fault be in my feet then," said Jenny; "dye think my kindnesses and me are gane to lose our gods some w' wradling down w' the like o' you or your prisoner either, without somebody by to see fair play? Heigh, heigh, aye! to see the difference between fither's promises and performance! Ye were aye willing to slight poor Cuddie; but as I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna lose stude twice about it."

"D—n Cuddie!" retorted the cooper, "he'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. I saw him to-day at Millwood with his old parliament b—— of a mother, and if I had thought I was to have had him out in my dish, I would have brought him up at my house's tail—we had law enough to law us out."

"Very well, very well—See if Cuddie wien has a lang shot at you an' o' these days, if ye gar him tak the mair w' me money honest folk. He can hit a mark bravely; he was thirlt at the popgun; and he's as true of his promise as of an and hand, though he dare mak sic a phrase about it as some acquaintance o' yours—But it's a' ane to me—Come, cousin, we'll away."

"Stay, Jenny; d—n me, if I hang five more than another when I have said a thing," said the soldier, in a hoarse tone. "Where is the corporal?"

"Detaining and darning over," quoth Jenny, "w' the steward and John Gudyell."

"So, so—he's aye enough—and where are my comrades?" asked Haliday.

"Drilling the brown bowl w' the frester and the fishermen, and some o' the curving folk."

"Here they plenty o' aye?"

"Six guineas, as gold as she was washed," said the maid.

"Well, then, my pretty Jenny," said the reluctant waitress, "they are shut till the hour of relieving guard, and perhaps something later; and so, if you will promise to come along the next time"—

"Maybe I will, and maybe I wieno," said Jenny; "but if ye get the dollar, ye'll like that just as well."

"I'll be d—n'd if I do," said Halfday, taking the money, however; "but it's always something for my risk; for if Claverhouse hears what I have done, he will hold me a horse as high as the Tower of Babel itself. But every one in the regiment takes what they can come by; I am sure Bethwell and his blood-royal shoves us a good example. And if I were trusting to you, you little jelling devil, I should lose both peace and powder; whereas this fellow," looking at the piece, "will be good as far as he goes. So, come—there is the door open for you; do not stay peering and prying with the young whig now, but be ready, when I call at the door, to stick, as if they were scolding 'Hans and army.'"

So speaking, Halfday unlocked the door of the closet, admitted Jenny and her pretended kinswoman, locked it behind them, and hastily resumed the indifferent mechanical step and time-killing whistle of a sentinel upon his regular duty.

The door, which slowly opened, discovered Morton with both arms reclined upon a table, and his head resting upon them in a posture of deep dejection. He raised his face as the door opened, and perceiving the female figure which it admitted, started up in great surprise. Ethel, as if modesty had quelled the courage which despair had bestowed, stood about a yard from the door, without having either the power to speak or to silence. All the plans of aid, relief, or comfort, which she had prepared to lay before her lover, seemed at once to have vanished from her recollection, and left only a painful chain of ideas, with which was mingled a fear that she had degraded herself in the eyes of Morton by a step which might appear precipitate and unbecoming. She hung motionless and almost powerless upon the arm of her attendant, who in vain endeavoured to restrain and inspire her with courage, by whispering, "We are in now, madam, and we mean to make the best of our time; for, doubtless, the corporal or the sergeant

will gang the rounds, and it wad be a pity to lose the poor lad Balfrey punished for his devilry."

Morton, in the meantime, was steadily advancing, suspecting the truth; for what other female in the house, excepting Edith herself, was likely to take an interest in his misfortune? and yet afraid, owing to the dusky twilight and the muffled tones, of making some mistake which might be prejudicial to the object of his affections. Jenny, whose ready wit and forward manners well qualified her for such an office, hastened to break the ice.

"Mr. Morton, Miss Edith's very sorry for your present situation, and"—

It was needless to say more; he was at her side, almost at her feet, pressing her unresisting hands, and looking her with a profusion of thanks and gratitude which would be hardly intelligible from the more lukewarm words, unless we could describe the tone, the gesture, the impetuous and hurried indications of deep and tumultuous feeling, with which they were accompanied.

For two or three minutes, Edith stood as motionless as the statue of a saint which receives the adoration of a worshipper; and when she recovered herself sufficiently to withdraw her hands from Henry's grasp, she could at first only faintly articulate, "I have taken a strange step, Mr. Morton—a step," she continued with more coherence, as her ideas arranged themselves in consequence of a strong effort, "that perhaps may expose me to censure in your eyes—But I have long permitted you to see the language of friendship—perhaps I might say more—too long to leave you when the world seems to have left you. How, or why, is this imprisonment? what can he do? can my uncle, who thinks so highly of you—can your own kinsman, Marmadoc, be of so use? are there no means? and what is likely to be the result?"

"Be what it will," answered Henry, contriving to make himself master of the hand that had escaped from him, but which was now again abandoned to his clasp, "be what it will, it is to me from this moment the most welcome incident of a weary life. To you, dearest Edith—forgive me, I should have said Miss Bellenden, but misfortune claims strange privileges—to you I have owed the few happy moments which have gladdened a gloomy existence; and if I am now to lay it down, the recol-

lection of this honour will be my happiness in the last hour of suffering."

"But is it even then, Mr. Morton?" said Miss Belvidere, "have you, who used to mix so little in these unhappy lands, become so suddenly and deeply implicated, that nothing short of—"

She paused, unable to bring out the word which should have come next.

"Nothing short of my life, you would say?" replied Morton, in a calm, but melancholy tone; "I believe that will be entirely in the power of my judges. My guards speak of a possibility of exchanging the penalty for entry into foreign service. I thought I could have embraced the alternative, and yet, Miss Belvidere, since I have seen you once more, I feel that exile would be more galling than death."

"And is it then true," said Edith, "that you have been so desperately rash as to entertain communication with any of those cruel wretches who assassinated the prince?"

"I know not even that such a crime had been committed," replied Morton, "when I gave unhappily a night's lodging and concealment to one of those rash and cruel men, the student friend and associate of my father. But my ignorance will avail me little; for who, Miss Belvidere, save you, will believe it? And what is worse, I am at least uncertain whether, even if I had known the crime, I could have brought my mind, under all the circumstances, to refuse a temporary refuge to the fugitive."

"And by whom," said Edith, anxiously, "or under what authority, will the investigation of your conduct take place?"

"Under that of Colonel Gresham of Chertchouse, I am given to understand," said Morton; "one of the military authorities, to whom it has pleased our king, our privy council, and our parliament, that used to be more zealous of our liberties, to commit the sole charge of our goods and of our lives."

"To Chertchouse?" said Edith, slowly; "myself Harvey I got are lost are you are dead! He wrote to my grandmother that he was to be here to-morrow morning, on his road to the head of the county, where some desperate men, seduced by the presence of two or three of the actors in the prince's murder, are said to have assembled for the purpose of making a stand against the Government. His expedition made

me shudder, even when I could not guess that—that—a friend!"

"Do not be too much alarmed on my account, my dearest Edith," said Henry, as he supported her in his arms. "Claverhouse, though stern and relentless, is, by all accounts, brave, fair, and honourable. I am a soldier's son, and will plead my cause like a soldier. He will perhaps listen more favourably to a blunt and unvarnished defence, than a truckling and time-serving judge might do. And indeed, in a time when justice is in all its branches so completely corrupted, I would rather lose my life by open military violence, than be conjured out of it by the hypocrites of some arbitrary lawyer, who lends the knowledge he has of the statutes made for our protection, to wrest them to our destruction."

"You are lost—you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Claverhouse!" sighed Edith; "poor and brainless is the subject of his expression. The unhappy prisoner was his intimate friend and early patron. 'No crosses, no shackles,' said his letter, 'shall ever either distress connected with the deed, or such as have given them consequence and shelter, from the simple and bitter penalty of the law, until I shall have taken as many lives in vengeance of this atrocious murder, as the old man had grey hairs upon his venerable head.' There is neither path nor device to be found with him."

Jenny Darnley, who had hitherto remained silent, now ventured, in the extremity of distress which the lovers felt, but for which they were unable to devise a remedy, to offer her own advice.

"If your lordship's pardon, Miss Edith, and young Mr. Morton's, we must waste time. Let Milverton take my pistol and gun, I'll slip them off in the dark corner, if he'll promise us to look about, and he may walk past Tom Halliday, who is half blind with his age, and I can tell him a easy way to get out of the Tower, and your lordship will gang quickly to your old room, and I'll now myself in his grey cloak, and get on his hat, and play the prisoner till the count's dear, and then I'll cry to Tom Halliday, and get him to let me out."

"Let you out?" said Morton; "they'd make your life answer it."

"Nay'r a bit," replied Jenny; "Tom daurna tell he let any-

body in, for his sake sake; and I'll get him had some other gate to scrimp for the escape."

"Will you, by G—?" said the wretched, suddenly opening the door of the apartment; "if I am half dead, I am not dead, and you should not plan an escape quite so loud, if you expect to go through with it. Come, come, Max, March—march, march—quick time—march, march, march!—And you, random blunderer,—I won't ask your real name, though you were going to play me so nicely a trick,—but I want make a decent garden; so best a retreat, unless you would have me turn out the guard."

"I hope," said Morton, very seriously, "you will not mention this circumstance, my good friend, and trust to my honour to acknowledge your shabby in keeping the secret. If you overheard our conversation, you must have observed that we did not accept of, or enter into, the lusty proposal made by this good-natured girl."

"Oh, devilish good-natured, to be sure," said Hildrop. "As for the rest, I guess how it is, and I never to hear muffs, or will take, as much as another; but no thanks to that little jilting devil, Jenny Dunsen, who deserves a tight shaming for trying to lead an honest lad into a scrape, just because he was so silly as to like her good-for-nothing skirt face."

Jenny had no better means of justification than the last apology in which her art tract, and usually not in vain; she pressed her handkerchief to her face, sobbed with great violence, and either wept, or managed, as Hildrop might have said, to go through the motions wonderfully well.

"And now," continued the wretch, somewhat mollified, "if you have anything to say, say it in two minutes, and let me see your backs turned; for if Rothwell take it like his drunken head to make the round half-an-hour too soon, it will be a black business to us all."

"Pardon, Edith," whispered Morton, assuming a firmness he was far from possessing; "do not remain here—leave me to my fate—it cannot be beyond endurance since you are interested in it.—Good-night, good-night!—Do not remain here till you are discovered."

Thus saying, he resigned her to her attendant, by whom she was quietly led and partly supported out of the apartment.

"Every one has his taste, to be sure," said Hildrop; "but

do—no me if I could have used so sweet a girl as that is, for all the whips that ever smote the Covenant."

When Edith had regained her apartment, she gave way to a burst of grief which distressed Jenny Devenish, who hastened to administer such scraps of consolation as occurred to her.

"Dinna vex yourself aw much, Miss Edith," said that faithful attendant; "who knows what may happen to help young Midwood? He's a brave lad, and a bonny, and a gentleman of a good fortune, and they were staving the life o' him up as they do the poor widge bodies that they catch in the mires, like stags o' colons. Maybe his uncle will bring him off, or maybe your ain grand-ma will spend a gude word for him—he's well aspected wi' o' the red-coat gentlemen."

"You are right, Jenny—you are right," said Edith, reverting herself from the stupor into which she had sunk; "this is no time for despair, but for exertion. You must find some one to ride this very night to my uncle's with a letter."

"To Charwood, ma'am? He's been late, and it's aw mair aw' a' haddock down the water. I doubt if we can find man and horse the night, mair especially as they has mounted a sentry before the gate. Fair Oddie! he's gone, poor fellow, that wad hae done right in the world I bade him, and wae wad be a curse—aw! I've had nae time to draw up wi' the new plough-lad yet; bide that, they say he's gane to be married to Meg Morrison, if that's awrie as she is."

"You must find some one to go, Jenny; life and death depend upon it."

"I wad gang myself, my lady, for I could creep out at the window o' the pantry, and speed down by the wald yew-trees wad enough—I has played that trick ere now. But the roads was wild, and the many red-coats about, bide the whigs, that are nae much better (the young lads o' them) if they meet a free body their lass in the mair. I wadna stand for the walk—I can walk ten miles by moonlight wad enough."

"Is there no one you can think of, then, for money or favour, wad serve me as far?" asked Edith, in great anxiety.

"I dinna ken," said Jenny, after a moment's consideration, "unless it be Guss Gibbie; and he'll maybe na ken the way, though it's nae difficult to bid, if he keep the horse-road, and mind the turn at the Copperclough, and dinna deers himsell in the Whomishin-pole, or be over the seat at the Dell's



Looking, or take any of the little steps at the Pass of White-wary, or be seized on the hills by the wings, or be torn to the tatters by the red-coats."

"All ventures must be run," said Edith, putting down the list of chances against George Gilbey's safe arrival at the end of his pilgrimage;—"all risks must be run, unless you can find a better messenger. Oh, let the boy get ready, and get him out of the Tower as speedily as you can. If he sends any one, let him say he's carrying a letter to Major Dedlam of Charnwood, but without mentioning my name."

"I understand, madam," said Jenny Dedlam. "I warrant the soldier will do well enough, and I'll, the how-with, will take care of the goose for a week or my month; and I'll tell Gilbey your holiday will mark his peace w<sup>th</sup> Lady Margaret, and we'll give him a dollar."

"Yes, if he does her errand well," said Edith.

Jenny departed to rouse George Gilbey out of his slumbers, to which he was usually consigned at sundown, or shortly after, he keeping the house of the birds under his charge. During her absence, Edith took her writing materials, and prepared against her return the following letter, superscribed,—*For the hands of Major Dedlam, of Charnwood, my much honoured uncle, These:*

"My dear Uncle—This will serve to inform you I am desirous to know how your guest is, as we did not see you at the wedding, which made both my grandmother and myself very uneasy. And if it will permit you to travel, we shall be happy to see you at our poor house to-morrow at the hour of breakfast, as Colonel Dedlam of Charnwood is to pass this way on his march, and we would willingly have your assistance to receive and entertain a military man of such distinction, who, probably, will not be much delighted with the company of women. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to let Mrs. Garsford, your housekeeper, send me my double-breasted pelisse with the hanging sleeves, which she will find in the third drawer of the walnut press in the green room, which you are so kind as to call mine. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to send me the second volume of the Grand Cyrus, as I have only read, as far as the improvement of Philchapel upon the seven hundredth and thirty-third page; but, above all, I entreat you to come to

in to-morrow before eight of the clock, which, as your parting nap is so good, you may well do without rising before your usual hour. So, praying to God to preserve your health, I rest your dutiful and loving niece,

"KATIE BULLINGTON."

"*Postscriptum.* A party of soldiers have last night brought your friend, young Mr. Henry Marton of Milwood, hither as a prisoner. I conclude you will be sorry for the young gentleman, and therefore let you know this, in case you may think of speaking to Colonel Clarendon in his behalf. I have not mentioned his name to my grandmother, knowing her prejudice against the family."

This epistle being duly sealed and delivered to Jenny, that faithful confidant hastened to put the same in the charge of Goner Gibbie, whom she found in readiness to start from the couch. She then gave him various instructions touching the road, which she apprehended he was likely to mistake, not having travelled it above five or six times, and possessing only the same slender proportion of memory as of judgment. Lastly, she struggled him out of the parson through the party window into the breezy passage which grew close beside it, and had the satisfaction to see him reach the bottom in safety, and take the right turn at the commencement of his journey. She then returned to persuade her young mistress to go to bed, and to tell her to rest, if possible, with assurance of Gibbie's success in his embassy, only qualified by a passing regret that the trusty Caddis, with whom the commission might have been more safely reposed, was no longer within reach of serving her.

More fortunate as a messenger than as a cavalier, it was Gibbie's good luck rather than his good management, which, after he had gone along not oftener than nine times, and given his parents a taste of the vexation of each leg, break, and drop, between Tilstonstone and Charewood, placed him about daybreak before the gate of Major Bullington's mansion, having completed a walk of ten miles (for the hottest as usual, amounted to four) in little more than the same number of hours.

## CHAPTER TENTH.

All but across the troop, by the word of command,  
 Down up in our start, where the Captain's arm, placed !  
 Down.

Mrs. Banger's anxious visit, Gibson Pike, as he adjusted his master's clothes by his bed-side, preparatory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted him, as an apology for disturbing him on hour earlier than his usual time of rising, that there was an express from Tiffinstown.

"From Tiffinstown!" said the old gentleman, rising hastily to his bed, and sitting bolt upright. "Open the shutters, Pike—I hope my spectacles are well—fast up the bed-curtain. What have we all here?" (glancing at Birch's note). "The post! why, she knows I have not had a fit since Caroline.—The wappanasher! I told her a month since I was not to be there. Pudding and hanging-dewers! why, bring the grey herself!—Grand Cyrus and Philipstead!—Philip David!—Is the wench gone crazy all at once! was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash!—But what says her postscriptum!—Nirry on us!" he exclaimed on perusing it—"Pike, saddle old Ellythe instantly, and another horse for yourself."

"I hope we'll never find the Tower, sir!" said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion.

"Yes—yes—yes—that is, I must meet Chevening; there are some express business; no boot and saddle, Pike, as fast as you can. O Lord! what times are these!—the poor lad—my old crone's son!—and the silly wench slides it into her postscriptum, as she calls it, at the tail of all this trumpery about old greens and new romances!"

In a few minutes the good old officer was fully equipped; and having mounted upon his strongest charger as solemnly as Mark Arvey himself could have done, he passed forth his way to the Tower of Tiffinstown.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady (whose dislike to Presbyterians of all kinds he knew to be inveterate) of the quality and rank of the person

detained within her walls, but to try his own influence with Claverhouse to obtain Morison's liberation.

"Being so loyal as he is, he must do something for so old a creditor as I am," said the veteran to himself; "and if he is so good a soldier as the world speaks of, why, he will be glad to serve an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier that was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execution of the laws (though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe) may be a thousand times better entrusted with them than with meddling lawyers and back-stuffed country gentlemen."

Such were the rumormongers of Major Miles Bellenden, which were terminated by John Gudyff (not more than half-drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and ordering him to dismount in the rough-paved court of Tildonhall.

"Why, John," said the veteran, "what devil of a discipline is this you have been keeping! You have been reading Geneva print" this morning already.

"I have been reading the Library," said John, shaking his head with a look of doubtless gravity, and leaving only caught one word of the Major's address to him, "his is short, sir, we are flowers of the field, sir"—*blorp*—"and hills of the valley."

"Flowers and hills! Why, man, such words as these and I can hardly be misled better than old hawksbees, decayed nettles, or withered rag-weed; but I suppose you think that we are still worth watering."

"I am an old soldier, sir, I thank Heaven!"—*blorp*—

"An old soldier, you mean, John. But come, never mind, show me the way to your quarters, old lad."

John Gudyff led the way to the stone hall, where Lady Margaret was flitting about, superintending, arranging, and reforming the preparations made for the reception of the celebrated Claverhouse, whom one party honored and extolled as a hero, and another extolled as a bloodthirsty oppressor.

"Did I not tell you," said Lady Margaret to her principal female attendant—"did I not tell you, Myra, that it was my especial pleasure on this occasion to have everything in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when his most sacred Majesty partook of his supper at Tildonhall?"

"Doubtless, such were your ladyship's commands, and to the

\* [The Geneva "Book of Discipline," adopted by the Scottish Presbyterians.]

best of my remembrance"—was Myra standing, where her lordship looks to with, "Then wherever is the richest party placed on the left side of the throne, and the strong of claret upon the right, when ye may right well remember, Myra, that his most sacred Majesty with his sin hand shifted the party to the same side with the Regent, and said they were too good friends to be parted?"

"I need that well, madam," said Myra; "and if I had forgot, I have heard your lordship often speak about that great meeting air's eyes; but I thought everything was to be pleased just as it was when his Majesty, God bless him, came into this room, looking as if he were an angel then a man, if he had been an black-a-vard."

"Then ye thought so, Myra; for in whatever way his most sacred Majesty ordered the position of the torches and lamps, that, as well as his royal pleasure in greater matters, should be a law to his subjects, and shall ever be to those of the house of Tilletodien."

"Well, madam," said Myra, making the alterations required, "his majesty would the error; but if every thing is just to be as his Majesty left it, there should be an undo hole in the women's party."

At this moment the door opened.

"Who is that, John Gadyll?" exclaimed the old lady. "I can speak to no one just now. Is it you, my dear brother?" she continued, in some surprise, as the Major entered; "that is a right early visit."

"Not more early than welcome, I hope," replied Major Belandier, as he saluted the widow of his deceased brother, "but I heard by a note which Edith sent to Charwood about some of her copyings and books, that you were to have Charles here this morning, so I thought, like an old fool as I am, that I should like to have a chat with this young soldier. I named Phebe Ellythe, and here we both are."

"And most kindly welcome you are," said the old lady; "it is just what I should have hoped you to do, if I had thought there was time. You see I am busy in preparation. All is to be in the same order as mine."

"The King breakfasted at Tilletodien," said the Major, who, like all Lady Marguerite's friends, dreaded the commencement of that narrative, and was desirous to cut it short,—"I remember it well; you know I was walking on his Majesty."

"You were, brother," said Lady Margaret; "and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of the entertainment."

"Nay, good aunt," said the Major, "the deniable dinner that Noll gave us at Worcester a few days afterwards drove all your good cheer out of my memory. But how's that!—you have even the great Turkey-leather elbow-chair with the tapestry cushions, placed in state."

"The throne, brother, if you please," said Lady Margaret grandly.

"Well, the throne be it, then," continued the Major. "Is that to be Claver's post in the attack upon the party?"

"No, brother," said the lady; "as these cushions have been once honored by accommodating the person of our most honored monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my lifetime, be pressed by any less dignified weight."

"You should not, then," said the old soldier, "put them in the way of an honest old soldier, who has ridden ten miles before breakfast; for, to confirm the truth, they look very inviting. But where is Edith?"

"On the battlements of the warren's turret," answered the old lady, "looking out for the approach of our guests."

"Why, I'll go there too; not so should you, Lady Margaret, as soon as you have your line of battle properly formed in the hall here. It's a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march."

Thus speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a courtesy of acknowledgment as ladies were wont to make in Holyrood-house before the year 1643, which, for one while, drove both courtesies and courtesy out of fashion.

Upon the battlement of the turret, to which they ascended by many a winding passage and secret staircase, they found Edith, not in the attitude of a young lady who vacillates with fluttering curiosity the approach of a smart regiment of dragoons, but pale, downcast, and shivering by her countenance that sleep had not during the preceding night been the companion of her pillow. The good old veteran was hurt at her appearance, which, in the hurry of preparation, her grandmother had omitted to notice.

"What is come over you, you silly girl!" he said;—"why, you look like an officer's wife when she opens the News-letter

after an action, and expects to find her husband among the killed and wounded. But I know the women—you will permit in reading these unexcused romances, day and night, and whispering for distances that never existed. Why, how the devil can you believe that Artamene, or what they call him, fought single-handed with a whole battalion? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew anybody that cared to take that, except old Corporal Reddibones. But these d—d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. I deny you would think very little of Ruffin-bone, if he were slappable of Artamene. I would have the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the pitchet for lying-making."<sup>2</sup>

Lady Margaret, herself somewhat attached to the person of romances, took up the cudgils.

"Monsieur Scuderi," she said, "is a soldier, brother; and, as I have heard, a complete one; and so is the Shear d'Urb."<sup>3</sup>

"Most shame for them; they should have known better what they were writing about. For my part, I have not read a book these twenty years except my Bible, *The Whole Duty of Man*, and, of late days, *Tasso's Fanny Assunta*, or *Tiramus on the Ordering of the Pike Exercise*,<sup>4</sup> and I don't like his discipline much neither. He wants to dress up the cavalry in front of a stand of pikes, instead of being upon the wings. Sure am I, if we had done so at Marston, instead of having our hundred of horse on the flank, the first discharge would have sent them back among our Highlanders.—But I hear the kettle-drums."

All heads were now bent from the battlements of the turret, which commanded a distant prospect down the vale of the river. The Terror of Tinkatellon stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the eagle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of

<sup>2</sup> As true, in the present age, are acquainted with the posthumous titles to which the age of Louis XIV. gave rise, we need only say, that they combine the details of the metaphysical coaching with all the superabundance of the romantic resources of Chivalry. Their character will be most really traced from *Scuderi's Descente d'Adieu*, or *Mrs. Lennox's Fanny Quirats*.

[The romance of Artamene, or the Grand Cyrus, by Magalhães de Saens, is perhaps the largest of these poetic translations from the French which were once so fashionable. It was rendered into English by E. G. Landon, 1822.]

<sup>4</sup> Note E. Sir James Thorne.

a considerable brook with the Clyde.\* There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortification, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been, in times of war, a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular shape, interspersed with halcyon-trees and copse, the enclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounded them, and which except in scattered masses, the deeper declivities and more distant heights. The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the Cairngorm pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a province unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants here in most places planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably by the woods. A hilly, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude mosses swelled at a little distance into shagwines and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains, dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to the downward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public high-road which winded up the vale, and announced the approach of the expected body of

\* The Castle of Pittar-olinn is imaginary; but the ruins of Ouchterlony Castle, situated on the Nith, about three miles from its junction with the Clyde, have something of the character of the description in the text.



sway. Their glittering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing in the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun. The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty horse upon the march, and the gleaming of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettle-drums, had at once a lively and awful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still slower and slower, they could distinctly see the files of those chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

"It's a sight that makes me thirty years younger," said the old cavalier; "and yet I do not much like the service that those poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was employed on the Continent, and we were looking at fellows with foreign faces and Catholic beliefs. It's a hard thing to hear a hearty Scotch tongue cry quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out *quatre-vingt*.—So, there they come through the Ketherwood haugh; upon my word, fine-looking fellows, and capably mounted.—He that is galloping from the rear of the column must be Claver's himself;—ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes."

At the bridge beneath the Tower, the ranks divided, and the greater part, moving up the left bank of the brook, and crossing at a ford a little above, took the road of the Gorge, as it was called, a large set of firm-officers belonging to the Tower, where Lady Margaret had ordered preparation to be made for their reception and suitable entertainments. The officers alone, with their retinue, and an escort to guard them, were seen to take the steep road up to the gate of the Tower, appearing by intervals as they gained the ascent, and again hidden by projections of the bank and of the huge old trees with which it is covered. When they emerged from this narrow path, they found themselves in front of the old Tower, the gates of which were hospitably open for their reception. Lady Margaret, with Edith and her brother-in-law, having hastily descended from their post of observation, appeared to meet and

to welcome their guests, with a reliance of *Sanctus* in as good order as the copies of the preceding evening permitted. The gallant young cornet (a relation as well as namesake of Claverhouse, with whom the reader has been already made acquainted) lowered the standard, and the fanfare of the trumpet, in homage to the maid of Lady Margaret, and the charms of her grand-daughter, and the old walk school to the flourish of the instruments, and the stamp and sigh of the dancers.

Claverhouse\* himself alighted from a black horse, the most beautiful perhaps in Scotland. He had not a single white hair upon his whole body—a circumstance which, joined to his spirit and features, and to his being so frequently employed in pursuit of the Presbyterian recusants, served as evidence to prevail among them, that the steel had been presented to his rider by the great Enemy of Mankind, in order to assist him in persecuting the fugitive wanderers. When Claverhouse had paid his respects to the ladies with military politeness, had expressed for the trouble to which he was putting Lady Margaret's family, and had received the corresponding assurances that she could not think anything so unnecessary which brought within the walls of Tillicoultry so distinguished a soldier, and so loyal a servant of his sacred Majesty; when, in short, all forms of hospitality and politeness had been duly complied with, the Colonel requested permission to receive the report of Bellwell, who was now in attendance, and with whom he spoke apart for a few minutes. Major Bellenden took that opportunity to say to his niece, without the hearing of her grandmother, "What a trifling foolish girl you are, Edith, to send me by express a letter crammed with nonsense about books and games, and to slide the only thing I need a narrative about into the postscript!"

"I did not know," said Edith, hesitating very much, "whether it would be quite—quite proper for me to"—

"I know what you would say—whether it would be right to take any interest in a Presbyterian. But I know this lady's father well. He was a brave soldier; and, if he was once wrong, he was once right too. I must commend your mother, Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman's offer to your grandmother—you may rely on it I shall not—I will take an opportunity to speak to Claverhouse. Come, my love, they are going to breakfast. Let us follow them."

\* Note G. Claverhouse.

## CHAPTER XLV. ESTIE.

*Their breakfast as usual, to be sure they did not,  
A custom in travellers highly distinct.*

*FINIS.*

THE breakfast of Lady Margaret Bellesheim no more recalled a modern *déjeuner*, than the great stone hall at Tillysallins could break comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands,—the poultry house, the brightly shined, the noble bunch of beef, the precisely cooked party; while silver flagons, set out with difficulty from the closets of the *Commensaux*, now mounted, some with ale, some with wine, and some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in correspondence to the magnificence and solidity of the preparation,—no piddling—no boy's-play, but that steady and persevering traction of the jaws which is best learned by early morning hours, and by occasional hard evenings.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the notes which she had provided descending with such alacrity into the persons of her honored guests, and had little occasion to murmur, with respect to any of the company saving Charadane himself, the compulsory urgency of proving to eat, to which, as to the *prima facie* at least, the ladies of that period were in the custom of subjecting their guests.

But the leader himself, more anxious to pay courtesy to Miss Bellesheim, next whom he was pleased, than to gratify his appetite, appeared somewhat negligent of the good cheer set before him. Edith heard, without reply, many courtly speeches addressed to her, in a tone of voice of that happy modulation, which could slide back in the low tones of interesting conversation, and rise and the die of battle, "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound." The sense that she was in the presence of the dreadful chief upon whose fate the fate of Henry Morton must depend—the recollection of the terror and awe which were attached to the very name of the commander, deprived her for some time, not only of the courage to answer, but even of the power of looking upon him. But when, emboldened by the soothing tones of his voice, she lifted her eyes to frame some reply, the person on

when she looked here, in his appearance at least, some of the terrible attributes to which her apprehensions had ascribed him.

Graciano of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed, his gestures, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited great firmness regularly. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Roman statue, and slightly shaded by small tufts of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as humans love to peep and loathe to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and unassuming valor which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay unrecorded under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same politeness and gusto of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit undaunted in facing and in repelling, yet cautious and gradual as that of Mackintosh himself. Profound in politics, and unbiassed, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, stern and unrelent in pursuing success, careless of hurting dark himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vice and excess which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

In endeavouring to reply to the polite toasts with which Claverhouse attended her, Edith showed so much confusion, that her grandmother thought it necessary to come to her relief.

"Edith, defend me," said the old lady, "has, from my retired mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere, that only she can hardly frame her speech to suitable answers. A soldier is so now a fight with us, Colonel Graciano, that unless

It be my young Lord Ernsdale, we have hardly had an opportunity of receiving a gentleman in uniform. And, now I tell of that excellent young gentleman, may I inquire if I was not to have had the pleasure of seeing him this morning with the regiment?"

"Lord Ernsdale, indeed, was on his march with us," answered the hostess, "but I was obliged to detain him with a small party to dispose a considerable of those troublesome scoundrels, who have had the impudence to assemble within five miles of my head-quarters.

"Indeed!" said the old lady; "that is a height of presumption to which I would have thought no rebellious scoundrel would have ventured to aspire. But these are strange times! There is an evil spirit in the land, Colonel Graham, that excites the passions of persons of rank to rebel against the very laws that bind and free them. There was one of my able-bodied men the other day who plainly refused to attend the suppression of my bidding. Is there no law for such rascality, Colonel Graham?"

"I think I could find one," said Chamberlaine, with great composure, "if your ladyship will inform me of the name and residence of the culprit."

"His name," said Lady Margaret, "is Gilbert Baskings, I can say nothing of his domicile, for ye may well believe, Colonel Graham, he did not dwell long in Tilburytown, but was speedily expelled for his contumacy. I wish the law no severe bodily injury; but incarceration, or even a few stripes, would be a good example in this neighbourhood. His mother, under whose influence I doubt he acted, is an ancient daughter of this family, which makes me willing to mercy; although," continued the old lady, looking towards the picture of her husband and her son, with which the wall was hung, and heaving at the same time, a deep sigh, "I, Colonel Graham, have in my old person but little right to compassionate that wilfulness and rebellious generation. They have made me a childless widow, and, but for the protection of our sacred Sovereign and his gallant soldiers, they would soon deprive me of heels and groins, of hands and arms. Even of my tenants, whose joint rent-roll may amount to well-nigh a hundred marks, have already refused to pay either one or rent, and had the assurance to tell my steward that they would acknowledge

neither King nor landlord, but who should have taken the Government."

"I will take a course with them—that is, with your ladyship's penitence," answered Chamberlaine. "It would ill become me to neglect the support of heral authority when it is lodged in such worthy hands as those of Lady Margaret Belkenden. But I must needs say, this country grows worse and worse daily, and induces me to the necessity of taking measures with the commons that are much more consistent with my duty than with my inclinations. And, speaking of this, I must not forget that I have to thank your ladyship for the hospitality you have been pleased to extend to a party of mine who have brought in a prisoner, charged with having committed the murdering villainy, *murder of Lady*."

"The house of Telfordclow," answered the lady, "has ever been open to the servants of his Majesty, and I hope that the stories of it will no longer rest on each other when it becomes to be so much at their command as at ours. And this reminds me, Colonel Graham, that the gentleman who commands the party are hardly to add to be in his proper place in the army, considering whose blood flows in his veins; and if I might flatter myself that anything would be granted to my request, I would presume to petition that he might be promoted on some favourable opportunity."

"Your ladyship means Sergeant Francis Stewart, whom we call *Bothwell*?" said Chamberlaine, smiling. "The truth is, he is a little too rough in the country, and has not been uniformly so amenable to discipline as the rules of the service require. But to instruct me how to oblige Lady Margaret Belkenden, is to lay down the law to me.—*Bothwell*," he continued, addressing the sergeant, who just then appeared at the door, "go kiss Lady Margaret Belkenden's hand, who advances herself in your promotion, and you shall have a commission the first vacancy."

*Bothwell* went through the salutation in the manner prescribed, but not without evident marks of haughty resistance, and when he had done so, said aloud, "To kiss a lady's hand was never designed a gentleman; but I would not kiss a man's, save the King's, in his rank a general."

"You hear him," said Chamberlaine, smiling; "there's the root he spins upon: he cannot forget his pedigree."

\* *Bothwell*, i.e. *resisted or refrained*.

"I know, my noble Colonel," said Bethwell, in the same tone, "that you will not forget your promise; and then, perhaps, you may permit Christ Harrison to have some recollection of his grandfather, though the *Seymour* must forget him."

"Enough of this, sir," said Chatterhouse, in the tone of remonstrance which was familiar to him, "and let me know what you came to report to me just now."

"My Lord Bransdale and his party have halted on the high road with some prisoners," said Bethwell.

"My Lord Bransdale?" said Lady Margaret. "Surely, Colonel Graham, you will permit him to honour me with his society, and to take his poor dependents home, especially remembering, that even his most sacred Majesty did not pass the Tower of Tilkeston without taking the pleasure of some refreshment."

As this was the third time in the course of the conversation that Lady Margaret had alluded to this distinguished event, Colonel Graham, as quickly as politeness would permit, took advantage of the first pause to interrupt the further progress of the narrative, by saying, "It is already too numerous a party of guests; but as I know what Lord Bransdale will suffer" (looking towards Edith) "if deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overburdening your ladyship's hospitality.—Bethwell, let Lord Bransdale know that Lady Margaret Bellenden requests the honour of his company."

"And let Harrison take care," added Lady Margaret, "that the people and their horses are suitably seen to."

Edith's heart sprung to her lips during this conversation; for it instantly occurred to her, that, through her influence over Lord Bransdale, she might find some means of releasing Morton from his present state of danger in case her mother's intercession with Chatterhouse should prove ineffectual. At any other time she would have been much wiser to exact this language; for, however inexperienced in the world, her native delicacy taught her the advantage which a beautiful young woman given to a young man when she permits him to lay her under an obligation. And she would have been the further disinclined to request any favour of Lord Bransdale, because the rules of the gospel in Clydesdale had, for reasons hereafter to be made known, assigned him to her as a saint, and because she could not disguise from herself that very little encouragement was necessary to realise conjectures which had hitherto as foun-

tion. This was the more to be dreaded, that, in the case of Lord Eversdale's making a formal declaration, he had every chance of being supported by the influence of Lady Margaret and her other friends, and that she would have nothing to oppose to their solicitations and authority, except a prohibition, to whom she knew would be equally dangerous and unavailing. She determined, therefore, to wait the issue of her uncle's intervention, and, should it fail, which she conjectured she should soon learn, either from the looks or language of the open-hearted veteran, she would then, as a last effort, make use of Morton's favour of her interest with Lord Eversdale. Her mind did not long remain in suspense on the subject of her uncle's application.

Major Belvidere, who had done the honours of the table, laughing and chatting with the military guests who were at that end of the board, was now, by the conclusion of the repast, at liberty to leave his station, and accordingly took an opportunity to approach Clarendon, regretting from his niece, at the same time, the want of a particular introduction. As his name and character were well known, the two military men met with expressions of mutual regard; and Edith, with a beating heart, saw her aged relative withdraw from the company, together with his new acquaintance, into a recess formed by one of the arched windows of the hall. She watched their conference with eyes almost blinded by the eagerness of suspense, and, with observations rendered more acute by the internal agony of her mind, could guess, from the pantomimic postures which accompanied the conversation, the progress and fate of the intercession in behalf of Henry Morton.

The first expression of the countenance of Clarendon betokened that open and willing courtesy, which, even if separate to know the nature of the favour asked, seems to say, how happy the party will be to render an obligation on the suppliant. But as the conversation proceeded, the brow of that officer became darker and more severe, and his features, though still retaining the expression of the most perfect politeness, assumed, at least, to Edith's terrified imagination, a harsh and imperious character. His lip was now compressed as if with impatience; now curled slightly upward, as if in civil contempt of the arguments urged by Major Belvidere. The language of her uncle, as far as expressed in his manner, appeared to be that of earnest



intervening, urged with all the affectionate simplicity of his character, as well as with the weight which his age and reputation entitled him to use. But it seemed to have little impression upon Colonel Graham, who soon changed his protest, as if about to cut short the Major's sapientia, and to break up their conference with a courtly expression of respect, interspersed to accompany a positive refusal of the request submitted. This movement brought them so near Edith, that she could distinctly hear Claverhouse say, "It cannot be, Major Belvidere; looky, in his case, is altogether beyond the bounds of my consideration, though in anything else I am heartily desirous to oblige you.—And here comes Evanvale with news, as I think,—What tidings do you bring us, Evanvale?" he continued, addressing the young lord, who now entered in complete uniform, but with his dress disordered, and his boots splattered, as if by riding hard.

"Unpleasant news, sir," was his reply. "A large body of whigs are in arms among the hills, and have invited out into actual rebellion. They have publicly burnt the Act of Supremacy, that which established episcopacy; that for observing the martyrdom of Charles I., and some others, and have declared their intention to reunite together in arms for furthering the threatened work of reformation."

This unexpected intelligence struck a sudden and pointed surprise into the minds of all who heard it, excepting Claverhouse.

"Unpleasant news call you them?" replied Colonel Graham, his dark eyes flashing fire; "they are the best I have heard them six months. Now that the rebels are drawn into a body, we will make short work with them. When the soldier marches into daylight," he added, striking the heel of his boot upon the floor, as if in the act of cracking a vicious reptile, "I will trample him to death, he is only safe when he remains lurking in his den or cavern.—Where are these knaves?" he continued, addressing Lord Evanvale.

"About ten miles off among the mountains, at a place called London Hill," was the young gentleman's reply. "I disposed the conventicle against which you sent me, and made prisoner an old transporter of rebellion—an intercommunal ringleader, that is to say—who was in the act of exhorting his hearers to rise and be doing in the good cause, as well as one or two of his

houses who seemed to be particularly involved; and from some country people and servants I learned what I now tell you."

"What may be their strength?" asked his commander.

"Probably a thousand men, but accounts differ widely."

"Then," said Claverhouse, "it is time for us to be up and be doing also—Bolewell, bid them sound to arms."

Bolewell, who, like the war-horse of Scripture, smelt the battle afar off, hastened to give orders to six negroes, in white dresses richly lined, and having massive silver collars and armlets. These white functionaries acted as trumpeters, and speedily made the castle and the woods around it ring with their summons.

"Must you then leave us?" said Lady Margaret, her heart ricking under recollection of former unhappy times; "had ye not better send to learn the force of the rebels?—O, how many a fair face has I heard these fearful sounds call away from the Tower of Tintagelton, that my wild son were woe to see return to it!"

"It is impossible for me to stay," said Claverhouse; "there are rebels enough in this country to make the rebels five times their strength, if they are not checked at once."

"Hark," said Francis, "are fleeing to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong body of the Indulged Presbyterians, headed by young Milwood, as they call him, the son of the famous old roundhead, Colonel John Milton."

This speech produced a very different effect upon the hearers. Edith almost sunk from her seat with terror, while Claverhouse darted a glance of sarcastic triumph at Major Bolewell, which seemed to imply—"You see what are the principles of the young men you are pleading for."

"It's a lie—it's a d—d lie of those rascally functionaries," said the Major hastily. "I will answer the Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a lad of no good church principles as any gentleman in the Life-Guards—I mean no offence to any one. He has gone to church service with me fifty times, and I never heard him miss one of the responses in my life. Edith Bolewell can bear witness to it as well as I. He always read us the same Prayer-book with her, and could look out the lessons as well as the cards himself. Call him up; let him be heard for himself!"

"There can be no harm in that," said Claverhouse, "whether

be he innocent or guilty.—Major Allen," he said, turning to the officer next in command, "take a guide, and lead the regiment forward to London Hill by the best and shortest road. Move silently, and do not let the men hear the horses. Lord Bransdale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with a party to bring up the prisoners."

Allen bowed, and left the apartment, with all the officers, excepting Claverhouse and the young noblemen. In a few minutes the sound of the military music and the clashing of heels announced that the business were leaving the castle. The sounds were presently heard only at intervals, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavored to soothe the fears of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veteran Major to his opinion of Morton, Bransdale, getting the better of that conscious distress which renders an expensive youth diffident in approaching the object of his affections, drew near to Miss Belvidere, and accosted her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

"We are to leave you," he said, taking her hand, which he pressed with much emotion—"to leave you for a season which is not without its dangers. Farewell, dear Miss Belvidere;—let me say for the first, and perhaps the last time, dear Edith! We part in circumstances so singular as may excite some solemnity in bidding farewell to one whom I have known so long, and whom I—respect so highly."

The manner, differing from the words, seemed to express a feeling much deeper and more agitating than was conveyed in the phrase he made use of. It was not in women to be utterly insensible to his modest and deep-belt expression of tenderness. Although borne down by the uncertainties and turbulent danger of the war she loved, Edith was touched by the hopeless and reverential passion of the gallant youth, who now took leave of her to rush into dangers of no ordinary description.

"I hope—I sincerely trust," she said, "there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this solemn accompaniment—that those busy insurgents will be dispersed rather by fear than force, and that Lord Bransdale will speedily return to be what he must always be, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle."

"Of all," he repeated, with a melancholy emphasis upon the

well. "But be it so—whatever is near you is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our numbers are so few, that I dare not hope for so speedy, so bloodless, or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. These men are enthusiastic, resolute, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilled in military matters. I cannot help thinking that the superiority of our Colonel is hurrying us against them rather prematurely. But there are few that have less reason to shun danger than I have."

Edith had now the opportunity she wished to bespeak the young gentleman's intercession and protection for Henry Morton, and it seemed the only remaining channel of interest by which he could be rescued from impending destruction. Yet she felt at that moment as if, in doing so, she was closing the possibility and confidence of the lover, whose heart was as open before her, as if his tongue had made an express declaration. Could she with honest usage Lord Emsdale in the service of a rival? or could she with prudence make him any request, or lay herself under any obligation to him, without affording ground for hopes which she could never realize? But the moment was too urgent for hesitation, or even for those explanations with which her request might otherwise have been qualified.

"I will not dispose of this young fellow," said Clarendon, from the other side of the hall, "and then, Lord Emsdale—I am sorry to interrupt again your conversation—but there we must meet.—Edith, why do you not bring up the prisoner? and, back ye, let two fine lads their carbines."

In these words, Edith conceived she heard the death-warrant of her lover. She instantly looks through the partition which had hitherto kept her silent.

"My Lord Emsdale," she said, "this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle's;—your interest must be great with your colonel—let me request your intercession in his favour—it will confer on my uncle a lasting obligation."

"You overrate my interest, Miss Edith," said Lord Emsdale; "I have been often unsuccessful in such applications, when I have made them on the mere score of humanity."

"Yet try once again for my uncle's sake."

"And why not for your own?" said Lord Emsdale. "Will you not allow me to think I am obliging you personally in this

matter? Are you so diffident of an old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is gratifying your wishes?"

"Hardly—hardly," replied Edith, "you will excuse me as hardly—I am interested in the young gentlemen on my mother's account—Love me time, for God's sake!"

She became bolder and more urgent in her entreaties, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoner.

"By heaven! then," said Eversdale, "he shall not die, if I should die in his place!—But will not you," he said, retaining the hand, which in the hurry of her spirits she had not courage to withdraw, "will not you grant me one suit, in return for my aid in your service?"

"Anything you can ask, my Lord Eversdale, that clerical affection can give."

"And is this all," he continued, "all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead?"

"Do not speak thus, my lord," said Edith; "you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend I esteem more highly, or in whom I would more readily grant every mark of regard—providing—that"—

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly, ere she had well uttered the last word; and as she hesitated how to frame the exception with which she meant to close the sentence, she became instantly aware she had been overheard by Morton, who, heavily armed and guarded by soldiers, was now passing behind her in order to be presented to Claverhouse. As their eyes met each other, the red and reproachful expression of Morton's glance seemed to imply that he had partially heard, and altogether misinterpreted, the overture which had just passed. There wanted but this to complete Edith's distress and confusion. Her blood, which rushed to her brow, made a sudden revolution in her heart, and left her as pale as death. This change did not escape the attention of Eversdale, whose quick glance easily discovered that there was between the prisoner and the object of his attachment, some singular and unaccountable connection. He resigned the hand of Miss Bellenden, again surrounded the prisoner with more attention, again looked at Edith, and plainly observed the confusion which she could no longer conceal.

"Tith," he said, after a moment's gloomy silence, "is, I believe, the young gentleman who gained the prize at the shooting match."

"I am not sure," hesitated Edith—"yet—I rather think not," scarce knowing what she replied.

"It is he," said Brundage, decidedly; "I know him well. A victor," he continued, somewhat haughtily, "ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply."

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the table at which Claverhouse now placed himself, stood at a little distance, resting on his shoulder his broadsword, a silent, but not an unobservant, spectator of that which passed.

## CHAPTER TWELFTH.

O, my Lord, beware of jealousy.

*OTHELLO.*

To explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed made upon the unfortunate pioneer by whom they were overheard, it is necessary to say something of his previous state of mind, and of the origin of his acquaintance with Edith.

Henry Morton was one of those gifted characters which possess a force of talent unexpected by the owner himself. He had inherited from his father an undaunted courage, and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in politics or religion. But his enthusiasm was unalloyed by fanaticism, and unbalanced by the narrowness of the party-spirit. From these his mind had been freed, partly by the active exertions of his own correct understanding, partly by frequent and long visits at Major Hildon's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversation taught him, that goodness and worth were not limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

The late pecuniary of his uncle had thrown many obstacles in the way of his education, but he had so far improved the opportunities which offered themselves, that his instructors as well as his friends were surprised at his progress under such

disadvantages. Still, however, the content of his soul was frozen by aspects of dependence—of poverty—shortness, of an impetuous and limited education. These feelings impressed him with a diffidence and reserve, which effectually excluded from all but very intimate friends, the extent of talent and the dimensions of character which we have stated him to be possessed of. The circumstances of the time had added to this reserve an air of isolation and indifference; for, being attached to neither of the factions which divided the kingdom, he passed for dull, gossamer, and unimpressed by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. His conscience, however, could be more unjust; and the reasons of the neutrality which he had hitherto professed had not in very different and most judiciously various. He had formed few congenial ties with those who were the objects of persecution, and was disgusted alike by their narrow-minded and selfish party-spirit, their gloomy fanaticism, their obstinate condemnation of all elegant studies or innocent recreations, and the conventional narrowness of their political hatred. But his mind was still more revolted by the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the Government—the violence, frauds, and brutality of the military—the executions on the scaffold, the slaughters in the open field, the fire quarters and executions imposed by military law, which placed the lives and fortunes of a free people on a level with Asiatic slaves. Condemning, therefore, each party on its merits, and under his eyes, disgusted with the sight of evils which he had no means of alleviating, and hearing alternate complaints and exhortations with which he could not sympathize, he would long ere this have left Scotland, had it not been for his attachment to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meetings of these young people had been at Charnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was at first from suspicion on such occasions as Uncle Toby himself, had encouraged their keeping each other constant company, without entertaining any apprehensions of the natural consequences. Love, as usual in such cases, borrowed the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden was married to her mother's wish, it was astonishing by what singular and recurring incidents she often met young Morton in her expected walks, especially considering the distance of their place of abode. Yet it somehow happened that she never expressed the surprise which the frequency of these encounters ought naturally to

have existed, and that their intercourse assumed gradually a more definite character; and their meetings began to wear the air of appointments. Books, drawings, letters, were exchanged between them, and every trifling acquaintance, given or accepted, gave rise to a new correspondence. Love, indeed, was not yet mentioned between them by name, but each knew the attitude of their own bosom, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to deny from an intercourse which possessed such charms for both, yet troubling for its too probable consequences, it had been continued without specific explanation until now, when this appeared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, as well as of the diffidence of Morton's disposition at this period, that his confidence in Edith's return of his affection had its occasional cold fits. Her situation was in every respect so superior to his own, her worth so eminent, her accomplishments so many, her face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not but entertain fears that some wiser man favoured than himself by fortune, and more acceptable to Edith's family than he, must hope to be, might step in between him and the object of his affections. Common rumour had raised up such a rival in Lord Eversdale, whose birth, fortune, connections, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tiberstouffton, and his attendance upon Lady Bellenden and her niece at all public places, naturally pointed out as a candidate for her favour. It frequently and inevitably happened, that engagements to which Lord Eversdale was a party interfered with the meeting of the lovers, and Henry could not but mark that Edith either studiously avoided speaking of the young soldier, or did so with obvious reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which in fact arose from the jealousy of her own feelings towards Morton himself, were misconstrued by his diffident temper; and the jealousy which they excited was augmented by the occasional observations of Jerry Deans. This true-bred serving-lad was, in her own person, a complete country coquette, and when she had no opportunity of teasing her own lovers, used to take some concealed opportunity to torment her young lady's. This arose from an ill-will to Henry Morton, who, both on her mistress's account and his own handsome form and consequence, stood high in her esteem. But then



Lord Eversdale was also handsome; he was liberal far beyond what fortune's means could afford, and he was a kind, unassuming, and, if Miss Edith Bellenden should accept his hand, she would become a happy lady; and, what was more, little Jenny Devonson, whom the useful housekeeper at Tibbitholme looked about at her pleasure, would be then Mrs. Devonson, Lady Eversdale's own woman, or perhaps her ladyship's lady-in-waiting. The ingenuitv of Jenny Devonson, therefore, did not, like that of Mrs. Quickly, extend to a wish that both the handsome sisters could wed her young lady: for it must be owned that the role of her regard was depressed in favour of Lord Eversdale, and her wishes in his favour took many shapes extremely flattering to Morton—being now expressed as a friendly caution, now as an article of intelligence, and now as a merry jest, but always tending to confirm the idea that, sooner or later, his romantic intercourses with her young mistress must have a close, and that Edith Bellenden would, in spite of summer walks beneath the greenwood tree, exchange of verses, of drawings, and of looks, end in becoming Lady Eversdale.

These hints attended so sweetly with the very pink of his own simplicity and dress, that Morton was not long of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt who has truly loved, but to which there are most little when love is crossed by the want of friend's consent, or some other serious impediment of fortune. Edith herself, unwittingly, and in the generosity of her own frank nature, contributed to the error into which her lover was in danger of falling. Their conversation next changed to turn upon some late excesses committed by the nobility on an occasion when it was said (incorrectly however) that the party was commanded by Lord Eversdale. Edith, as true to friendship as to love, was somewhat hard on the severe strictures which escaped from Morton on this occasion, and which, perhaps, was not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Eversdale's defence with such spirit as hurt Morton to the very soul, and afforded no small delight to Jenny Devonson, the usual companion of their walks. Edith pursued her error, and endeavoured to justify it, but the response was not so easily made, and it had so small effect in inducing her lover to share that resolution of going abroad, which was disappointed in the manner we have already mentioned.

The visit which he received from Edith during his confine-

most, the deep and devoted interest which she had expressed in his fate, ought of themselves to have dispelled his suspicions; yet, ignorant in concerning himself, even that he thought might be regarded as anxious friendship, or, at most, to a temporary partiality, which would probably soon give way to circumstances, the solicitude of her friends, the authority of Lady Harcourt, and the mediation of Lord Buteville.

"And is what do I owe it," he said, "that I must stand up like a man, and plead my interest in her as I am thus thrust out of it?—to what, but to the all-pervading and accursed tyranny which afflicts at once our looks, words, wishes, and affections? And is it to one of the persecuted victims of this oppressive Government that I must yield my pretensions to Edith Belford?—I will not, by Heaven!—It is a just punishment on me for being deaf to public wrongs, that they have visited me with their injuries in a point where they can be least brooked or borne."

As these stirring resolutions rolled in his brain, and while he ran over the various kinds of death and injury which he had sustained in his own cause and in that of his country, Bethwell entered the tower, followed by two dragons, one of whom carried handcuffs.

"You must follow me, young man," said he, "but first we must put you in trim."

"In trim?" said Morton. "What do you mean?"

"Why, we must put on those rough bracelets. I don't not—say, I—no, I don't do anything—but I won't put the three hours' plunder of a storm-torn vessel a whig before my Colonel without his being ironed. Come, come, young man, don't look sulky about it."

He advanced to put on the iron; but seeing the colour set upon which he had rested, Morton threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

"I could manage you in a moment, my youngster," said Bethwell, "but I had rather you would rather will quietly."

How indeed he spoke the truth, not from either fear or reluctance to adopt force, but because he dreaded the consequences of a noisy scuffle, through which it might probably be discovered that he had, contrary to express orders, suffered his prisoner to pass the night without being properly secured.

"You had better be content," he muttered, in a tone which

he meant to be efficacious, "and don't spoil your own sport. They say here in the castle, that Lady Margaret's niece is immediately to marry our young Captain, Lord Eversdale. I saw them close together in the hall yonder, and I heard her ask him to intercede for your pardon. She looked so devilish handsome and kind upon him, that on my soul—But what the devil's the matter with you?—You are as pale as a sheet—Will you have some brandy?"

"Must Eilsheden ask my life of Lord Eversdale?" said the prisoner, faintly.

"Ay, ay; there's no blood like the woman—their interest serves all in court and camp. Come, you are reasonable now—Ay, I thought you would come round."

Here he employed himself in getting on the fetters, against which Morton, thunderstruck by this intelligence, no longer offered the least resistance.

"My life begged of him, and by her!—Ay, ay—put on the iron—my Eilsh shall not refuse to hear what has entered into my very soul—My Eilsh begged by Edith, and begged of Eversdale!"

"Ay, and he has power to grant it too," said Rockwell—"He can do more with the Colonel than any man in the regiment."

And as he spoke, he and his party led their prisoner towards the hall. In passing behind the seat of Edith, the unfortunate prisoner heard enough, as he conceived, of the broken expressions which passed between Edith and Lord Eversdale, to confirm all that the soldier had told him. That moment made a singular and unintentional revelation in his character. The depth of despair to which his love and fortune were reduced—the pain in which his life appeared to stand—the transference of Edith's affections, her intercession in his favour, which rendered her sickness yet more pining,—seemed to destroy every feeling for which he had hitherto lived, but at the same time awakened those which had hitherto been smothered by passions more gentle though more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support the rights of his country, insulted in his power. His character was for the moment as efficiently changed as the appearance of a villa, which, from being the shade of domestic quiet and happiness, is, by the sudden intrusion of an armed force, converted into a formidable post of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon Edith one glance, in which reproach was mingled with sorrow, as if to bid her farewell for ever; his next motion was to walk firmly to the table at which Colonel Graham was seated.

"By what right is it, sir," said he, firmly, and without waiting till he was questioned—"by what right is it that these soldiers have dragged me from my family, and put fetters on the limbs of a free man?"

"By my commands," answered Claverhouse;—"and I now lay my commands on you to be silent and leave my questions."

"I will not," replied Morton, in a determined tone, while his boldness seemed to electrify all around him. "I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be forfeited in my person."

"A pretty sprightly thing, upon my honour!" said Claverhouse.

"Are you mad?" said Major Bellenden to his young friend. "For God's sake, Henry Morton," he continued, in a tone between rebuke and intimacy, "remember you are speaking to one of his Majesty's officers high in the service."

"It is for that very reason, sir," returned Henry, firmly, "that I desire to know what right he has to detain me without a legal warrant. Were he a civil officer of the law, I should know my duty was submission."

"Your friend, here," said Claverhouse to the veteran, coolly, "is one of those scrupulous gentlemen, who, like the madman in the play, will not do his errand without the warrant of Mr. Justice Grieve; but I will let him see, before we part, that my shoulder-buck is as legal a badge of authority as the robe of the Judiciary.—So, turning this discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to tell me directly what you saw Deilaur of Dalry?"

"As I know no right you have to ask such a question," replied Morton, "I decline replying to it."

"You refused to my sergeant," said Claverhouse, "that you saw and mistook him, knowing him to be an intermarried traitor: why are you not so frank with me?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I perceive you are, from education, taught to understand the rights upon which you seem disposed to trample; and I am willing you should be aware there are yet Scotsmen who can assert the liberties of Scotland."

"And those supposed rights you would violate with your sword, I presume?" said Colonel Graham.

"Were I armed as you are, and we were alone upon a hill-side, you should not ask me the question twice."

"It is quite enough," answered Claverhouse, calmly ;—"your language corresponds with all I have heard of you ;—but you are the son of a soldier, though a rebellious one, and you shall not die the death of a dog ; I will save you that indignity."

"He is what nature I say," replied Morton, "I will die like the son of a brave man, and the goodness you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood."

"Make your peace, then, with Heaven, in few minutes' space.—Bedford, lead him down to the courtyard, and draw up your party."

The appalling nature of this conversation, and of its result, struck the audience of horror into all but the speakers. But now those who stood around broke forth into clamor and expostulation. Old Lady Magnus, who, with all the prejudices of rank and party, had not lost unto the feelings of her son, was loud in her intercession.

"O, Colonel Graham," she exclaimed, "spare his young blood ! Leave him to the law—do not repay my hospitality by shedding men's blood on the threshold of my door !"

"Colonel Graham," said Major Bellenden, "you must answer this violence. Don't think, though I am old and feeble, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity. I am that friend that shall make you answer it."

"He attacked, Major Bellenden, I will answer it," replied Claverhouse, calmly answered. "And you, masters, might spare me the pain of visiting this passionate interment for a time, when you consider the noble blood your own house has lost by such as he is."

"Colonel Graham," answered the lady, her eyes were twinkling with anxiety, "I leave vengeance to God, who calls it his own. The shedding of this young man's blood will not call back the lives that were dear to me ; and how can it comfort me to think that there has maybe been another widowed mother made childless, like myself, by a deed done at my very doorstep ?"

"That is stark madness," said Claverhouse—"I must do my duty to church and state. Here are a thousand victims hard by in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young scoundrel

who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze! It cannot be—Remove him, Devereil!”

She who was most interested in this dreadful decision, had twice strove to speak, but her voice had totally failed her—her mind refused to suggest words, and her tongue to utter them. She now sprang up, and attempted to rush forward, but her strength gave way, and she would have fallen flat upon the pavement had she not been caught by her attendant.

“Help!” cried Janey—“Help, for God’s sake! my young lady is dying!”

At this exclamation, Everdale, who, during the preceding part of the scene, had stood motionless, leaning upon his sword, now stopped forward, and went to his commanding officer, “Colonel Crahanne, before proceeding in this matter, will you speak a word with me in private?”

Crahanne looked surprised, but instantly rose and withdrew with the young nobleman into a room, where the following brief dialogue passed between them:—

“I think I need not remind you, Colonel, that when our family interest was of service to you last year in that affair in the privy council, you considered yourself as laid under some obligation to us?”

“Certainly, my dear Everdale,” answered Crahanne, “I am not a man who forgets such debts; you will delight me by showing how I can retire my gratitude.”

“I will hold the debt cancelled,” said Lord Everdale, “if you will spare this young man’s life.”

“Everdale,” replied Crahanne, in great surprise, “you are mad!—absolutely mad! What interest can you have in this young scoundrel of an old rascalhead? His father was positively the most dangerous man in all Scotland—evil, reckless, selfish, and infernal in his principles. He was more his very model; you cannot conceive the mischief he may do. I know hundred, Everdale—was he an insignificant, feeble, country body, do you think I would have refused such a bribe as his life to Lady Margaret and this family? But this is a lad of fire, soul, and education—and these knaves want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardness. I mention this, not as refusing your request, but to make you fully aware of the possible consequences. I will never create a promise, or refuse to retire an obligation—if you ask his life he shall have it.”

"Keep him close prisoner," answered Bransdale, "but do not be surprised if I persist in requesting you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask."

"Be it so then," replied Grahame. "But, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. There are not times in sacrifice to the drudge of greyhounds, or the team of silly women, the measures of military severity which the danger around compel us to adopt. And remember, that if I now yield this point, in compliance with your agency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature."

He then stepped forward to the table, and bent his eye keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pangs of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the bystanders with horror, would produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind that had nothing left upon earth to love or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

"You see him?" said Grahame, in a half whisper to Lord Bransdale, "he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous tortures; yet his is the only cheek unblanched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerve that are not quivering. Look at him well, Bransdale—If that man shall ever come to head an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning's work." He then said aloud, "Young man, your life is for the present safe, through the intercession of your friends—Remove him, Redwell, and let him be properly guarded, and brought along with the other prisoners."

"If my life," said Morton, along with the idea that he owed his rapids to the intercession of a favored friend, "if my life be granted at Lord Bransdale's request"—

"Take the prisoner away, Redwell," said Colonel Grahame, interrupting him, "I have neither time to make now to hear fine speeches."

Redwell forced off Morton, saying, as he conducted him into the courtyard, "Have you three lives in your pocket, besides the one in your body, my lad, that you can afford to let

your tongue run away with them at this rate! Come, come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way; but, again, you will not be five minutes with him before the next two or three next ditch will be the word. So come along to your companions in bondage."

Thus speaking, the sergeant, who, in his rude manner did not altogether want sympathy for a gallant young man, hurried Morton down to the courtyard, where three other prisoners (two men and a woman), who had been taken by Lord Evendale, remained under an escort of dragoons.

Meanwhile, Churchhouse took his leave of Lady Margaret. But it was difficult for the good lady to forgive his neglect of her interview.

"I have thought till now," she said, "that the Tower of Tillicoultry might have been a place of success to those that are ready to perish, even if they were as deserving as they should have been—but I am well that has little sorrow—our suffering and our services have been of an ancient date."

"They are never to be forgotten by me, let me assure your helpship," said Churchhouse. "Nothing but what seemed my sacred duty could make me hesitate to grant a favour requested by you and the Major. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me, and, as I return to-night, I will bring a dozen of two hundred whips with me, and pardon fifty heads of them for your sake."

"I shall be happy to hear of your success, Colonel," said Major Delfenden; "but take an old soldier's advice, and spare blood when battle's over—and once more let me request to enter hall for young Morton."

"We will settle that when I return," said Churchhouse. "Meanwhile, he assured his life shall be safe."

During this conversation Evendale looked anxiously around for Edith; but the presentation of Jenny Dandeson had occasioned her mistress being transported to her own apartment.

Slowly and heavily he obeyed the impatient summons of Churchhouse, who, after taking a courteous leave of Lady Margaret and the Major, had hastened to the courtyard. The prisoners with their guard were already on their march, and the officers with their escort mounted and followed. All pressed forward to overtake the main body, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in little more than two hours.



## CHAPTER THIRTEENTH

My hands may a' the world be,  
My hands may fly from tree to tree,  
My feet may grow my road to make,  
For there again none I never be.

OLD BALLAD.

We left Morton, along with three companions in captivity, travelling in the custody of a small body of soldiers, who formed the rear-guard of the column under the command of Chatterhouse, and were immediately under the charge of Sergeant Bethwell. Their route lay towards the hills in which the insurgent Protestants were reported to be in arms. They had not proceeded their march a quarter of a mile on Chatterhouse and Everdale galloped past them, followed by their orderly-men, in order to take their proper places in the column which preceded them. No sooner were they past, than Bethwell halted the body which he commanded, and dismounted Morton of his troop.

"King's blood must keep word," said the dragon. "I promised you should be duly treated as far as rested with me.—Here, Corporal Ingles, let this gentleman ride alongside of the other young fellow who is prisoner, and you may permit them to converse together at their pleasure, under their breath, but take care they are guarded by two files with loaded carbines. If they attempt to escape, blow their brains out.—You cannot call that using you civilly," he continued, addressing himself to Morton; "it's the rules of war, you know.—And, Ingles, couple up the parson and the old woman—they are fitest company for each other, I—o me; a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of rant or financial nonsense let them have a stripping with a shoulder-belt. There's some hope of shaking a stilted parson; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his own tongue will hurt him."

Having made this arrangement, Bethwell placed himself at the head of the party, and Ingles, with six dragons, brought up the rear. The whole then set forward at a trot, with the purpose of overtaking the main body of the regiment.

Morton, overwhelmed with a complication of feelings, was totally indifferent to the various arrangements made for his

secure custody, and even to the relief afforded him by his release from the fetters. He experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the burnings of passion, and, no longer supported by the pride and conscious rectitude which dictated his answers to Clarionda, he surveyed with deep dejection the glades through which he travelled, each turning of which had something to remind him of past happiness and disappointed love. The entrance which they now ascended was that from which he used first and last to behold the ancient tower when approaching or retiring from it;—and it is needless to add, that there he was wont to pause, and gaze with a lover's delight on the battlements which, rising at a distance out of the leafy wood, indicated the dwelling of her whom he either hoped soon to meet, or had recently parted from. Instinctively he turned his head back to take a last look of a scene formerly so dear to him, and no less instinctively he heaved a deep sigh. It was echoed by a loud groan from his companion in misfortune, whose eyes, moved, perhaps, by similar reflections, had taken the same direction. This indication of sympathy on the part of the captive was uttered in a tone more coarse than sentimental; it was, however, the expression of a graven sigh, and so he corresponded with the sigh of Morton. In turning their heads their eyes met, and Morton regained the stolid countenance of Cuddie Henshott, bearing a rueful expression, in which sorrow for his own lot was mixed with sympathy for the situation of his companion. "Eugh, aye!" was the expression of the silent plangency of the name of Tillastoulen—"It's an ousie thing that dootit telt should be hurled through the country the gate, as if they were a wark's wonder."

"I am sorry to see you here, Cuddie," said Morton, who, even in his own distress, did not lose feeling for that of others.

"And we are I, Mr Henry," answered Cuddie, "bath for myself and you; but neither of our sorrows will do much gude, that I can see. To be sure, for me, confined the captive agricultural, relieving his heart by talking, though he will know it was to little purpose—" to be sure, for my part, I hae nae right to be here aye, for I never did say a word against either king or curate; but my mither, poor body, couldna head the wild tongue o' her, and we muen bath pay for't, it's the."

"Your mither is their prisoner, likewise!" said Morton, hardly knowing what he said.

"In truth is she, telling abint ye there like a brail, wif that widd wife o' a minister that they o' Gabriel Kettle-drummle—Deil that he had been in the hands o' a drum or a kettle either, for my share o' him! Ye see, we were nan sooner chased out o' the doors o' Milnwood, and your uncle and the housekeeper banging them in and hawing them abint us, as if we had had the plague on our bodies, than I says to my mother, What aw we to do now? for every hole and hole in the country will be steech against us, now that ye has affronted my auld body, and gar't the troops tak up young Milnwood. See she says to me, Binsie run down, but gar'd pouerl up to the great tank o' the dog, and gie your testimony like a man upon the mount o' the Gormont."

"And so I suppose you went to a conventicle?" said Norton.

"Ye will hear," continued Cuddie.—"Aweel, I ken'st naible better what to do, as I o'm guid wif her to an auld daft millie like herrell, and we got some water-lace and bannocks; and maw a wawy grace they said, and maw a psalm they sang, or they wad let me win to, for I was awaist furnished wif' vacation. Aweel, they had me up to the grey o' the morning, and I behaved to whig awa wif' them, reason or none, to a great gathering o' their folk at the Mary-sides, and there this dirlid Gabriel Kettle-drummle was blawing awa to them on the hill-side, about lifting up their testimony, nan-doubt, and gangin' down to the battle o' Roman Glend or some sic place. Eh, Mr. Henry! but the wids ga thum a screed o' doctrine! Ye might hae heard him a mile down the wind—he roared like a cow in a brand heaving. Weel, think I, there's nae place in this country they o' Roman Glend—it will be some gate in the west mairlands; and as we win there I'll see to slip awa wif' this either o' mine, for I winna rin my neck into a tether for my Kettle-drummle in the country side.—Aweel," continued Cuddie, relieving himself by detailing his misfortunes, without being scrupulous concerning the degree of attention which his companion bestowed on his narrative, "just as I was wearying for the tail of the preaching, cum wad that the dragons were upon us. Some ran, and some cried, Stated! and some cried, Down wif' the Philistines! I was at my mother to get her awa sing and hag or the red coats cum up, but I might as weel hae tried to drive our auld fore-a-hand us without the guid—deil a step wad she budge.—Weel, after o', the clough we were in was steech, and the mist cum thick, and

there was good hope the dragons wad hae riden us if we could hae held our tongues; but, as if auld Kothedrammle himself hadna made dis enough to waken the very dead, they believed a' to stir up a passion that ye wad hae based as far as Laurick! Aweel, to mak a lang tale short, up cam my young Lord Eversdale, striding as fast as his horse could trot, and twenty red-coats at his back. Two or three shields wad needs light, w' the pistol and the whinger in the lee hand, and the Bible in the leeber, and they got their arrows wad doored; but there werna muckle death done, for Eversdale aye cam to scather us, but to spare life."

"And did you not resist?" said Morton, who probably felt, that at that moment he himself would hae encountered Lord Eversdale on much lighter ground.

"Na, truly," answered Collier,—"I kept aye before the auld women, and cried for mercy to life and limb; but two o' the red-coats cam up, and one o' them was gane to strike my mother w' the side o' his broadsword—So I got up my halberd at them, and said I wad gie them as gale. Woe, they tamed on me, and dashed at me w' their swords, and I gae'd my head keep my head as well as I could till Lord Eversdale cam up, and then I mind out I was a servant at Tillinstoun—ye ken yoursel, he was aye joiced to hae a bait after the young laddie—and he bade me fling down my bent, and use me and my mother yielded ourselves prisoners. I'm thinking we wad hae been better off awa, but Kothedrammle was tane near us—for Andrew Wilson's naig that he was riding on had been a dragoner lang syne, and the auld Kothedrammle sperned to win awa, the reider the deer bent ran to the dragons when he saw them draw up.—Aweel, when my mother and him forgathered, they set off the soldiers, and I think they gas them their hole through the neck! Bastards o' the hame o' Babelyon was the best words in their vane. Gas them the life was in a blast again, and they brought us a' those on w' them to mak us an example, as they w'd."

"It is most infamous and intolerable oppression!" said Morton, half speaking to himself. "Here's a poor peaceable fellow, whose only motive for joining the covenanters was a sense of that plat, and he is chained up like a thief or murderer, and liable to die the death of one, but without the privilege of a formal trial which our laws bind us to the worst malefactor!"

Even to witness such tyranny, and still more to suffer under it, is enough to make the blood of the truest slave boil within him."

"To be sure," said Cudde, hearing and partly understanding what had broken from Morton in excitement at his injuries, "it's no right to speak eil o' dignities—my auld lady's eye said that, an' she doubts she had a gude right to do, being in a place o' dignity herself; and troth I listened to her very patiently, for she eye ordered a drink, or a scowp hole, or something to us, after she had gane us a beating on our backs. But did a drink, or hole, or anything else—as we muckle as a cup o' mull water—do these lords at Edinburgh gie us; and yet they are beating and hanging among us, and treating us after these blackguard troopers, and taking our goods and gear as if we were culprits. I canna say I tak it kind at their hands."

"It would be very strange if you did," answered Morton, with suppressed emotion.

"And what I like want o' a'," continued poor Cudde, "is these roaring red-coats coming among the houses, and taking awa our gear. I had a aile heart o' my aile when I passed the Maane down at Thistlestoun this morning about parritch time, and saw the wark comin' out at my aile lean-head, and how'd there was someither body than my auld mither sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was e'en wiser, when I saw that halloot trooper, Tam Haliday, kissing Jenny Deansson afore my face. I wonder wheet can ha the impudence to do us things; but they are a' for the red-coats. Wheet I ha thought o' being a trooper myself, when I thought something else wad gae down wi' Jenny—and yet I'll no blame her over muckle neither, for maybe it was o' for my aile that she lost Tam toon her top-knots that gae."

"For your aile?" said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to bear a singular coincidence with his own.

"E'en me, Mitherred," replied Cudde; "for the pair oons get leave to come near me w' spending the hoon fair (d—a hoo, that I auld say me!), and me she bids me God speed, and she wanted to stop mither into my hand;—I'm wairant it was the twa half o' her face and bonnyth, for she waded the ither half on pines and pearings to gang to see us shoot you day at the poplins."

"And did you take it, Cuddie?" said Morton.

"Truth did I no, Milnwood; I was wae a fule as to fling it back to her—my heart was ever gyt to be behaldin to her when I had seen that look slaving and blinding at her. But I was a great fule for my pains; it wad hae done my sister and me some gude, and she'll warr't o' an dale and aneemas."

There was a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's beauty, and Henry Morton, in considering from what motives, or upon what conditions, Miss Bellenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Bransdale in his favour.

Was it not possible, suggested his awakening hopes, that he had mistrusted her influence over Lord Bransdale hastily and unjustly? Ought he to censure her severely, if, subsisting to disimulation for his sake, she had permitted the young nobleman to entertain hopes which she had no intention to realize? Or what if she had appealed to the generosity which Lord Bransdale was supposed to possess, and had engaged his honour to protect the person of a favoured rival?

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurred over and over to his remembrance, with a pang which resembled the sting of an adder.

"Nothing that she could refuse him to—was it possible to make a more unlimited dedication of prostitution? The language of affection has not, within the limits of modesty and decency, a stronger expression. She is lost to me wholly, and for ever; and nothing remains for me now, but vengeance for my own wrongs, and for those which are hourly inflicted on my country."

Apparently, Cuddie, though with less reflections, was following out a similar train of ideas; for he suddenly asked Morton in a low whisper—"Wad there be any ill in giving out o' these dildie's hands as we wuld compass it?"

"None in the world," said Morton; "and if an opportunity occurs of doing so, depend on it I for one will not let it slip."

"I'm Myrie to hear ye say so," answered Cuddie. "I'm hae a pair silly believe, but I canna think there wad be nauckle ill in breaking out by strength o' hand, if ye could make it anything feasible. I am the lad that will ne'er fear to lay on, if it were come to that; but our add body wad hae co't that a resisting o' the king's authority."

"I will resist my authority on earth," said Morton, "that

invades tyrannically my chartered rights as a freeman; and I am determined I will not be unjustly dragged to a jail, or perhaps a gibbet, if I can possibly make my escape from these men either by address or force."

"Well, that's just my mind too, and supposing we has a feasible opportunity o' breaking loose. But then ye speak o' a charter; now there are things that only belong to the like o' you that are a gentleman, and it mightna bear us through that one but a husbandman."

"The charter that I speak o'," said Morton, "is common to the wisest Scotchman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself, and which every man who is free-born is called upon to defend, for his own sake and that of his countrymen."

"Hush, sir!" replied Oudle, "it wad hae been lang o' my Laddy Marjorie, or my mother either, wad hae find out a' a wastlike doctrine in the Bible! The wae was aye granting about giving tribute to Cosses, and the wiler is as daft w' her whiggery. I hae been close a'pelt, just w' listening to twa blathering wad wivens; but if I could get a gentleman that wad let me tak on to be his servant, I am confident I wad be a damn contrary creature; and I hope your honour w'll think on what I am saying, if ye were once fairly delivered out o' this house of bondage, and just take me to be your aye wally-de-shawle!"

"My wale, Oudle!" answered Morton—"this! that would be very preferable, even if we were at liberty."

"I hae what ye're thinking—that because I am husband bred, I wad be bringing ye to diagra'm afore this. But ye mean less I'm gay play at the upstak, there was never anything done w' hand but I learned gay really, 'singing cooing, wailing, and dighoring; but there's no the like o' me at the distal, and I can play w' the broadsword as wad as Corporal Eagle there. I hae broken his head or nore, for as many as he's riding about us.—And then ye'll no be gae to stay in this country?"—said he, stopping and interpreting himself.

"Probably not," replied Morton.

"Well, I cuss a bodle. Ye see I wad get my mother bedewed w' her wad granting distle, wadde Hog in the Gallowgate o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad neither burn her for a witch, or let her fall for fast o' fide, or hang her up for an

said whig wife; for the provost, they say, is very regardit' o' sic poor bodies. And then you and me wad gang and pester our fortunes, like the folk o' the doft said tales about Jack the Giant-killer and Valentine and Orson; and we wad come back to merry Scotland, as the sang says, and I wad tak to the stitls again, and turn sic fies as the honey rigs o' Mitherwood hales, that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them."

"I fear," said Morton, "there is very little chance, my good friend Cuddie, of our getting back to our old occupation."

"Hark, sir,—hark, sir," replied Cuddie, "it's aye gude to keep up a handy heart—as broken a ship's come to land. But what's that I hear! never stir, if my wife either sees or the groaning again! I hear theough o' her tears, that sound just like the wind blowing through the spence; and there's Kettle-drummie waiting to work, too—Lookin', if the soldiers wad get angry, they'll murder them bairns, and us for company!"

Their further conversation was in fact interrupted by a distant noise which rose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher uttered, in unison with that of the old woman, some like the groanings of a huskies combined with the screaming of a cracked fiddle. At first the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to console with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

"Woe! woe! and a thousand woes unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!" exclaimed the Reverend Gideon Kettle-drummie—"Woe! and thousand woes unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of rain."

"Ay—ay—a black cat to a' their ill-do'd fies, and the outside o' the leaf to them at the last day!" echoed the devil counter-tenor of Mause, filling in like the second part of a catch.

"I tell you," continued the divine, "that your rankings and your rankings—your rankings and your parings—your bloody, barbarous, and infamous cruelties—your blaspheming, denouncing, and debauching the consciences of poor creatures by oaths, soul-damning and self-contradictory, have risen from earth to Heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come—hugh! hugh! hugh!"



"And I say," cried Mance, in the same tone, and nearly at the same time, "that w'f this cold breath o' mine, and it's not torn down w'f the authentication and the rough text!"

"Dell gin they would gallop," said Oudle, "wad it bet gar her head her tongue!"

"—W'f this cold and brief breath," continued Mance, "will I testify against the backslidings, defections, delinquencies, and declinings of the land—against the gravities and the crimes of woad!"

"Peace, I prythee—Peace, good women," said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathemas borne down by Mance's better wind; "peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar—I say, I uplift my voice and tell you, that before the play is played out—ay, before this very sun goes down, ye will learn that wether a desperate Duke, like your private Shag that's gone to his place; nor a machinery-breaking Holofernes, the bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Dystrophes, like the lad Bruchale, nor a conscious and world-filering Deane, like him they call Sargent Bothwell, that makes every wif's pluck and her meat-out his sin; neither your covetness, nor your plots, nor your headwork, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, stirrups, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall ruin the groves that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you!"

"That shall they never, I trow," echoed Mance. "Catacombs are they the use o' them—beacons of destruction, fit only to be ding into the fire when they have swept the kith out o' the Temple—whips o' small cords, knotted for the chastisement of those who like their worldly gains and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but wad that work's done, only meet to make ladders to the dell's tongue."

"Fixed has me," said Oudle, addressing himself to Morton, "if I dene thank our rather preacher as wad as the minister! But it's a sair pity o' his house, for it aye comes on just when he's at the best o', and that long resting he made air this morning, is air again him too—Dell an I care if he wad rear her dungh, and then he wad ha'e o' to serve for himself! It's lucky the roof's rough, and the trowsers are no taking scuffle tent to what they say, w'f the sailing o' the house's feet; but as we were none on soft ground, we'll hear none o' o' that."

Oudle's conjectures were but too true. The words of the

prisoners had not been much attended to, while discerned by the clang of horses' hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the marchade, where the testimony of the two anxious captives lacked this evening accompaniment. And accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and greenward, and Gabriel Estilobrenensis had again raised his voice with, "Also I uplift my voice like that of a plover in the wilderness"——

"And I mine," had issued from Mause, "like a sparrow on the house-top"——

When "Holla, ho!" cried the corporal from the rear; "raise up your tongues, the devil Master them, as I'll slap a scurfigale on them."

"I will not pause at commands of the pretence," said Gabriel, "Nor I neither," said Mause, "for the bidding of no earthly postchard, though it be painted as red as a hack from the Tower of Babel, and as stout a corporal."

"Hallday," cried the corporal, "hast got never a pig about thee, man?—We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead."

No answer could be made, or any measure taken in consequence of the corporal's notice, a dragon galloped towards Sergeant Beltrivell, who was considerably ahead of the party he commanded. On hearing the noise which he brought, Beltrivell instantly rode back to the head of his party, ordered them to close their files, to maul their pace, and to move with silence and precision, as they would soon be in presence of the enemy.

## CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

*Question is made, we've thought good,  
On now the cryans of Christian blood,  
And try if we by meditation  
Of treaty, and accommodation,  
One end the sword, and compass  
This bloody deal without blow.*

SEVEN.

THE increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their anxious captives the breath, if not the inclination,

necessary for holding forth. They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had, for some time, accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tiltedale. A few birches and oaks still feathered the narrow ravines, or occupied in dwarf-clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were gradually disappearing; and a wide and waste country lay before them, swelling into bare hills of dark heath, intersected by deep gullies; being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and during summer the disproportioned channels for denudative currents that winded their pany way among heaps of stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury—like so many squabbles dwindled down by the consequences of former excesses and extravagance. This desolate region seemed to extend further than the eye could reach, without gradient, without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to each more favoured spot of the country as well adapted to cultivation, and fitted for the support of man; and thereby impressing irradicably the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of Nature, and the comparative inefficiency of the boasted means of amelioration which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes, that they impose on ideas of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers; so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. Thus the members of a caravan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Asia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion, that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half-a-mile, the body of the country to which his coast belonged, creeping up a steep and winding path which woundled from the more level moor into the hills. These numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially, and at different points, among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the columns of horses and men, which,

showing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, crested slowly along the face of the hill, their faces and their numbers seeming toiling and insupportable.

"Surely," said Morton to himself, "a handful of resolute men may defend any defile in these mountains against such a small force as this is, provided that their bravery is equal to their enthusiasm."

While he made these reflections, the rapid movement of the horsemen who guarded him, soon traversed the space which divided them from their companions; and ere the front of Claverton's column had gained the brow of the hill which they had been seen ascending, Bothwell, with his vanguard and pioneers, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in some places steep and in others boggy, retarded the progress of the column, especially in the rear; for the passage of the main body, in many instances, pitched up the average through which they passed, and rendered them so deep, that the last of their followers were forced to leave the beaten path, and find safer passages where they could.

On these occasions, the distresses of the Reverend Gabriel Kestelbrumle and of Mamee Hadding were considerably augmented, as the brutal troopers, by whom they were guarded, compelled them, at all risks which such intemperate riders were likely to incur, to keep their horses over drains and gullies, or to push them through mudmen and swamps.

"Through the help of the Lord I have happen over a wall," cried poor Mamee, as her horse was, by her rude attendants, brought up to leap the turf enclosure of a deserted field, in which fast her mare flew off, leaving her gray hairs unmoved.

"I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing—I am come into deep water where the floods overflow me," exclaimed Kestelbrumle, as the charger on which he was mounted plunged up to the middle-girths in a soft-bed, as the springs are called which supply the marshes, the noble creature beneath splashing over the face and person of the captive preacher.

These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among their military attendants, but events soon occurred which rendered them all sufficiently serious.

The leading file of the regiment had nearly attained the brow of the steep hill we have mentioned, when two or three

horsesmen, speedily discovered to be a part of their own advanced guard who had acted as a patrol, appeared returning at full gallop, their horses much driven, and the men apparently in a disordered flight. They were followed upon the spur by five or six riders, well armed with sword and pistol, who halted upon the top of the hill on observing the approach of the Life-Guards. One or two who had carbines dismounted, and, taking a leisurely and deliberate aim at the foremost rank of the regiment, discharged their pieces, by which two Troopers were wounded, one severely. They then mounted their horses, and disappeared over the ridge of the hill, returning with as much coolness as originally showed, that, on the one hand, they were unharrassed by the approach of so considerable a force as was moving against them, and conscious, on the other, that they were supported by numbers sufficient for their protection. This incident constituted a hole through the whole body of cavalry, and while Clarendon himself secured the report of his advanced guard, which had been thus driven back upon the main body, Lord Erskine advanced to the top of the ridge over which the enemy's horsesmen had retired, and Major Allen, Colonel Grylls, and the other officers, employed themselves in extricating the regiment from the broken ground, and drawing them up on the side of the hill in two lines, the one to support the other.

The word was then given to advance; and in a few minutes the first line stood on the brow, and commanded the prospect on the other side. The second line closed upon them, and also the rear-guard with the prisoners; so that Morton and his companions in captivity could in like manner see the form of opposition which was now offered to the further progress of their capture.

The brow of the hill on which the Royal Life-Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground, which, though uneven in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manoeuvres of cavalry, until near the bottom, when the slope terminated in a nearly level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully, or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and here and

them by some straggling thickets of alders, which loved the moistness as well, that they continued to live as bushes, although too much drained by the sour soil and the stagnant bog water to second into trees. Beyond this ditch or gully, the ground rose into a second heavily swoll, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and, as if with the object of defending the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of slaking battle.

Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with firearms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal array as they descended the opposite hill (the whole front of which was exposed), and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragons should form the passage of the march. In their rear was their third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes cut straight on poles, hay-forks, spits, staves, pitch-forks, and such other rustic implements as hasty recruitment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and solid ground whereto to ret in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were, in general, but indifferently armed and worse mounted, but full of ardor for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property, or farmers of the better class, whose names enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the advanced guard of the royalists might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and motionless, as the grey stones that lay scattered on the beach around them.

The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however—the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers—but, above all, the ardor of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill that rose above the army of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women, and even the children, whom and, opposed to persecution, had driven into the wilderness.—They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement, by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the cheer cries which they raised, when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the enemy, intimated the resolution of the warriors to fight to the uttermost.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the slope of the hill, their trumpets and kettle-drums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that ran along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The warriors, in answer, raised their voices, and sent forth, in solemn modulation, the two first verses of the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk :—

"In Jacob's land God is well known,  
His name is Israel great.  
In Salem is his tabernacle,  
In Zion is his seat.

"There ascends of the law he speaks,  
The shield, the sword, the war.  
More glorious than the hills of prey,  
More excellent yet he."

A shout, or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza; and after a dead pause, the second verse was resumed by the insurgents, who applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetic of the fate of their own impending contest :—

"Those that were stout of heart are spoiled,  
They sleep their sleep outright;  
And none of them their hands did fold,  
That were the men of might.

"When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,  
Had look against them past,  
Their horses and their chariots both  
Were in a sleep sleep cast."

There was another acclamation, which was followed by the most profound silence.

While these solemn sounds, occasioned by a thousand voices, were prolonged amongst the waste fields, Claverhouse looked with great attention on the ground, and on the order of battle which the volunteers had adopted, and in which they determined to await the attack.

"The church," he said, "must have some old soldiers with them;—it was no rustic that made choice of that ground."

"Burley is said to be with them for certain," answered Lord Eversdale, "and also Harkston of Balliniet, Patron of Blackhead, Glaised, and some other men of military skill."

"I judged as much," said Claverhouse, "from the style in which these detached businesses kept their houses over the ditch, as they returned to their position. It was easy to see that there were a few roundheaded troopers amongst them, the true sons of the old Covenant. We must manage this matter wisely as well as boldly. Eversdale, let the officers come to this knoll."

He moved to a small moss-grown cairn, probably the resting-place of some Celtic chief of other times, and the roll of "Officers to the front," soon brought them around their commander.

"I do not call you around me, gentlemen," said Claverhouse, "in the formal capacity of a council of war, for I will never turn over on others the responsibility which my rank imposes on myself. I only want the benefit of your opinions, reserving to myself, as most men do when they ask advice, the liberty of following my own.—What say you, Cornet Graham? Shall we attack these fellows who are following yonder? You are youngest and hottest, and therefore will speak first whether I will or no."

"Then," said Cornet Graham, "while I have the honour to carry the standard of the Life-Guards, it shall never, with my will, retreat before rebels. I say, charge, in God's name and the King's!"

"And what say you, Allan?" continued Claverhouse, "for Eversdale is so modest, we shall never get him to speak till you have said what you have to say."

"These fellows," said Major Allan, an old cavalier officer of experience, "are three or four to one—I should not mind that



much upon a fair field, but they are posted in a very formidable strength, and show no inclination to quit it. I therefore think, with deference to General Graham's opinion, that we should draw back to Tillemont, occupy the pass between the hills and the open country, and send for reinforcements to my Lord Ross, who is lying at Glasgow with a regiment of infantry. In this way we should cut them off from the Strath of Clyde, and either compel them to come out of their stronghold, and give us battle on fair terms, or, if they remain here, we will attack them as soon as our infantry has joined us, and enabled us to act with effect among those ditches, bogs, and quagmires."

"Pshaw!" said the young Cornet, "what signifies strong ground, when it is only held by a covey of cackling, pain-screaming old women?"

"A man may fight never the worse," retorted Major Alan, "for harassing both his horse and his foot. There follows a d[ist]ance as solid as steel, I know them of old."

"Their moral probably," said the Cornet, "confirms our Major of the uses of Dragoon."

"Had you been at that man, young man," retorted Alan, "you would have wasted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you have to live."

"Hush! hush! gentlemen!" said Christopher—"these are matters repulsive—I should like your silence well, Major Alan, but our cavalry patrols (whose I will see duly punished) brought us timely notice of the enemy's numbers and position. But having once presented ourselves before them in line, the retreat of the Life-Guards would argue gross timidity, and be the general signal for insurrection throughout the west. In which case, so far from obtaining any advantage from my Lord Ross, I promise you I should have great apprehensions of his being cut off before we can join him, or be us. A retreat would have quite the same fatal effect upon the King's cause as the loss of a battle—and as to the difference of risk as of safety it might make with respect to ourselves, that, I am sure, no gentleman thinks a moment about. There must be some gaps or passes in the masses through which we can force our way; and, were we once on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the Life-Guards who supposes our squadrons, though so weak in numbers, are unable to grapple into dust twice the number of those repulsed down.—What say you, my Lord Brunsdon?"

"I heartily think," said Lord Erskine, "that, go the day how it will, it must be a bloody one; and that we shall lose many brave fellows, and probably be obliged to slaughter a great number of these misguided men, who, after all, are Scotchmen and subjects of King Charles as well as we are."

"Rahels! rahels! and underswearing the name either of Scotchmen or of subjects!" said Claverhouse. "But come, my Lord, what does your opinion point at?"

"To enter into a treaty with these ignorant and misled men," said the young gentleman.

"A treaty! and with rahels having arms in their hands! Never while I live!" answered his commander.

"At least send a trumpet and flag of truce summoning them to lay down their weapons and disarms," said Lord Erskine, "upon promise of a free pardon—I have always heard that had that been done before the battle of Pinkie, much blood might have been saved."

"Well," said Claverhouse, "and who the devil do you think would carry a summons to these headstrong and desperate fanatics! They acknowledge no laws of war. Their leaders, who have been all most active in the murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, fight with a rope round their necks, and are likely to kill the messengers, were it but to dip their followers in loyal blood, and to make them as desperate of pardon as themselves."

"I will go myself," said Erskine, "if you will permit me. I have often raised my blood to spill that of others—let me do so now in order to save human lives."

"You shall not go on such an errand, my lord," said Claverhouse; "your rank and situation render your safety of too much consequence to the country in an age when good principles are so rare—Here's my brother's son, Dick Graham, who fears death or risk as little as if the devil had given him amount of proof against it, as the scripture say he has given to his sons." He shall take a flag of truce and a trumpet, and ride down to the edge of the morass to summon them to lay down their arms and disarms."

"With all my soul, Colonel," answered the General; "and I'll tie my sword on a pike to serve for a white flag—the march never saw such a parcel of Flanders lads in their lives before."

"Colonel Graham," said Erskine, with the young officer

\* Note B. General Graham.

prepared for his expedition, "this young gentleman is your nephew and your apparent heir; for God's sake, permit me to go. It was my counsel, and I ought to stand the risk."

"Were he my only son," said Claverhouse, "there is no cause and time to spare him. I hope my private affections will never interfere with my public duty. If Duke Graham fails, the loss is chiefly mine; were your lordship to die, the King and country would be the sufferers.—Come, gentlemen, each to his post. If our annals are unfavourably recorded we will instantly attack; and, as the old Scottish maxim has it, God share the right!"

## CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

With many a stiff Greek, many a bang,  
Hard and true and old iron rang.

ROBERTSON.

CORNET RICHARD GRAHAM descended the hill, bearing in his hand the extempore flag of truce, and making his menaced horse keep time by bounds and curvets to the tune which he whistled. The trumpeter followed. Five or six horsemen, having something the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the Presbyterian army, and, meeting in the centre, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the horses would permit. Towards this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Graham directed his horse, his motions being now the conspicuous object of attention to both armies; and without disparagement to the courage of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the state and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

When he had arrived right opposite to those who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Graham commanded his trumpeter to sound a paucy. The trumpeters having no instrument of martial music wherewith to make the appropriate reply, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leader.

"To summon you in the King's name, and in that of Colonel

John Graham of Claverhouse, specially commissioned by the right honourable Privy Council of Scotland," answered the Council, "to lay down your arms, and challenge the following whom ye have led into rebellion, contrary to the laws of God, of the King, and of the country."

"Return to them that sent thee," said the insurgent leader, "and tell them that we are this day in arms for a broken Covenant and a persecuted King; tell them that we renounce the licentious and perjured Charles Stuart, whom you call king, even as he renounced the Covenant, after having once and again sworn to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, really, constantly, and sincerely, all the days of his life, having no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant, and no friends but the friends. Whence, far from keeping the oath he had called God and angels to witness, his first step, after his ascending into these kingdoms, was the fearful grasping at the prerogative of the Almighty, by that heinous Act of Supremacy, together with his expelling, without sentence, trial, or process of law, hundreds of famous faithful preachers, thereby wringing the blood of life out of the mouths of hungry, poor creatures, and finally cramping their throats with the lifeless, useless, poisonous, infernal draught of the fourteen false prophets, and their apocalyptic, formal, carnal, senseless creature-creations."

"I did not come to hear you preach," answered the officer, "but to know, in one word, if you will dispose yourselves on condition of a free pardon to all but the members of the late Archbishop of St. Andrews; or whether you will abide the attack of his Majesty's forces, which will certainly advance upon you."

"In one word, then," answered the spokesman, "we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together, as brethren in righteousness. Whosoever sends us to our good sense, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!"

"Is not your name," said the Council, who began to collect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, "John Dalrymple of Dalrymple?"

"And if it be," said the spokesman, "have thou ought to say against it?"

"Only," said the Council, "that as you are excluded from

pardon in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, it is to these country people, and not to you, that I offer it, and it is not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat."

"Then art a young soldier, friend," said Burley, "and must well learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know that the house of a flag of truce cannot treat with the army but through their officers; and that if he pretends to do otherwise he forfeits his safe-conduct."

While speaking these words, Burley unsling his carbine, and held it in readiness.

"I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer," said Cornet Graham.—"Hear me, good people!—I proclaim in the name of the King, and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting—"

"I give them fair warning," said Burley, presenting his piece.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents—"to all but!"—

"Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul—amen!" said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Graham dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The unfortunate young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, "My poor mother!" when life forsook him in the effort. He started, however, back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less affrighted attendant.

"What have you done?" said one of Balfour's brother officers.

"My duty," said Balfour firmly. "Is it not written, 'Thou shalt be anxious even to slaying?' Let those who dare now venture to speak of truce or pardon!"

Chamberlaine saw his nephew fall. He turned his eyes on Broadbale, with a transitory glance of indescribable emotion distorted, for a moment's space, the serenity of his features, and briefly said, "You are the worst."

"I will avenge him or die!" exclaimed Broadbale; and putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop and that of the deceased Cornet, which broke down without order; and, each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These forces formed the first line of the rebellion. It was in

\* See Note H. Cornet Graham.

with that Claverhouse exclaimed, "Halt! halt! this business will undo us." It was all that he could accomplish, by galloping along the second line, entreating, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

"Alas," he said, as soon as he had rendered the men in some degree more steady, "lead them down the hill to support Lord Roandaile, who is about to need it very much.—Bothwell, thou art a cool and a daring fellow!"—

"Ay," muttered Bothwell, "you can remember that in a moment like this."

"Lead ten file up the hollow to the right," continued his commanding officer, "and try every means to get through the bog; then turn and charge the rebels in flank and rear, while they are engaged with us in front."

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and obedience, and moved off with his party at a rapid pace.

Meantime, the disaster which Claverhouse had apprehended did not fail to take place. The troopers who, with Lord Roandaile, had rushed down upon the enemy, soon found their dash suddenly counteracted by the impenetrable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the morass as they attempted to struggle through, some recoiled from the attempt and remained on the brink, others dispersed to seek a more favourable place to pass the swamp. In the midst of this confusion, the first line of the enemy, of which the foremost rank knelt, the second stooped, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive fire that emptied at least a score of saddles, and increased tenfold the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord Roandaile, in the meantime, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, had been able to clear the ditch, but was no sooner across than he was charged by the left body of the enemy's cavalry, who, encouraged by the small number of opponents that had made their way through the broken ground, set upon them with the utmost fury, crying, "Woe, woe to the unwarlike Philistines! down with Dagon and all his adherents!"

The young noblemen fought like a lion; but most of his followers were killed, and he himself could not have escaped the same fate but for a heavy fire of muskets, which Claverhouse, who had now advanced with the second line near to the ditch, poured so effectually upon the enemy, that both horse and foot

for a moment began to shrink, and Lord Eversdale, disengaged from his unequal combat, and finding himself nearly alone, took the opportunity to effect his retreat through the woods. But notwithstanding the loss they had sustained by Clarendon's first fire, the insurgents became soon aware that the advantage of numbers and of position were so decidedly theirs, that, if they could but persist in making a broad but resolute defence, the Life-Guards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks exhorting them to stand firm, and pointing out how efficacious their fire must be where both men and horses were exposed to it; for the troops, according to custom, fired without having dismounted. Clarendon more than once, when he perceived his best men dropping by a fire which they could not effectually return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points, and renew the battle on firm ground and flatter ground. But the close fire of the insurgents, joined to the natural difficulties of the pass, failed his attempts in every point.

"We must retreat," he said to Eversdale, "unless Redwell can effect a diversion in our favour. In the meantime, draw the men out of fire, and leave skirmishers behind these patches of alderbushes to keep the enemy in check."

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Redwell with his party was earnestly expected. But Redwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with. His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Redwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in front of a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

"Follow me, my lads!" he called to his men; "never let it be said that we turned our backs before these curling round-heads!"

With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his exhortation, he shouted, "Redwell! Redwell!" and throwing himself into the woods, he struggled through it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury that he drove them back above a pistol shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this point, and that his men, though more numerous, were unequal to the

regular in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way, and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result seemed more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers, on either side, instantly passed, and looked on as if the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two celebrated overmen. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they passed, as if by joint consent, to renew the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

"You are the murdering villain, Dorley," said Bothwell, gripping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—"you scaped me once, but" (he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down)—"thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me."

"Yes," replied Dorley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, "I see that John Ballfour who promised to lay thy head where thou shouldst never lift it again; and God do so unto me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word!"

"Thou a bed of hawthorn, or a thousand marks!" said Bothwell, striking at Dorley with his full force.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered Ballfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

Then here again met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impetuosity of mortal hate, and Bothwell, among his many by the disorderly belt, while the grasp of Ballfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Dorley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to undress the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and banding, with the savagery of thorough-bred bull-dogs.



Several horses passed over them in the mêlée without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Redwell was broken by the lock of a dagger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Redwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left groped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle,—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Fallow, with a laugh of savage joy, thrust his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Redwell reared the throat without falling—he had only gazed on his rise. He attempted no further defence, but looking at Barley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed—“Base peasant devil, thou hast split the blood of a line of kings!”

“Die, wretch!—die!” said Fallow, recoiling the thrust with better aim, and, setting his foot on Redwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword.—“Die, bloodthirsty dog! die as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—begging nothing—believing nothing!”

“*And prayers nothing!*” and Redwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.

To catch a stray horse by the bridle, threw himself upon it, and rush to the assistance of his followers, was, with Barley, the office of a moment. And as the fall of Redwell had given to the insurgents all the courage of which it had deprived his enemies, the issue of this partial contest did not remain long undebated. Several soldiers were slain, the rest driven back over the masses, and dispersed, and the victorious Barley, with his party, crossed it in their turn, to direct against Clenchman the very manoeuvre which he had instructed Redwell to execute. He now put his troop in order, with the view of attacking the right wing of the republicans; and, sending some of his men to the main body, collected them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh, and wait out the glorious work of the Lord by a general attack upon the enemy.

Meanwhile, Clenchman, who had in some degree reached the confusion occasioned by the first irregular and unsuccessful attack, and reduced the combat in front to a distant skirmish with freemen, chiefly maintained by some dismounted troops

when he had posted behind the cover of the shrubby copse of alders which in some places covered the edge of the morass, and whose dense, cool, and well-wooded fire greatly annoyed the enemy, and concealed their own deficiency of numbers,—Charrhouse, while he maintained the contest in this manner, still expecting that a diversion by Redwall and his party might facilitate a general attack, was surprised by one of the dragoons, whose bloody face and faded haire bore witness he was come from hard service.

"What is the matter, Hallday?" said Charrhouse, for he knew every man in his regiment by name—"Where is Redwall?"

"Redwall is down," replied Hallday, "and many a pretty fellow with him."

"Then the king," said Charrhouse, with his usual composure, "has lost a stout soldier. The enemy have passed the marsh, I suppose?"

"With a strong body of horse, commanded by the devil himself: that killed Redwall," answered the terrified soldier.

"Hush! hush!" said Charrhouse, putting his finger on his lips—"not a word to any one but me.—Lord Branksdale, we must retreat. The devil will have it so. Draw together the men that are dispersed in the skirmishing work. Let Allen lead the regiment, and do you two retreat up the hill in two bodies, each halting alternately as the other falls back. I'll keep the enemy in check with the rear-guard, making a stand, and flying from time to time. They will be over the ditch presently, for I see their whole line in motion and preparing to cross; therefore lose no time."

"Where is Redwall with his party?" said Lord Branksdale, astonished at the coolness of his commander.

"Fairly disposed of," said Charrhouse, in his ear—"the king has lost a servant, and the devil has got one. Get away to horses, Branksdale—ply your spurs and get the men together. Allen and you must keep them steady. This retreating is new work for us all; but our time will come round another day."

Branksdale and Allen betook themselves to their task; but as they had arranged the regiment for the purpose of retreating in two alternate bodies, a considerable number of the enemy had crossed the marsh. Charrhouse, who had retained himself singly around his person a few of his most active and tried men, charged

those who had crossed in person, while they were yet disordered by the broken ground. Some they killed, others they repulsed into the masses, and checked the whole as it to enable the main body, now greatly diminished, as well as disordered by the loss they had sustained, to commence their retreat up the hill.

But the enemy's van being soon reinforced and supported, compelled Claverhouse to follow his troops. Never did man, however, better maintain the character of a soldier than he did that day. Conscious by his black horse and white doublet, he was first in the repeated charges which he made at every favorable opportunity, to arrest the progress of the prisoners, and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object of aim to every one, he seemed as if he were imperative to their shot. The superstitious fanatics, who looked upon him as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence, asserted that they saw the bullets rebound from his jack-boots and buff-coat like hailstones from a rock of granite, as he galloped in and fire amid the storm of the battle. Many a wing that day loaded his market with a dollar cut into shags, in order that a silver bullet (such was their belief) might bring down the persecutor of the holy kirk, on whom hell had no power.

"Try him with the cold steel," was the cry at every renewed charge—"powder is wasted on him. Ye might as well shoot at the Auld Enemy himself!"\*

But though this was loudly shouted, yet the eyes on the immortal's side was such, that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being, and few men ventured to cross swords with him. Still, however, he was fighting as retired, and with all the disadvantages attending that movement. The soldiers, behind him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the morass, became impatient; and at every successive movement, Major Allen and Lord Strathmore found it more and more difficult to bring them to halt and move back regularly, while, on the other hand, their motions in the act of retreating became, by degrees, much more rapid than was consistent with good order. As the retiring soldiers approached nearer to the top of the ridge, from which in an instant an hour they had descended, the peaks began to increase. Every one became impatient to plunge the brow of

\* *Rita I. Foul against that given by Scott.*

the hail between him and the continued fire of the pursuers; nor could any individual think it reasonable that he should be the last in the retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood, several troopers set upon to their horses and fled outright, and the others became so unsteady in their movements and formations, that their officers every moment feared they would follow the same example.

Around this scene of blood and confusion, the trampling of the horses, the groans of the wounded, the continued fire of the enemy, which fell in a succession of unintermitted volleys, while loud shouts accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper showed to have been successfully aimed—would all the terrors and disorders of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally deserted by their dispirited military, Blandish could not forbear remarking the compotence of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning did his eye appear more lively, or his demeanour more composed. He had stood up to Blandish for the purpose of giving some advice, and picking out a few men to reinforce his own guard."

"If this host lasts five minutes longer," he said in a whisper, "our regiments will leave you, my lord, old Allan, and repeat the business of fighting this battle with our own hands. I must do something to disperse the rascals who annoy them so hard, or we shall be all shamed. Don't attempt to restrain me if you see me go down, but keep at the head of your men; get off as you can in God's name, and tell the king and the council I died in my duty!"

So saying, and commanding about twenty stout men to follow him, he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected, that he drove the foremost of the pursuers back to some distance. In the confusion of the assault he singled out Bailey, and desirous to strike terror into his followers, he dealt him as severe a blow on the head, as cut through his steel head-piece, and threw him from his horse, stunned for the moment, though un wounded. A wonderful thing it was afterwards thought, that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man in appearance so slightly made as Claverhouse; and the vulgar, of course, set down to supernatural aid the effect of that enemy while a determined spirit can give to a feeble one. Claverhouse had in this last charge,

however, involved himself too deeply among the insurgents, and was finally surrounded.

Lord Erskdale saw the danger of his commander, his body of dragoons being then halted, while that commanded by Allen was in the act of retreating. Regardless of Claverhouse's disinterested command to the contrary, he ordered the party which he headed to charge down hill and attack their Colonel. Some advanced with him—most halted and stood uncertain—many ran away. With those who followed Erskdale, he disengaged Claverhouse. His assistance just came in time, for a rustic had wounded his horse in a most ghastly manner by the blow of a scythe, and was about to repeat the stroke when Lord Erskdale cut him down. As they got out of the press, they looked round them. Allen's division had ridden clear over the hill, that officer's authority having proved altogether unequal to hold them. Erskdale's troop was scattered and in total confusion.

"What is to be done, Colonel?" said Lord Erskdale.

"We are the best men in the field, I think," said Claverhouse; "and when men fight as long as they can, there is no shame in flying. Hector himself would say, 'Dare I take the Nincomet,' when there are but twenty against a thousand.—Save yourselves, my lads, and rally as soon as you can. Come, my lads, we must also ride for it."

So saying, he got upon his wounded horse, and the generous animal, as if conscious that the life of his rider depended on his exertions, pressed forward with speed, unabated either by pain or loss of blood.\* A few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and hasty manner. The flight of Claverhouse was the signal for all the stragglers who yet offered desultory resistance, to fly as fast as they could, and paid up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

\* Note J. Claverhouse's Charge.

## CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

But look ! through the fast-flicking lightning of war,  
What stood in the August line Fanny and the !

Chorus.

Dramas the severe skirmish of which we have given the details, Morton, together with Coddie and his mother, and the Reverend Gabriel Kewledrammle, remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small cart, or barrow, beside which Claverhouse had held his preliminary council of war, so that they had a commanding view of the action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Ingle and four soldiers, who, as may readily be supposed, were much more intent on watching the fluctuating fortunes of the battle, than in attending to what passed among their prisoners.

"If you hold stand to their tactics," said Coddie, "we'll have some chances o' getting our necks out o' the brookan again ; but I misdoubt them—they hae little shod o' sense."

"Much is not necessary, Coddie," answered Morton : "they have a strong position, and weapons in their hands, and are more than three times the number of their antagonists. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, they and their families to lose it for ever."

"O, we?" exclaimed Mamma, "here's a goodly spectacle indeed ! My spirit is like that of the blessed Ellen—it burns within me ; my breasts are as wine which locketh vent—they are ready to burst like new bottles. O that He may look after the sin people in this day of judgment and deliverance !—And now, what about thee, precious Mr. Gabriel Kewledrammle ? I say, what about thee, that wert a Humble parer than now, whiter than milk, more ready than sulphur" (meaning, perhaps, supplest)—"I say, what ails thee now, that thou art blacker than a coal, that thy beauty is departed, and thy loveliness withered like a dry pickered ? Surely it is time to be up and be doing, to cry loudly and to spare not, and to wrestle for the poor souls that are pining with their sin heads and that of their enemies."

This exhortation implied a reproach on Mr. Kewledrammle, who, though an absolute Nonresistance, or son of thunder, in the

pulpit, when the enemy were afar, and indeed sufficiently comfortable, as we have seen, when in their power, had been struck dumb by the firing, shouts, and shrieks, which now arose from the valley, and—as many as honest men might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor fly—was too much dismayed to take as favourable an opportunity to preach the terrors of Presbytery, as the courageous Menno had expected at his hand, or even to pray for the successful event of the battle. His presence of mind was not, however, entirely lost, any more than his jealous respect for his reputation as a pure and powerful preacher of the word.

"Hold your peace, woman!" he said, "and do not perturb my inward meditations and the workings wherewith I wrestle.—But of a verily the shooting of the fowens doth begin to increase! peradventure, some pallid may attain unto us even here. Lo! I will encase me behind the mine, as behind a strong wall of defence."

"He's lost a coward body after a'," said Gubbe, who was himself by no means deficient in that sort of courage which consists in fearfulness to danger; "he's lost a biding coward body. He'll never fill Bunkleberry's house.—Od! Bunkleberry fought and dyed like a flying dragon. It was a great pity, your man, he wouldna shoot the woods. But they say he goed singing and rejoicing till he, just as I wad gang to a bicker o' hoes supposing me hungry, as I stand a gude chance to be.—Oh, ah! you're an awfu' right, and yet are wae keep their een off frae it!"

Accordingly, strong curiosity on the part of Menno and Gubbe, together with the heated enthusiasm of old Menno, detained them on the spot from which they could best hear and see the issue of the action, leaving to Kethlamme to occupy alone his place of security. The vicissitudes of combat, which we have already described, were witnessed by our spectators from the top of the eminence, but without their being able positively to determine to what they tended. That the Presbyterians defended themselves stoutly, was evident from the heavy smoke, which, flamed by frequent flashes of fire, now rolled along the valley, and hid the contending parties in its sulphurous shade. On the other hand, the continued firing from the nearer side of the mountain indicated that the enemy persevered in their attack—that the affair was fiercely disputed—and that

everything was to be apprehended from a continued contest in which undisciplined militia had to repel the assaults of regular troops, so completely officered and armed.

As length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life-Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Demoralized soldiers next appeared, forming the rearguard, and staggering over the side of the hill, in order to escape from the scene of strife. As the numbers of these fugitives increased, the fate of the day seemed no longer doubtful. A large body was then seen emerging from the smoke, forming irregularly on the left-side, and with difficulty kept stationary by their officers, until Erskine's corps also appeared in full view. The result of the conflict was then apparent, and the joy of the prisoners was corresponding to their approaching deliverance.

"They has done the job for us," said Oudillo, "so they n'er do't again."

"They see!—they see!" exclaimed Mame, in ecstasy. "O the triumph! O the triumph! they are rising now as they never rode before. O the false Egyptians—the proud Assyrians—the Philistines—the Moabites—the Edomites—the Ishmaelites!—the Lord has brought them down upon them, to make them food for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. See how the clouds roll, and the fire flashes about them, and goes forth before the chosen of the Covenant, even like the pillar of cloud and the pillar of flame that led the people of Israel out of the land of Egypt! This is indeed a day of deliverance to the righteous, a day of pouring out of wrath to the persecutors and the ungodly!"

"Lord save us, within," said Oudillo, "hand the clattering tongue of ye, and lie down about the wire, the Kettle-Drum, the horn of war! The whipsnare befalls her now like destruction, and will just as soon knock out the horns of a palm-slaying wild with as a sweeping dragon."

"Fear nothing for me, Oudillo," said the old dame, transported to ecstacy by the scenes of her party—"fear nothing for me! I will stand like Deborah, on the top of the palm, and take up my song of reproofs against these men of Harroboth of the Gentiles, whose horse-hoofs are broken by their prancing."

The enthusiastic old woman would, in fact, have accomplished her purpose of mounting on the cairn, and becoming, as she said, a sign and a banner to the people, had not Oudillo, with more



that tenderness they respect, detained her by each form as his shuddered arms would permit him to exert.

"Eh, are I?" he said, having accomplished this task, "look out yonder, Mithrand!—are ye ever mortal light like the dwarf Claverhol? Yonder he's been thrice down among them, and they've run free off. But I think we'll soon be free ourselves, Mithrand. Iaghe and his troopers look over their shoulders very often, as if they liked the road short them better than the road open."

Ositho was not mistaken; for, when the main tide of fugitives passed at a little distance from the spot where they were stationed, the corporal and his party fired their carbines at random upon the advancing insurgents, and, abandoning all charge of their prisoners, joined the retreat of their comrades. Morton and the old woman whose hands were at liberty, lost no time in reaching the heads of Ositho and of the druggists, both of whom had been secured by a cord that round their arms above the elbows. By the time this was accomplished, the rear-guard of the dragons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the hillock at rising ground which was surmounted by the cairn already repeatedly mentioned. They exhibited all the hurry and confusion incident to a forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Claverhouse led the van, his naked sword deeply dyed with blood, as wore his face and clothes. His horse was all covered with gore, and now reeled with weakness. Lord Evelyn-dele, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still exhorting the soldiers to keep together and fear nothing. Several of the men were wounded, and one or two dropped from their horses as they surmounted the hill.

Morton's soul broke forth more more at this spectacle, while she stood on the bank with her head uncovered, and her grey hair streaming in the wind, as had representatives of a superannuated baroness, or Thouschen with in the apogee of monition. She soon discovered Claverhouse at the head of the fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, "Tarry, tarry, ye wae were ye me little to be at the meetings of the senate, and wad ye cry cairn to Scotland to find a convertible! Wilt thou not tarry, now thou hast found me? Wilt thou not stay for me wae cairn? Wilt thou no bide the afternoon preaching?—Wae be to ye!" she said, suddenly changing her tone, "and out the lengths of the creature whose fastness ye trust in!—Shangh! shangh!

—awa w' ye, that has spilled our muckle blood, and awa wad save your skin!—awa w' ye for a riding Babalash, a curving Shindal, a bloodthirsty Doug! The awa's deems now that whan he lang's t'artaking ye, rule as that as ye will."

Claverhouse, if may be easily supposed, was too long to attend to her reproaches, but hastened over the hill, anxious to get the remnant of his men out of gun-shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But as the rear of his followers rode over the ridge, a shot struck Lord Evendale's horse, which instantly sunk down dead beneath him. Two of the wing horsemen, who were the foremost in the pursuit, hastened up with the purpose of killing him, for hitherto there had been no quarter given. Morton, on the other hand, rushed forward to save his life, if possible, in order at once to indulge his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Evendale had conferred on him that morning, and under which circumstances had made him witness so awfully. Just as he had assisted Evendale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dying horse, and to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them exclaiming, "Hav at the red-coated tyrant!" made a blow at the young soldierman, which Morton parried with difficulty, exclaiming to the rider, who was no other than Hurley himself, "Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake—for the sake," he added, observing that Hurley did not immediately recognise him, "of Henry Morton, who so lately sheltered you."

"Henry Morton!" replied Hurley, wiping his bloody brow with his bloody hand; "did I not say that the son of John Morton would come forth out of the land of bondage, nor be long an indweller in the tents of Ham? Thou art a brand snatched out of the burning—But for this blessed sports of pro-lay, he shall die the death!—We must make them lap and Doug, even from the rising to the going down of the sun. It is our commission to slay them like Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have, and spare neither man nor woman, infant nor suckling; therefore, kinder me not," he continued, endeavouring again to cut down Lord Evendale, "for this work must not be wrought negligently."

"You must not, and you shall not, slay him, more especially while susceptible of defence," said Morton, planting himself before Lord Evendale so as to intercept any blow that should be aimed at him; "I owed my life to him this morning—my life,

which was endangered solely by my having sheltered you; and to shed his blood when he can offer no effectual resistance, were not only a cruelty abhorrent to God and man, but detestable ingratitude both to him and to me."

Barley paused.—"Then art yet," he said, "in the court of the Gentiles, and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Strong meat is not fit for babes, nor the mighty and girding disposition under which I draw my sword, for those whose hearts are yet dwelling in huts of clay, whose footsteps are tangled in the mesh of mortal sympathies, and who clothe themselves in the righteousness that is as filthy rags. But to gain a soul to the truth is better than to send one to Tophet; therefore I give quarter to this youth, providing the grant is confirmed by the general council of God's army, whom he hath this day blessed with so signal a deliverance—Then art unwearied—Abide my return here. I must yet pursue these sinners, the Amalekites, and destroy them till they be utterly consumed from the face of the land, even from Harfild unto Shear."

So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and continued to pursue the chase.

"Owlle," said Morton, "for God's sake catch a horse as quickly as you can. I will not trust Lord Emsdale's life with those obstinate men.—You are wounded, my lord—are you able to continue your retreat?" he continued, addressing himself to his prisoner, who, half-stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself.

"I think so," replied Lord Emsdale. "But is it possible?—do I owe my life to Mr. Morton?"

"My interference would have been the same from common humanity," replied Morton;—"in your lordship it was a sacred debt of gratitude."

Owlle at this instant returned with a horse.

"God-ake, mount—mount, and ride like a fleeing hawk, my lord," said the good-natured fellow, "for ne'er be in me if they were killing every one of the wounded and prisoners!"

Lord Emsdale mounted the horse, while Owlle officiously held the stirrup.

"Stand off, good fellow, thy courtesy may cost thy life.—Mr. Morton," he continued, addressing Henry, "this makes us more than even—only on it, I will never forget your generosity.—Farewell."

He turned his horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction which seemed least exposed to pursuit.

Lord Bromdale had just rode off, when several of the men-at-arms, who were in the front of the pursuit, came up, discharging vengeance on Henry Morton and Cudde for having aided the escape of a Pelestinne, as they called the young nobleman.

"What wad ye hae had us to do?" cried Cudde. "Hae we aught to stop a man w' that had twa phauls and a sword? Bide ye hae come faster up yonsells, instead of trying at him?"

This answer would hardly have passed current; but Kethedramule, who now awoke from his trance of terror, and was known to, and recognised by, most of the wanderers, together with Mance, who possessed their appropriate language as well as the general himself, proved active and effectual intercessors.

"Tough there nob! haeen them nob!" exclaimed Kethedramule, in his very best double-dun tone. "This is the son of the famous Elias Morton, by whom the Lord wrought great things in this land at the breaking forth of the reformation from prikey, when there was a plentiful pouring forth of the Word and a renewing of the Covenant; a hero and champion of those blessed days, when there was power and efficacy, and converting and converting of sinners, and heart-exercises, and fellowships of saints, and a plentiful pouring forth of the spirit of the garden of Eden."

"And this is my son Cudde," explained Mance, in her turn, "the son of his father, Judias Hendryg, who was a devout honest man, and of me, Mance Middleton, an unworthy professor and follower of the pure gospel, and one of your ain folk. Is it not written, 'Cut ye out of the tribe of the families of the Edomites from among the Levites?' Numbers, fourth and eighteenth—O aye! there be standing here prattling w' honest folk, when ye wad be following forth your victory with which Providence has blessed ye."

This party having passed on, they were immediately beset by another, to whom it was necessary to give the same explanation. Kethedramule, whose fear was much dissipated since the fray had ceased, again took upon him to be intercessor, and grown bold, as he felt his good word necessary for the protection of his late fellow-captives, he laid claim to an equal share of the merit of the victory, appealing to Morton and Cudde, whether

the tide of battle had not turned while he prayed on the Mount of Jehovah-Yuan, like Moses, that Israel might prevail over Amalek; but granting them, at the same time, the credit of holding up his hands when they would hurry, as those of the prophet were supported by Aaron and Hur. It seems probable that Kettlebramsle allotted this part in the success to his companions in adversity, but they should be tempted to disown his earned self-saving and falling away, in regarding too closely his own personal safety. These strong testimonies in favour of the liberated captives quickly flew abroad, with many exaggerations, among the victorious army. The reports on the subject were various; but it was universally agreed, that young Morton of Minnervel, the son of the stout soldier of the Covenant, Sirs Morton, together with the pious Gabriel Kettlebramsle, and a singular devout Christian woman, whose name thought as good as himself at extracting a doctrine or an use, whether of terror or consolation, had arrived to support the good old cause with a reinforcement of a bearded well-armed man from the Middle Ward.\*

\* *See K. Minnervel's Biography.*

## CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

*When ye left, from comrades,  
We went with the intent of a strike.*

*HUMPHREY.*

In the meantime, the insurgent army retired from the pursuit, jaded and worn out with their arduous efforts, and the infantry assembled on the ground which they had won, fatigued with toil and hunger. Their success, however, was a signal to every house, and seemed even to serve in the stead of food and refreshment. It was, indeed, much more brilliant than they must have ventured to anticipate, for, with as great loss on their part, they had totally routed a regiment of picked men, commanded by the first officer in Scotland, and one whose very name had long been a terror to them. Their success seemed even to have upon their spirits the effect of a sudden and violent surprise, so much had their taking up arms been a measure of

dependence rather than of hope. Their meeting was also casual, and they had hastily arranged themselves under such circumstances as were remarkable for zeal and courage, without much regard to any other qualities. It followed, from this state of discouragement, that the whole army appeared at once to resolve itself into a general committee for considering what steps were to be taken in consequence of their success, and no opinion could be started as what that it had not some divines and advocates. Some proposed they should march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London. Some were for sending a deputation of their number to London to convert Charles II. to a sense of the error of his ways, and others, less charitable, proposed either to call a new parliament to the crown, or to declare Scotland a free republic. A free parliament of the nation, and a free assembly of the Kirk, were the objects of the more sensible and moderate of the party. In the meanwhile, a clamour arose among the soldiers for bread and other necessaries, and while all complained of hardship and hunger, some took the necessary measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the Covenanters, even in the very moment of success, seemed about to dissolve like a rope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

Barley, who had now returned from the pursuit, found his followers in this distracted state. With the ready talent of one accustomed to encounter exigencies, he proposed that one hundred of the bravest men should be chosen out for duty—that a small number of those who had hitherto acted as leaders, should constitute a committee of direction until officers should be regularly chosen—and that, to crown the victory, Gabriel Kettledrummle should be called upon to improve the presidential success which they had obtained, by a word in season addressed to the army. He reasoned very much, and not without reason, on this last expedient, as a means of engaging the attention of the bulk of the insurgents, while he himself, and one or three of their leaders, held a private council of war, undisturbed by the discordant opinions, or unseemly clamours, of the general body.

Kettledrummle more than answered the expectation of Barley. Two mortal hours did he preach at a bristling, and cordially so long, or so dense, excepting his own, could have

kept up, for as long a time, the attention of men in such precarious circumstances. Yet he possessed in perfection a sort of robe and familiar eloquence peculiar to the preachers of that period, which, though it would have been faultlessly rejected by an audience which possessed any portion of taste, was a rule of the right lever for the pulpit of those whom he now addressed. His text was from the forty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, "Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children."

"And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine; and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob."

The discourse which he pronounced upon this subject was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was furnished with seven uses of application, two of consolation, two of terror, two declaring the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcing the promised and expected deliverance. The first part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his compatriots; and took occasion to speak a few words in praise of young Milwood, of whom, as of a champion of the Covenant, he argued great things. The second part he applied to the predicaments which were about to fall upon the persecuting government. At times he was familiar and colloquial—now he was loud, energetic, and bolivorous. Some parts of his discourse might be called sublime, and others sunk below barbarism. Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish Presbyterianism as the national religion, but had tolerated ministers of various descriptions, Papists, Presbyterians, Episcopians, securing the name of Presbyterians, Independents, Socinians, and Quakers; all of whom Kettlebrained proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-erect in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary. His text handled very pitifully the doctrine of deliverance from and of resistance to Charles II., showing, that, instead of a saving father to the Kirk, that monarch had been a saving father to none but his

own history. He went at some length through the life and conversation of that joyous prince, few parts of which, it must be avowed, were qualified to stand the rough handling of an unwearied an actor, who conferred on him the hard names of Jerusalem, Omer, Akab, Shalman, Peleah, and every other evil monarch recorded in the Chronicles, and concluded with a round application of the Scripture—"Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the King it is provided: he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."

Kathledramale had no sooner ended his sermon, and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit, than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stumpy and unadorned features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was usually in a sacred divine. The youth who succeeded him in exhibiting this extraordinary association, Ephraim Kitchener by name, was hardly twenty years old; yet his thin features already indicated that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the signs of imprisonment, and the diligence incidental to a fugitive life. Young as he was, he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his faded eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle; and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features were coloured with a transient and hectic blush of joy. He tilted his hands, raised his face to heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving as he addressed the people. When he spoke, his thin and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the bewitched locusts collected the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether wanting with the consciousness of his sect; and yet, by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser



and more hellish scenes of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was sometimes degraded by misapprehension, gave, in Mosheim's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the stained representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the weaning life of her infant amid the fastidious desert, like Judith under her palm-tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple. His Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

"Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the vine-press; your swords are filed with blood," he exclaimed—"but not with the blood of goats or lambs, the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fit with gore—but not with the blood of innocents, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Berach, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the findings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the sorrow of grief, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is steaming in your nostrils; but these bloody tracks are the carcasses of those who held the bow and the lance, who were stout, and would show no mercy, whose voices roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle—they are the carcasses even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fire that hath consumed them. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with torches; but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death. And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the stout and

the oppressor, with the rocks for your altar, and the sky for your steepled sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of murder. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered like the famous warriors of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheep-fold, or the watchman continue in the ploughed field; but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, brandish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens, call the fortmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters; for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rails are burned, and the faces of their men of battle have been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Moses, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Samson, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its due brightness, and the price of hell shall not prevail against it.

"Will it be this day that shall hater his home for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the cause shall abide with him,—even the latter curse of Moses, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Upright, then, and be doing: the blood of martyrs, soaking upon a scaffold, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie withering in the highways, are pleading for restitution; the groans of innocent captives from distant sides of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrant's high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, shrouding themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, smothered with hunger, starting with cold, lacking for food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man,—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storing the gates of

heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sennacherib. Then whose will heaven immortal, those in this world, and eternal happiness to that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arms at the hand of his servant,—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the sixth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever ! Amen."

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep burst of storm approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigue and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them above the wars and calamities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher, as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and, clasping him with hands on which the gore was not yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Enthusiast by his own entreaties, and by the animated fervour which he had excited in his discourse, the preacher could only reply, in broken accents,—*"God bless you, my brethren ! It is my name. Stand strongly up and play the man—the man that can hold as it is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven !"*

Baldwin, and the other leaders, had not lost the time which was employed in these spiritual exercises. Watchfires were lighted, sentinels were posted, and arrangements were made to refresh the army with such provisions as had been hastily collected from the nearest farm-houses and villages.—The present necessity thus provided for, they turned their thoughts to the future. They had despatched parties to spread the news of their victory, and to elicit, either by force or threat, supplies of what they stood most in need of. In this they had succeeded beyond their hopes, having at one village seized a small magazine of provisions, forage, and munition, which had been provided for the royal forces. This success not only gave them relief at the time, but such hopes for the future, that whereas formerly some of their number had begun to shudder at their red, they now unanimously resolved to slide together in arms, and remain themselves and their arms to the end of war.

And whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the proofs of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without magazines, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, braved not only by their innate zeal, and a detestation of the oppressors of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established Government, supported by a regular army and the whole force of these kingdoms.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

*Wip, thee, say an old man can do wonders.*  
*ROMAN IV. Part II.*

We must now return to the tower of Tilstedden, which the march of the Life-Guards, on the morning of this essential day, had left to silence and solitude. The assurances of Lord Eversdale had not succeeded in quelling the apprehensions of Edith. She knew him generous, and faithful to his word; but it seemed too plain that he suspected the object of her intervention to be a successful rival, and was it not expecting from him an effort above human nature, to suppose that he was to watch over Martin's safety, and remove him from all the dangers to which his state of imprisonment, and the suspicions which he had incurred, must repeatedly expose him? She therefore resigned herself to the most heart-rending apprehensions, without admitting, and indeed almost without listening to, the multifarious grounds of consolation which Jerry Deacon brought forward, one after another, like a skilful general who changes with the several divisions of his troops in regular succession.

First, Jerry was morally positive that young Milwood would come to no harm—then, if he did, there was consolation in the reflection, that Lord Eversdale was the better and more appropriate match of the two—then, there was every chance of a battle, in which the said Lord Eversdale might be killed, and there was to use many folk about that job—then, if the village got the better, Milwood and Chiffle might pass to the Castle, and away off the borders of their hearts by the strong hand.

"For I forgot to tell you, sister," continued the dame, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "that poor Cobble's in the hands of the Palatinos as well as young Milwood, and he was brought here a prisoner this morning, and I was then to speak Thos. Halsey for, and thank him, to let me hear the girl's creation; but Cobble wants no thanks! as he needed till has been neither," she added, and at the same time changed her tone, and boldly withdrew the handkerchief from her face—"so I will not waste my own wif' greeting about the matter. There was no eye more of young men left, if they were to hang the two half of them."

The other inhabitants of the Castle were also in a state of disturbance and anxiety. Lady Margaret thought that Colonel Graham, in commanding an execution at the door of her house, and refusing to grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of the deference due to her rank, and had even encroached on her conjugal rights.

"The Colonel," she said, "ought to have remembered, brother, that the battery of Tiltinstown has the hereditary privilege of pit and gallows; and therefore, if the law was to be executed on my estate (which I consider to be an unbecoming thing, seeing it is in the possession of females, to whom such tragedies cannot be acceptable), he ought, at common law, to have been delivered up to my hall, and executed at his sight."

"Married law, sister," answered Major Bellinck, "supersedes every other. But I must own I think Colonel Graham rather deficient in attention to you; and I am not over and above particularly flattered by his granting to young Brantle (I suppose because he is a lord, and has interest with the privy council) a request which he refused to so old a servant of the king as I am. But so long as the poor young fellow's life is saved, I can console myself with the thought of a dilly as old as myself." And therewith, he increased a steam;—

"And what though white will black even,  
Through holes of grey and a dash that's old?  
Till keep up thy heart, bold comrade,  
For a cup of milk shall turn the mill."

"I must be your guest here to-day, sister. I wish to hear the news of this gathering on London Hill, though I cannot conceive their standing a body of horse appointed like our guests this morning.—What's no! the time has been, that I

would have liked it to have mine in, might not'st waiting for the news of a skirmish to be fought within ten miles of me ! Yet, on the old song goes—

"For time will rust the brightest blade,  
And years will break the strongest bow;  
We may fight on steadily on,  
But time and years will erode us!"

"We are well pleased you will stay, brother," said Lady Margaret. "I will take my old gerrings to look after my household, when this collision has thrown into some disorder, although it is agreed to leave you alone."

"Oh, I hate idleness as I hate a stumbling horse," replied the Major. "Besides, your presence would be with me, and your mind with the odd meat and necessary paste—Where is Ethel?"

"Gone to her room a little evil-disposed, I am informed, and laid down in her bed for a pill," said her grandmother; "as soon as the wakes she shall take some drops."

"Pooh! pooh! she's only sick of the soldiers," answered Major Selborne. "She's not accustomed to see one equipt—some led out to be shot, and another marching off to actual service, with some chance of not finding his way back again. She would soon be used to it, if the civil war were to break out again."

"God forbid, brother!" said Lady Margaret.

"Ay, Heaven forbid, as you say!—and in the meantime, I'll take a bit at trick-back with Harrow."

"He has ridden out, sir," said Gledhill, "to try if he can hear any tidings of the battle."

"Down the battle!" said the Major; "it puts this family as much out of order as if there had never been such a thing in the country before—and yet there was such a place as Ebury, John."

"Ay, and so Tipperary, your honour," replied Gledhill, "where I was his honour my late master's quartermaster."

"And Allford, John," pursued the Major, "where I commanded the horse, and Inverlochy, where I was the Good Marquis's all-the-camp, and Auld Ears, and Brig o' Dee."

"And Philipburgh, your honour," said John.

"Ungh!" replied the Major; "the less, John, we say about that matter the better."

However, being once fairly embarked on the subject of Montrose's campaign, the Major and John Goddell carried on the war as stoutly, as for a considerable time to keep at bay the formidable enemy called Time, with whom retired veterans, during the quiet close of a hotting Bk., usually wage an unending hostility.

It has been frequently remarked, that the tidings of important events fly with a celerity almost beyond the power of credulity, and that reports, correct in the general point, though inaccurate in details, precede the certain intelligence, as if carried by the heels of the air. Such rumors anticipate the reality, not unlike to the "shadows of coming events," which occupy the imagination of the Englished man. Harrison, on his ride, encountered some such report concerning the event of the battle, and turned his horse back to Tilletstown in great dismay. He made it his first business to seek out the Major, and interrupted him in the midst of a prefix account of the stage and storm of Brudenoe, with the exclamation, "Hasten send, Major, that we do not see a stage of Tilletstown before we are many days older!"

"How is that, Harrison?—what the devil do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished veteran.

"Truth, sir, there is strong and increasing belief that Chever's is close broken, some say killed; that the soldiers are all dispersed, and that the rebels are hastening this way, threatening death and devastation to a' that will not take the Covenant."

"I will never believe that," said the Major, starting on his feet—"I will never believe that the Life-Guards would retreat before rebels; and yet why need I say that," he continued, shaking himself, "when I have seen such sights myself!—Send out Pike, and one or two of the servants, for intelligence, and let all the men in the Castle and in the village that can be trusted, take up arms. This old tower may hold them play a bit, if it were but victualled and garrisoned,—and 't would be the gain between the high and low countries. It's lucky I chanced to be here.—Oh, master men, Harrison—You, Goddell, look what provisions you have, or can get brought in, and be ready, if the news be confirmed, to knock down as many bellicose as you have salt for.—The well never goes dry.—There are some old-fashioned guns on the battlements, if we had but ammunition, we should do well enough."

"The soldiers left some coats of ammunition at the Grange this morning, to till their return," said Harrison.

"Hasten, then," said the Major, "and bring it into the Castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun, that is within our reach; don't leave so much as a bodkin—luckily that I was here!—I will speak to my sister instantly."

Lady Margaret Bellenden was attended at intelligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her that the invading force which had that morning left her walls was sufficient to have routed all the disaffected in Scotland, if collected in a body; and now her first reflection was upon the inadequacy of their own means of resistance to an army strong enough to have defeated Claverhouse and such select troops.

"What's nae! what's nae!" said she; "what will all that we can do avail us, brother!—what will resistance do but bring sure destruction on the house, and on the brave Bess; for, God knows, I think on my ain cold life."

"Come, sister," said the Major, "you must not be cast down; the place is strong, the people ignorant and ill provided; my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and robbers while old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I think my old grey hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Pike with intelligence.—What news, Pike? Another Fiddlingburgh job, eh?"

"Ay, ay," said Pike composedly; "a total scattering. I thought this morning's little gale would come of their scuffling and gae of clanging their muskets."

"When did you meet?—Who gave you the news?" asked the Major.

"O, near than half-a-dozen dragons follows that are d' on the spot while to get that to Hamilton. They'll win the day, I warrant them, win the battle 's a lie."

"Consider your preparations, Harrison," said the alert veteran, "get your ammunition in, and the muskets fixed, send down to the borough-cave for what need you can gather. We must not lose an instant.—Had not Bess and you, sister, better return to Claverwood, while we have the means of sending you there?"

"No, brother," said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure; "alack the wild horse is to be held out, I will take my chance in it. I have doi-



times from it in my days, and I have again found it doubtful of the interest and the amusement when I returned; and that I will not think now, and and my pilgrimage is it."

"It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for John and you," said the Major, "for the whigs will run all the way between this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Chiswood, very tedious."

"So be it, then," said Lady Margaret. "And, dear brother, as the nearest blood-union of my deceased husband, I deliver to you, by this apostle,"—here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the deceased Earl of Torrington—"the keeping and government and commanding-top of my Tower of Tillemouth, and the appointments thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall assault the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will so defend it, as become a house in which the most sacred Majesty has not dedicated!"—

"Fellow! sister," interrupted the Major, "we have no time to speak about the King and his breakfast just now."

And, hastily leaving the room, he hurried, with all the dispatch of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tillemouth, having very thick walls and very narrow windows—having also a very strong counter-pow wall, with flanking towers on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against anything but a train of heavy artillery.

Fortifications were what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the top of the Tower was covered with some ungrated wall-plans, and small canons, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, sakers, demi-sakers, falcons, and blunderbusses. These the Major, with the assistance of John Girdill, caused to be loaded and loaded, and pointed them so as to command the road over the brow of the opposite hill by which the rebels must advance, causing, at the same time, two or three trees to be cut down, which would have impeded the effect of the artillery, when it should be necessary to use it. With the trunks of these trees, and other materials, he directed barracks to be constructed upon the winding avenue which rose to the Tower along the high-road, taking care that each should command the other.

The large gate of the courtyard be fortified yet more strongly, leaving only a wicket open for the convenience of passage. What he had most to apprehend, was the suddenness of his garrison; for all the efforts of the steward were unable to get more than two men under arms, himself and Gulyell included—as with more popular was the cause of the insurgents than that of the Government; Major Belvidere, and his trusty servant Fido, made the garrison eleven in number, of whom one-half were old men. The road down might indeed have been made up, would Lady Margaret have consented that Orons Outlaw should again take up arms. But she recoiled from the proposal, when moved by Gulyell, with such abhorrent recollection of the former achievements of that luckless cavalier, that she declared she would rather the castle were lost than that he were to be enrolled in the defence of it. With alacriness, however, himself included, Major Belvidere determined to hold out the place to the uttermost.

The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree of frays incidental to such occasions. Women shrieked—maids belaboured—dogs howled—men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission—the hurrying of the old goss backwards and forwards shook the battlements—the court resounded with the busy gallop of messengers who went and returned upon errands of importance, and the din of various preparation was mingled with the sound of female lament.

Such a Babel of discord might have embosomed the shrieks of the very dead, and, therefore, was not long ere it dispelled the distracted reveries of Edith Belvidere. She went out Jemmy to bring her the news of the breach which shook the castle to its very basis; but Jemmy, once engaged in the hurrying tide, found so much to ask and to hear, that she forgot the mode of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young mistress. Having no person to consult in pursuit of information when her own messenger had failed to return with it, Edith was compelled to venture in quest of it out of the ark of her own chamber into the deluge of confusion which surrounded the rest of the castle. Six voices speaking at once, informed her, in reply to her first inquiry, that Charles and all his men were killed, and that ten thousand whips were waiting to lash the castle, headed by John Bolton of Hurley, young Milvered, and Oudle Hedding. This strange association of persons seemed to lift the likelihood of the whole story, and yet the

general trouble in the circle indicated that danger was certainly approached.

"Where is Lady Margaret?" was Edith's second question.

"In her oratory," was the reply,—a cold allusion to the chapel, in which the good old lady was wont to spend the greater part of the days destined by the rules of the Episcopal Church to devotional observance, as also the anniversary of those on which she had lost her husband and her children, and, finally, those hours, in which a deeper and more solemn address to Heaven was called for, by national or domestic calamity.

"Where, then," said Edith, much alarmed, "is Major Belvidere?"

"On the battlements of the Tower, no doubt, pointing the cannon," was the reply.

To the battlements, therefore, she made her way, impeded by a threatened obstacle, and found the old gentleman, in the midst of his natural military descent, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and exercising all the numerous duties of a good governor.

"In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?" exclaimed Edith.

"The matter, my love!" answered the Major coolly, as, with attention to his nose, he examined the position of a gun—"The matter! Why—can her brains a thought more, John Outyard!—The matter! Why, Charles is routed, my dear, and the wings are coming down upon us in three, that's all the matter."

"Glorious power!" said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glimpse of the road which ran up the river; "and yonder they come!"

"Yonder!—where?" said the veteran; and, his eyes taking the same direction, he beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path. "Stand to your guns, my love!" was the first exclamation, "we'll make them pay toll as they pass the bridge.—But stay, stay,—these are certainly the Life-Guards!"

"Oh no, uncle, no," replied Edith; "see how dexterously they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks! These cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning."

"Ah! my dear girl," answered the Major, "you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after a defeat; but the Life-Guards it is, for I see the red and blue, and the

King's colours. I am glad they have brought them off, however."

His opinion was confirmed as the troopers approached nearer, and finally halted on the road beneath the Tower, while their commanding officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, hastily rode up the hill.

"It is Claverhouse, sure enough," said the Major; "I am glad he has escaped; but he has lost his famous black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gairdill; order some refreshments; get ready for the soldiers' horses;—and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him. I suspect we shall hear but indifferent news."

#### CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

With anxious gaiters, mist removed,  
On roads to north the plains,  
The sun is shining of fairest shado,  
When clearer eye the scene.

CLAYTON.

COLONEL CLAYTON of Claverhouse met the family assembled, in the hall of the Tower, with the same scrutiny and the same courtesy which had greeted his manners in the morning. He had even had the complaisance to rectify in part the disarrangement of his dress, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and did not appear more disordered in his exterior, than if released from a morning ride.

"I am grieved, Colonel Graham," said the reverend old lady, the tears glistening down her face, "deeply pleased."

"And I am pleased, my dear Lady Margaret," replied Claverhouse, "that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tullibardine dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the King's troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I come here chiefly to request Miss Bellenden and you to accept my escort (if you will not scorn that of a poor country) to Glasgow, from whence I will see you safely sent either to Edinburgh or to Dunbarton Castle, as you shall think best."

"I am much obliged to you, Colonel Graham," replied Lady

Margaret; "but my brother, Major Bellenden, has taken on him the responsibility of holding out this house against the rebels, and, please God, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her own hearth-stone while there's a better man that says he can defend it."

"And will Major Bellenden undertake this?" said Claverhouse hastily, a joyful light gleaming from his dark eye as he turned it on the veteran. "Yet why should I question what it is of a place with the rest of his life. But how you the means, Major?"

"All, but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied," answered the Major.

"As for men," said Claverhouse, "I will leave you a dozen or twenty fellows who will make good a breach against the devil. It will be of the utmost service, if you can defend the place but a week, and by that time you must surely be relieved."

"I will make it good for that space, Colonel," replied the Major, "with twenty-five good men and stores of ammunition, if we should give the sides of our shoes for hunger; but I trust we shall get in provisions from the country."

"And, Colonel Graham, if I might procure a report," said Lady Margaret, "I would entreat that Sergeant Francis Stewart might command the auxiliaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people, it may serve to legitimate his promotion, and I have a prejudice in favour of his noble birth."

"The sergeant's wars are ended, maiden," said Graham, in an unaltered tone, "and he now needs no promotion that an earthly master can give."

"Pardon me," said Major Bellenden, taking Claverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, "but I am anxious for my friends. I fear you have other and more important loss. I observe another officer carries your nephew's standard."

"You are right, Major Bellenden," answered Claverhouse, sadly; "my nephew is no more—he has died in his duty, as became him."

"Great God!" exclaimed the Major, "how unhappy—the handsome, gallant, high-spirited youth!"

"He was indeed all you say," answered Claverhouse; "poor

Richard was to me as an eldest son, the apple of my eye, and my destined heir; but he died in his duty, and I—I—Major Tallender!"—(he wrung the Major's hand hard as he spoke)—"I live to avenge him."

"Colonel Graham," said the affectionate veteran, his eyes filling with tears, "I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude."

"I am not a selfish man," replied Charlesworth, "though the world will tell you otherwise: I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been avenged for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master and the good of the country are what I have tried to aim at. I may, perhaps, have driven severity into cruelty, but I acted for the best; and now I will not yield to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have given to those of others."

"I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair," pursued the Major.

"Yes," replied Charlesworth;—"my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge—I despise their accusations. They will calculate me to my sovereign—I can repel their charge. The public enemy will strike in my fight—I shall find a man to show them that they count too early. This youth that has fallen stood before a grinning tyrant and my inheritance, for you know that my marriage-bed is barren; yet peace be with him: the country can better spare him than your friend Lord Brundish, who, after behaving very gallantly, has, I fear, also fallen."

"What a fatal day!" ejaculated the Major. "I heard a report of this, but it was again contradicted; it was said, that the poor young nobleman's impetuosity had occasioned the loss of this unhappy field."

"Not so, Major," said Graham; "let the living officers bear the blame, if there be any; and let the laurels touch water-soaked on the grave of the fallen. I do not, however, speak of Lord Brundish's death as certain; but killed, or, perhaps, I fear he must be. Yet he was extricated from the tumult the last time we spoke together. We were then on the point of leaving the field with a rear-guard of scarce twenty men; the rest of the regiment were about dispersed."

"They have rallied again soon," said the Major, looking from

the window on the dragons, who were feeding their horses and refreshing themselves beside the brook.

"Yes," answered Clarendon, "my blackguards had little temptation either to desert, or to struggle further than they were driven by their fast pace. There is small friendship and scant courtesy between them and the hosts of this country; every village they pass is likely to rise on them, and so the wretches are driven back to their colours by a wholesale shower of spits, pike-stems, bayonets, and musket-balls.—But now let us talk about your plans and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To tell you the truth, I doubt being able to make a long stand at Glasgow, even when I have joined my Lord Ross; for this transient and accidental success of the flanking will ride the devil through all the western counties."

They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general insurrection took place, as was to be expected. Clarendon renewed his offer to escort the ladies to a place of safety; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tillicoultry.

The Colonel then took a polite leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them, that, though he was reluctantly obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstances, yet his earliest means should be turned to the redemption of his daughter as a good knight and true, and that they might speedily rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Full of doubt and apprehension, Lady Margaret was little able to reply to a speech so much in unison with her usual expectations and feelings, but contented herself with bidding Clarendon farewell, and thanking him for the success which he had promised to leave them. Edith longed to inquire the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and could only hope that it had made a subject of some part of the long private conversations which her uncle had held with Clarendon. On this subject, however, she was disappointed; for the old cavalier was so deeply interested in the duties of his own office, that he had scarce said a single word to Clarendon, excepting upon military matters, and most probably would have been equally forgetful, had the fate of his own son, instead of his friends, been in the balance.

Charlton now descended the bank on which the Castle is founded, in order to put his troops again in motion, and Major Bellenden accompanied him to receive the detachment who were to be left in the tower.

"I shall leave Ingles with you," said Charlton, "for, as I am situated, I cannot spare an officer of rank; this is all we can do, by our joint efforts, to keep the men together. But should any of our missing officers make their appearance, I authorize you to detain them; for my fellows are with difficulty to be subjected to any other authority."

His troops being now drawn up, he picked out sixteen more by name, and committed them to the command of Osmond Ingles, whom he promoted to the rank of sergeant on the spot.

"And hark ye, gentlemen," was his concluding harangue,—  
 "I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bellenden, a faithful servant to the king. You are to behave bravely, soberly, regularly, and obediently, and each of you shall be handsomely rewarded on my return to relieve the garrison. In case of mutiny, disobedience, neglect of duty, or the slightest crime in the family, the post-war-marshal and cord-gyves know I keep my word for good and evil."

He touched his hat as he bade them farewell, and shook hands cordially with Major Bellenden.

"Adieu," he said, "my stout-hearted old friend! Good luck be with you, and better times to us both!"

The gentlemen whom he commanded had been more or less related to tolerable order by the exertions of Major Allen; and, though short of their expenses, and with their gilding all hampered, made a much more regular and military appearance on leaving, for the second time, the Tower of Trilistation, than when they returned to it after their rout.

Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources, sent out several vintners, both to obtain supplies of provisions, and especially of meat, and to get knowledge of the motions of the enemy. All the news he could collect on the second subject tended to prove that the insurgents meant to remain in the field of battle for that night. But they, also, had divided their detachments and advanced guards, to collect supplies; and great was the doubt and distress of those who received contrary



orders, in the name of the King and in that of the Kirk,—the one commanding them to send provisions to victual the Castle of Tullistodrum, and the other exhorting them to forward supplies to the camp of the godly professors of true religion, now in arms for the cause of continued reformation, presently pitched at Drumclog, eight to London Hill. Each exhortation closed with a denunciation of fire and sword if it was neglected; for neither party could confide so far in the loyalty or zeal of those whom they addressed, as to hope they would part with their property upon other terms. So that the poor people knew not what head to turn themselves to, and to say truth, there were some who turned themselves to more than one.

"*Thar kirk's taxes will drive the wheat o' us daft,*" said Niel Blane, the prudent head of the Hivell; "*but the aye keep a wile enough.—Jenny, what meat is in the glair?*"

"*Four bows o' stinnel, two bows o' heart, and two bows o' peace,*" was Jenny's reply.

"*Awa, blaw,*" continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, "*let Bonny drive the peace and bear meat to the camp at Drumclog—he's a whig, and was the auld gaberle's ploughman—the machine beneath will ask their married stomachs well. He means ay it's the last once o' meat in the house, or, if he scruples to sell a ha' (as it's so thick he will when it's for the gaird o' the house), he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drucken trooper, drives up the stinnel to Tullistodrum, w' my dootie's service to my Laddy and the Major, and I have as muchle left as will mak my partick; and if Duncan manage right, I'll gie him a tuss o' whisky shall mak the blue bow come out at his mouth."*

"*And what are we to eat ourselves, then, father,*" asked Jenny, "*when we has sent awa the last meal in the skit and the glair?*"

"*We mean our wheat-flour serve us for a black,*" said Niel, "*in a time o' reiguation; 't's no that I find, though for this being me hungry or kindly to a Scotchman's stomach as the crany stinnel is, the Englishers has auld upo'n't; but, to be sure, the pack-puddings has me better."*

With the prudent and peaceful embourced, like Niel Blane, to make his weather with both parties, those who had more public (or party) spirit began to take arms on all sides. The royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable

from their factions and influence, being chiefly headed proprietors of ancient descent, who, with their brethren, cousins, and dependants to the south generation, as well as their domestic servants, formed a sort of militia, capable of defending their own possessions against detached bodies of the insurgents, of resisting their demands of supplies, and intercepting those which were sent to the Presbyterians camp by others. The news that the Tower of Tiberias was to be defended against the insurgents, afforded great courage and support to these feudal veterans, who considered it as a stronghold to which they might retreat in case it should become impossible for them to maintain the civil war they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of small holders, sent forth numerous recruits to the Presbyterian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their lands were divided, seized, and given to despoilers, by the various innovations and exactions to which they had been subjected; and, although by no means united among themselves, either concerning the purpose of this formidable insurrection, or the means by which that purpose was to be effected, most of them considered it as a clear appeal by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and to shake themselves free of a tyranny, directed both against body and soul. Numbers of these men, therefore, took up arms; and in the phrase of their time and party, prepared to cut in their lot with the victors of London Hill.

## CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

*ANATHAN.—Of its part like the man! He is a leader,  
And speaks the language of Gideon truly.*

*TRANSLATION.—You must speak his calling, and the meaning  
Of the good spirit. You did fit to spiritual him.*

THE ALPHABET

We return to Harry Merton, whom we left on the field of battle. He was resting, by one of the watch-towers, his portion of the provisions which had been distributed to the army, and musing deeply on the path which he was next to pursue, when

Barley suddenly came up to him, accompanied by the young minister whose visitation after the victory had produced such a powerful effect.

"Henry Morton," said Barley, sharply, "the counsel of the army of the Covenant, availing that the son of John Morton can never prove a lukewarm Luddite, or an indifferent Quaker, in this great day, have nominated you to be a captain of their host, with the right of a vote in their council, and all authority failing for an officer who is to command Christian men."

"Sir Barley," replied Morton, without hesitation, "I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surprising that a natural sense of the duties of my country, not to mention those I have assumed in my own person, should induce me willingly to do my worst for liberty and freedom of conscience. But I will owe to you, that I must be better satisfied concerning the principles on which you bottom your cause, ere I can agree to take a command amongst you."

"And can you doubt of our principles," answered Barley, "since we have stated them to be the restoration both of church and state, the rebuilding of the temple sanctuary, the gathering of the dispersed saints, and the destruction of the man of sin?"

"I will owe freely, Sir Barley," replied Morton, "much of this sort of language, which, I observe, is so powerful with others, is entirely lost on me. It is proper you should be aware of this before we converse further together." (The young derynians here groaned deeply.) "I distrust you, sir," said Morton; "but perhaps it is because you will not hear me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or any Christian can do. I look into them with humble hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenor, and of the spirit which they uniformly breathe, and not by wresting particular passages from their context, or by the application of Scriptural phrases to circumstances and events with which they have often very slender relation."

The young deryn seemed shocked and thunderstruck with this declaration, and was about to interpose.

"Hark, Ephraim!" said Barley, "remember he is led on a horse in warbling dotage.—Listen to me, Morton. I will speak to thee in the worldly language of that moral reason, which is,

for the present, thy liked and respected guide. What is the object for which thou art content to cross the sword? Is it not that the church and state should be reformed by the free voice of a free parliament, with such laws as shall hereafter prevent the executive government from spilling the blood, torturing and imprisoning the people, exalting the estates, and trampling upon the commonsense of men, at their own wilful pleasure?"

"Most certainly," said Morton; "such I esteem legitimate causes of war, and for such I will fight while I can wield a sword."

"Nay, but," said Maitland, "ye handle this matter too tenderly; nor will my countrymen permit me to flinch or dash over the cause of divine wrath."—

"Peace, Epicurean Maitland!" again interrupted Burley.

"I will not peace," said the young man. "Is it not the cause of my Master who hath sent me? Is it not a prodice and Erebus destroying of his authority, usurpation of his power, denial of his name, to place either King or Parliament in his place as the master and governor of his household, the absolute husband of his spouse?"

"You speak well," said Burley, dropping his aside, "but not wisely. Your own men have heard this night in council how this matters' quarrel are broken and divided, and would ye now make a wall of separation between them!—would ye build a wall with unblended mortar!—if a fox go up, it will breach it."

"I know," said the young doggerel, in reply, "that there are faithful, honest, and zealous, even unto dying; but, believe me, that worldly craft, this temporising with sin and with infamy, is in itself a falling away; and, I fear me, Heaven will not honour us to do much more for his glory, when we seek to moral meaning and to a bodily sin. The sanctified and must be wrought by sanctified means."

"I tell thee," answered Holford, "thy soul is too rigid in this matter, we cannot yet do without the help of the Lawless and the Erebus; we must endure for a space the indulged in the midst of the council—the sons of Scotch, are yet too strong for us."

"I tell thee I like it not," said Maitland. "God can work deliverance by a few as well as by a multitude. The host of

the faithful that was looked upon Portland Hills, paid 'but the fitting penalty of acknowledging the moral interest of that tyrant and oppressor, Charles Street."

"Well, then," said Balfour, "then harvest the healing restoration that the council have adopted—to make a comprehending declaration, that may suit the tender consciences of all who groan under the yoke of our present oppressors. Return to the council if thou wilt, and get them to recall it, and send forth one upon narrower grounds. But abide not here to hinder my going over this youth, whom my soul travels for; his name alone will call forth hundreds to our banner."

"Do as thou wilt, then," said Marble; "but I will not assist to mislead the youth, nor bring him into jeopardy of life, unless upon such grounds as will secure his eternal reward."

The more artful Balfour then dismissed the impatient preacher and returned to his proselyte.

That we may be enabled to dispose with detailing at length the arguments by which he urged Morton to join the insurgents, we shall take this opportunity to give a brief sketch of the person by whom they were used, and the motives which he had for interesting himself so deeply in the concerns of young Morton to his cause.

John Balfour of Kilmock, or Borley (for he is designated both ways in the histories and proclamations of that melancholy party), was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upwards. In the younger part of his life he had been wild and dissolute, but had early laid aside open profligacy, and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvinism. Unfortunately, habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, saturnal, and enterprising spirit, than the traces of courage and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise no small sway over his mind. During its reign, profligacy and violence in action, and going to the very extremity of the most rigid reascency, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the Presbyterians interest.

To attract this audience among the whigs, he had been active in stirring their convulsions, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and beaten off the forces sent to disperse them. At length, the gratification of his own fierce enthusiasm, joined, in some way, with motives of

private revenge, placed him at the head of that party who assassinated the Friends of Scotland, as the author of the sufferings of the Presbyterians. The violent measures adopted by Government to revenge this deed, not on the perpetrators only, but on the whole professors of the religion to which they belonged, together with long previous sufferings, without any prospect of deliverance, except by force of arms, commenced the insurrection, which, as we have already seen, commenced by the defeat of Claverhouse in the bloody stream of London Hall.

But Bailey, notwithstanding the share he had in the victory, was far from finding himself in the success which his ambition aimed at. This was partly owing to the various opinions entertained among the Presbyterians concerning the murder of Archbishop Sharp. The more violent among them did, indeed, approve of the act as a deed of justice, executed upon a persecutor of God's church through the immediate inspiration of the Deity; but the greater part of the Presbyterians disowned the deed as a crime highly culpable, though they admitted that the Archbishop's punishment had by no means exceeded his deserts. The insurgents differed in another main point, which has been already touched upon. The more warm and extravagant faction condemned, as guilty of a perfidious abandonment of the rights of the church, those preachers and congregations who were contented, in any manner, to exercise their religion through the permission of the ruling government. This, they said, was absolute Erastianism, or subjection of the church of God to the regulations of an earthly government, and therefore but one degree better than prelacy or popery.—Again, the more moderate party were content to allow the king's title to the throne, and in similar affairs to acknowledge his authority, so long as it was exercised with due regard to the liberties of the subject, and in conformity to the laws of the realm. But the hosts of the wilder sect (called, from their leader Richard Cameron, by the name of Cameronians) went the length of disowning the reigning monarch, and every one of his ministers who should not acknowledge the Solemn League and Covenant. The seeds of division were, therefore, thickly sown in this ill-fated party; and Bailey, however enthusiastic, and however much attached to the most violent of these tenets which we have noticed, saw nothing but ruin to the general cause, if they were insisted on during this crisis, when unity was of so much consequence.

Hence he disapproved, as we have seen, of the honest, down-right, and ardent zeal of Madeline, and was extremely desirous to restore the substance of the moderate party of Presbyterians in the immediate courtyard of the Government, with the hope of being hereafter able to dictate to them what should be sub-stituted in its place.

He was, on this account, particularly anxious to secure the accession of Henry Morton to the cause of the insurgents. The memory of his father was generally esteemed among the Presbyterians, and as few persons of any decent quality had joined the insurgents, this young man's family and prospects were such as almost insured his being chosen a leader. Through Morton's means, as being the son of his ancient comrade, Farley conceived he might exercise some influence over the more liberal part of the army, and ultimately, perhaps, ingratiate himself so far with them, as to be chosen commander-in-chief, which was the mark at which his ambition aimed. He had, therefore, without waiting till any other person took up the subject, rushed to the council the instant and disposition of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the perilous rank of a leader in this disunited and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Farley pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion, as soon as he had gotten rid of his less wary and uncompromising companion, Madeline, were sufficiently artful and urgent. He did not affect either to deny or to disguise that the sentiments which he himself entertained concerning church government, went as far as those of the preacher who had just left them; but he argued, that when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, various differences of opinion should not prevent those who, in general, wished well to their oppressed country, from drawing their swords in its behalf. Many of the subjects of Britain—as, for example, that concerning the Indigence itself—argue, he observed, not of circumstances which would arise to exist, provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the Presbyterians, being in that case triumphant, would need to make no such compromise with the Government; and, consequently, with the abolition of the Indigence, all discussion of the legality would be at once ended. The insinuated words and strongly upon the necessity of taking advantage of this favourable crisis, upon the certainty of their being joined by the forces of the whole western

shire, and upon the gross guilt which those would incur, who, seeing the distress of the country, and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, should, from fear or self-interest, withhold their active aid from the good cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection which might appear to have a selfish prospect of freedom to the country. He doubted, indeed, greatly, whether the present attempt was likely to be supported by the strength sufficient to ensure success, or by the wisdom and liberality of spirit necessary to make a good use of the advantages that might be gained. Upon the whole, however, considering the wrongs he had personally endured, and those which he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow subjects—meditating also upon the precarious and dangerous situation in which he already stood with relation to the Government, he excused himself, in every point of view, called upon to join the body of Presbyterians already in arms.

But while he expressed to Barley his displeasure in the vote which had named him a leader among the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without a qualification.

"I am willing," he said, "to contribute every thing within my limited power to effect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, in the utmost degree, of the action in which this rising seems to have originated; and no arguments should induce me to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as that with which it has commenced."

Barley's blood rushed to his face, giving a redly and dark glow to his sunken brow.

"You mean," he said, in a voice which he designed should not betray any emotion—"You mean the death of James Sharp?"

"Frankly," answered Morton, "such is my meaning."

"You imagine, then," said Barley, "that the Almighty, in times of difficulty, does not raise up instruments to deliver his church from her oppressors? You are of opinion that the justice of an execution amounts, not to the extent of the sufferer's crime, or to his having mortal punishment, or to the wisdom and military effect which that example is likely to produce upon other evil-doers, but hold that it rests solely in the role of the judge, the height of the bench, and the voice of the denouncer?"



Is not just punishment justly inflicted, whether on the unfield or the grove? And where constituted judges, from observation, or from having seen in their lot with transgressors, suffer them not only to pass at liberty through the land, but to sit in the high places, and dye their garments in the blood of the saints,—is it not well done in any honest spirits who shall draw their private swords in the public cause?"

"I have no wish to judge this individual action," replied Morton, "for so far as is necessary to make you fully aware of my principles. I therefore repeat, that the case you have supposed does not satisfy my judgment. That the Ministry, in its supposition previous, may bring a bloody man to an end, deservedly bloody, does not vindicate those who, without authority of any kind, take upon themselves to be the instruments of execution, and presume to call them the executors of divine vengeance."

"And were we not so?" said Bailey, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm. "Were not we—was not every one who cursed the tyrants of the Government Church of Scotland, bound by that Government to cut off the John who had sold the cause of God for fifty thousand marks a-year? And we met him by the way as he came down from London, and there smitten him with the edge of the sword, we had done but the duty of men justified to our consciences, and to our souls rewarded in heaven. Was not the execution itself a proof of our warrant? Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands when we looked not but the use of his inferior tools of persecution? Did we not pray to be rewarded how we should act, and was it not borne in on our hearts as if it had been written on them with the point of a dagger, 'Ye shall surely take him and slay him?'—Was not the tragedy full half-acted in acting on the margins was completed, and that in an open booth, and within the precincts of their gardens—and yet who intercepted the great work?—What lay so much as layed us during the process, the killing, the slaying, and the disposing? Then, who will say—who dare say—that a righteous man, that man was not heaven rewarded?"

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Bailey," said Morton; "such circumstances of facility of execution and escape have often attended the commission of the most enormous crimes.—But it is not mine to judge you. I have not forgotten that the way was opened to the famous Abbot of Scotland by an act of

violence which no man can justify—the slaughter of Cranston by the hand of Robert Bruce, and, therefore, condemning this action, as I do and must, I am not unwilling to suppose that you may have motives rendering it in your own eyes, though not in mine, or in those of other readers. I only now mention it, because I desire you to understand that I join a cause supported by men engaged in open war, which it is proposed to carry on according to the rules of civilized nations, without in any respect approving of the act of violence which gave immediate rise to it."

Balfour bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed a violent sneeze. He perceived, with disappointment, that, upon points of principle, his young brother-in-law possessed a clearness of judgment, and a firmness of mind, which afforded but little hope of his being able to grant that degree of assistance over him which he had expected to possess. After a moment's pause, however, he said, with coolness, "My conduct is open to men and angels. The deed was not done in a corner—I am here in arms to avow it, and care not where, or by whom, I am called up to do so—whether in the council, the field of battle, the place of execution, or the day of the last great trial. I will not now discuss it further with one who is yet on the other side of the veil. But if you will cast in your lot with us as a brother, come with me to the council, who are still sitting, to arrange the future march of the army, and the means of improving our victory."

Morton arose and followed him in silence,—not greatly delighted with his conduct, and better satisfied with the general justice of the cause which he had espoused, than either with the measures or the motives of many of those who were embarked in it.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

And lo! how many sweeten tears do stand  
 Before upon this plain—as many better battles.  
 THOMAS AND CRANSTON.

In a hollow of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, was a shepherd's hut—a miserable cottage, which, as the only enclosed spot within a moderate distance, the leaders

of the Presbyterian way had chosen for their school-house. Towards this spot Hurley pulled Marion, who was surprised, as he approached it, at the multifarious confusion of sounds which issued from its precincts. The calm and serious gravity which it might be supposed would have provided in councils held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discord wild, and loud uproar, which fell on the ear of their new ally as an odd cognate of their future measures. As they approached the door, they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of youngsters, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves upon deliberations in which they were so deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Hurley, the sternness of whose character manifested a sort of superiority over these disorderly forces, expelled the intruders to yells, and, introducing Marion into the sitting, secured the door behind them against importunate curiosity. At a low speaking moment, the young man might have been entertained with the singular scene of which he now found himself an auditor and a spectator.

The products of the gloomy and remote hut were enlightened partly by some flame which blazed on the hearth, the smoke thereof, bearing no legal vent, eddied around, and flowed over the heads of the assembled crowd a dusky canopy—as opaque as their metaphysical theories—through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a few blinking candles, or rather tapers dipped in tallow, the property of the poor women of the village, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay. This broken and dusky light showed many a countenance stained with spiritual poils, or rendered dark by fierce affliction; and some whose features, wandering, and uncertain looks, showed they felt themselves sadly collected in a scene which they had neither sought nor consent to bring to a good issue, yet knew not how to shun, for very shame. They were, indeed, a doubtful and doubtful body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Hurley in the death of the Prince, four or five of whom had found their way to London Hill, together with other men of the same resolution and uncompromising soul, who had in various ways given desperate and reprehensible offence to the Government.

With them were mingled their pastors, men who had spurned at the indulgence offered by Government, and preserved assembling their flocks in the wilderness, to workmen in temples built by human hands, if their doing the latter should be construed to admit any right on the part of their rulers to interfere with the supremacy of the East. The other class of ministers were such gentlemen of small fortunes, and substantial fortunes, as a sense of insupportable oppression had induced to take arms and join the insurgents. These also had their differences with them, and each division, having many of them taken advantage of the indulgence, were prepared to combat the measures of their more violent brethren, who proposed a declaration in which they should give testimony against the warlike and intemperate for indulgence as sinful and unchristian acts. This delicate question had been passed over in silence in the first thought of the association which they intended to publish of the reasons of their partaking in arms, but it had been started more during Fairbairn's discourse, and, to his great vexation, he now found that both parties had opened upon it in full cry.—Macbister, Kettlebrowne, and other teachers of the wilderness, being at the very spring-tide of polemical discussion with Peter Tremblant, the indulgent pastor of Hildwood's parish, who, it seems, had riven against himself with a broad sword, but, r'ar he was called upon to fight for the good cause of Presbytery in the field, was manfully defending his own deposits in the council. It was the die of this conflict, maintained chiefly between Tremblant and Kettlebrowne, together with the clamour of their adherents, which had alerted Macbister's men upon approaching the village. Indeed, as both the divisions were men well gifted with words and lungs, and each fierce, ardent, and intemperate in defence of his own doctrine, prompt to the recollection of facts wherever they occurred, and each other without mercy, and deeply impressed with the importance of the subject of discussion, the role of the debate between them felt little short of that which might have attended an actual bodily conflict.

Barley, astonished at the division implied in this violent strife of tongues, interposed between the disputants, and, by some general remarks on the unchristianlike nature of dissent, a soothing address to the vanity of each party, and the exercise of the authority which his address in that day's victory entitled

this to answer, at length succeeded in providing upon them to support further discussion of the controversy. But although Kettlebrained and Foulmouth were thus for the time silenced, they continued to eye each other like two dogs, who, having been separated by the authority of their masters while fighting, have reunited, each beneath the chain of his owner, still watching each other's motions, and exhibiting, by convulsed growth, by the twisted brows of the look and ears, and by the red glance of the eye, that their danger is unexpressed, and that they only wait the first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company, to fly once more at each other's throats.

Julius took advantage of the momentary pause to present to the concert, Sir Henry Morton of Midwood, as one trusted with a sense of the evils of the trade, and willing to yield goods and life in the previous cause for which his father, the deceased Sir John Morton, had given in his time a noble-spirited testimony. Morton was instantly received with the right hand of fellowship by his ancient pastor, Foulmouth, and by those among the assembly who supported the more moderate principles. The others muttered something about Unitarianism, and reminded each other in whispers, that Sir John Morton, once a stout and worthy servant of the Covenant, had been a backslider in the day when the reactionaries had led the way in covering the authority of Charles Stuart, thereby making a gap whereat the present tyrant was afterwards brought in, to the oppression both of Kirk and country. They added, however, that, on this great day of calling, they would not refuse society with any who should put hand to the plough; and so Morton was installed in his office of leader and moderator, if not with the full approbation of his colleagues, at least without any formal or avowed dissent. They proceeded, on Bishop's motion, to divide among themselves the names of the men who had assembled, and whose names were duly announced. In this partition, the supporters of Foulmouth's pulpit and congregation were actually placed under the command of Morton, an arrangement mutually agreeable to both parties, as he was recommended to their confidence, as well by his personal qualities, as having been born among them.

When this task was accomplished, it became necessary to determine what use was to be made of their victory. Morton's

heart thrilled high when he heard the Tower of Tillymalken named as one of the most important positions to be seized upon. It commanded, as we have often noticed, the pass between the open wild and the more fertile country, and most surely, it was gloriously suited, a stronghold and place of rendezvous to the cavaliers and malignants of the district, supporting the insurgents men to march onward and leave it unscathed. This measure was particularly urged as necessary by Pownallton and those of his immediate followers, whose habitations and families might be exposed to great calamities, if this strong place were permitted to remain in possession of the royalists.

"I agree," said Pownallton,—he, like the other doctors of the period, he had no hesitation in offering his advice upon military matters, of which he was profoundly ignorant—"I agree that we should take it and pass that stronghold of the woman Lady Marjorie Reddison, even though we should build a fire and make a martyr against it; for the cause is righteous and a bloody one, and their hand has been heavy on the children of the Quakers, both in the former and the latter times. Their hands have been in our veins, and their trails between our feet."

"What are their names and men of labour?" said Burley.  
 "The place is strong; but I cannot measure that two women can make it good against a host."

"There is one," said Pownallton, "Barbara the steward, and John Gledhill, even the lady's chief butler, who bought himself a man of war from his youth upward, and who spend the hours against the good cause with that man of Salford, James Gledhill of Minstons."

"Follow!" returned Burley, scornfully—"a halloo!"

"Also there is that ancient malignart," replied Pownallton, "Miss Reddison of Charnwood, whose hands have been dipped in the blood of the saints."

"If that," said Burley, "be Miss Reddison, the brother of Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle, but he must now be stricken in years."

"There was work in the country as I rode along," said another of the council, "that as soon as they heard of the victory which had been given to us, they turned about the gates of the Tower, and called on men, and collected reinforcements. They were over a fierce and a malignant house."

"We will not, with my consent," said Burley, "engage in a

ings which may consume them. We must rush forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my Lord Rothes's regiment, will judge it safe to stand out against us."

"Hearken," said Fraughton, "we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to quarters. It may be that they will give over the place into our hands, though they be a rebellious people. And we will entrance the women to come forth of their stronghold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her granddaughter, and Jenny Dawson, which is a girl of an answering eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a sub-contract, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gutzill, and Hugh Hartoun, and Helen Bellenden, we will mete with diction of law, even as they, in their bygone, have done to the martyred saints."

"Woe talks of sub-contract and of peace!" said a shrill, hoarse, and overstrained voice, from the crowd.

"Peace, brother Edelbrock," said Mathews, in a soothing tone, to the speaker.

"I will not hold my peace," retorted the strange and unnatural voice, "is this a time to speak of peace, when the north quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to trank gods as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?"

While he spoke thus, the man struggled forward to the lower part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The top of a crown which had once been black, added to the natural fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with hoary, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in clumps round his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be embosomed by poverty and disease, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, wildly intimated a terrible and ungodly imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, dotted with blood, as were his long iron bands,

which were punished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

"In the name of Heaven, who is he?" said Morton, in a whisper to Frothingham,—surprised, shocked, and even startled, at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some mangled giant, or David red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

"It is Habbakuk Nicklebock," answered Frothingham, in the same tone, "whom the enemy hath long detained in captivity in dungeons and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil demon hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our virtuous brethren will have it, that he speaks of the Spirit, and that they fortify by his piercing words."

Now he was interrupted by Nicklebock, who cried, in a voice that made the very bones of the red captives—"What talks of peace and self-conduct? who speaks of mercy to the bloody houses of the malignant? I say, take the infants and dash them against the rocks—take the daughters and the mothers of the house, and hurl them from the battlements of their trust, that the dogs may fetter on their blood as they did on that of Jacob, the spouse of Allah, and that their carcasses may be flung to the fowls of the field even in the portions of their fathers!"

"He speaks right," said more than one solemn voice from behind. "We will be honoured with little service in the great cause, if we shewly make fair weather with Heaven's enemies."

"This is utter abominations and daring impiety," said Morton, unable to contain his indignation—"What meaning can you expect in a man, in which you listen to the wretched ravings of madness and slavery?"

"Hush, young man!" said Kethlammeah, "and reserve thy courage for that for which thou must render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the Spirit may be poured."

"We judge of the tree by the fruit," said Frothingham, "and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine laws."

"For forget, brother Frothingham," said Mathews, "that these are the latter days, when signs and wonders shall be multiplied."

Frothingham stood forward to reply; but, ere he could utter—



into a wood, the human prodigy looks in with a scream that drowned all competition.

"Who talks of ages and wonders! Am not I Hildibald Winkelschmidt, whose name is changed to Mayrhofer's, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me?—I heard it!—When did I hear it?—was it not in the Tower of the Fane, that overhangs the wide wild sea!—and it howled in the winds, and it roared in the hollows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it sang, with the screams and the song and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they fluted, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it!—Where did I see it?—was it not from the high peaks of Eimshausen, when I looked westward upon the fertile land, and northward on the wild, Highland hills; when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of heaven dashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host!—What did I see!—Dead corpses and wounded heroes, the rushing together of bands, and garments rolled in blood.—What heard I!—The voice that cried, *Slay, slay—murder—slay steadily!*—let not your eyes have pity! slay steadily, old and young, the weak, the child, and the woman whose head is grey!—Drench the bones, and fill the courts with the slain!"

"We receive the command!" exclaimed more than one of the company. "Our days be both not spoken nor broken bread, and now his tongue is unloosed!—We receive the command,—as he hath said, so will we do."

Astonished, disgusted, and horror-struck at what he had seen and heard, Morton turned away from the circle and left the cottage. He was followed by Shirley, who had his eye on his motions.

"Whither are you going?" said the latter, taking him by the arm.

"Anywhere,—I care not whither; but here I will abide no longer."

"Let them be soon weary, young man!" answered Shirley.

"They had in but now put to the plough, and wouldst thou already shackle it? Is this thy adherence to the cause of thy father?"

"No more," replied Morton, indignantly.—"no more can prosper, as concluded. One party declares for the savings of a bloodthirsty machine; another leader is an old scholar

polish; a third"—he stopped, and his companion continued the sentence—"In a desperate hour, they would say, like John Bullard of Barley!—I can bear thy misadventure without moment. Then dost not consider, that it is not men of color and affecting words, who win in those days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hadst thou but seen the queen of England, during her Parliament of 1540, whose ranks were filled with sectaries and enthusiasts, wilder than the anabaptists of Münster, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel, and yet these men were unengaged on the field, and their hands wrought marvellous things for the liberation of the land."

"But their affairs," replied Morton, "were wisely conducted, and the violence of their zeal expended itself in their exertions and escapes, without bringing divisions into their councils, or creating into their conduct. I have often heard my father say so, and protest, that he weakened at nothing so much as the contrast between the extravagance of their religious tenets, and the wisdom and moderation with which they conducted their civil and military affairs. But our councils were all one wild dance of confusion."

"Thou must have presence, Henry Morton," answered Bullard; "thou must not leave the cause of thy religion and country either for eye wild word, or one extravagant action. Hear me. I have already persuaded the wiser of our friends, that the council are too numerous, and that we cannot expect that the Michaelis shall, by so large a number, be delivered into our hands. They have listened to my voice, and our assembly will be shortly reduced within such a number as can consult and act together; and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well as in ordering our affairs of war, and protecting those to whom mercy should be shown.—Art thou now satisfied?"

"It will give me pleasure, doubtless," answered Morton, "to be the means of reflecting the horrors of civil war, and I will not leave the post I have taken, unless I see measures adopted at which my conscience revolts. But to so bloody executions after quarter asked, or slaughter without trial, will I lend countenance or sanction; and you may depend on my opposing them, with both heart and hand, as consistently and resolutely,

if attempted by our own followers, as when they see the work of the enemy."

Balfour waved his hand impatiently.

"Then with-stand," he said, "that the stephens and head-hearted generation with whom we deal, must be chastised with scourges as their heads be bashed, and are they except the punishment of their iniquity. The word is gone forth against them, 'I will bring a sword upon you, that shall wringe the quiver of my Gilead.' But what is done shall be done gently, and with discretion, like that of the worthy James Melvin, who executed judgment on the tyrant and oppressor, Gualter Deane."

"I owe to you," replied Morton, "that I feel with more abhorrence at cold-blooded and premeditated cruelty, than at that which is provoked in the heat of soul and momentary."

"You are yet but a youth," replied Balfour, "and have not learned how light in the balance are a few drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of the great national testimony. But be not afraid,—signs shall rise and judge in due season; it may be we shall see little cause to strive against them."

With this necessary Morton was compelled to be satisfied for the present, and Balfour left him, advising him to lie down and get some rest, as the heat would probably move in the morning.

"And you," answered Morton,—"do not you go to rest also?"

"No," said Balfour; "my eyes must not yet know slumber. This is no work to be done lightly. I have yet to perfect the drawing of the constitution of India, and I will call you by times in the morning, to be present at their completion."

He turned away, and left Morton to his repose.

The place in which he found himself was not ill adapted for the purpose, being a sheltered rock, beneath a large rock, well protected from the prevailing wind. A quantity of moss, with which the ground was overgrown, made a couch soft enough for one who had suffered as much hardship and anxiety. Morton wrapped himself in the horseman's cloak which he had still retained, stretched himself on the ground, and had not long indulged in melancholy reflections on the state of the country and upon his own condition, ere he was relieved from them by deep and sound slumber.

The rest of the navy slept on the ground, dispersed in groups, which chose their beds on the fields as they could best find shelter and convenience. A few of the principal leaders held informal conferences with Bishop as to the state of their affairs, and some watchmen were appointed, who kept themselves on the alert by checking parties, or listening to the murmurs of the more glib of their number.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Out with much more—now nearly to home.  
*CHAPTER XX. Part 2.*

Wrote the first part of day Henry awoke, and found the faithful Gubbs standing beside him with a postcard in his hand.

"I has been just putting your honour's things in readiness again ye were waking," said Gubbs, "as is my duty, seeing ye has been me gone as to take me into your service."

"I take you into my service, Gubbs!" said Morton; "you must be dressing."

"Na, na, sir," answered Gubbs; "dikes I say, when I was tied on the home powder, that if ever ye get home I would be your servant, and ye dikes my soul and if that was biding, I know what is. Ye give me one when, indeed, but ye had give me enough before at Edinburgh."

"Well, Gubbs, if you mean on taking the chance of my unprosperous fortunes"—

"On up, the warrant as a' proper word enough," answered Gubbs, cheerfully, "as soon my soul neither was need justice up. I has taken the surprising trade at an end that is very enough to have."

"Pillaging, I suppose?" said Morton, "for how else could you come by that postcard?"

"I wot as it's pillaging, or how ye w'd," said Gubbs; "but it comes natural to a body, and it's a profitable trade. Our folk had tried the dead dispoos as have as lawless before we were home again,—but when I saw the wings o' war yoke by the legs to Kettlebrenn and the other chield, I set off at the

hang out on my side around and your house's. So I took up the stile a wee bit, away to the right, where I saw the marks o' many a horse-foot, and sure enough I came to a place where there had been some close haunts, and o' the pair stiddie were lying there baskin' w' their ches just as they had put them on that morning—nobody had found out their post o' carriage—and who could be in the midst thereof (as my mother says) but our wild acquaintance, Ragswort Bothered!"

"Ay! has that man killed?" said Morton.

"Truth has he," answered Oudie; "and his own wife with and his horse too, and his teeth clamped together, like the jaws of a trap for footpads when the spring's down—I was almost forced to look at him; however, I thought to have turn about w' him, and see I stae riped his pockets, as he had done away an honest man's, and here's your ain sister upon (or your mark's, which is the same) that he got at Bitherwood that wadny night that made us a' rejoice together."

"There can be na harm, Oudie," said Morton, "in making use of this money, since we know how he came by it; but you must divide with me."

"Hiss a wee, hiss a wee," said Oudie. "Well, and there's a bit ring he had hanging in a black ribbon down on his breast. I am thinking it has been a love-token, your fellow—there's nobody as rough but they have up a kind heart to the bone—and there's a look w' a whole paper, and I got ten or three odd things, that I'll keep to myself, forby."

"Upon my word, you have made a very successful day for a beggar," said his new master.

"Hussa I d'e saw!" said Oudie, with great animation. "I wad say I wana that seems stupid, if it can be lifting things.—And forby, I has gotten ten guine better. A fiddler here of a fiveren woman, that has left his house and his lass home to sit dozing on a coald hill-side, had stolen ten dragon rings, and he could neither gar them keep nor sell, so he took a good while for them better—I sold her tried him w' half the silver, but it's an unco ill place to get change in.—Ye'll find the silver missing out o' Bitherwood's purse."

"You have made a most excellent and useful purchase, Oudie;—but what is that portmanteau?"

"The portmanteau!" answered Oudie; "it was Lord Brouche's yesterday, and it's yours the day. I find it about the

look o' these powder—This day has its day—To him what the  
suld sang says,

This tun clew, mither, quo' Twa o' the lads

And, speaking o' that, I mean gang and see about my aither,  
pair wald body, if your honour haes any immediate commands."

"But, Oddie," said Morton, "I really cannot take these  
things from you without some recompense."

"Hoot do, aye," answered Oddie, "ye wald aye be taking,—  
for recompense, ye may think about that some other time—I ha  
seen gey wad to myself w' some things that it is no better.  
What wald I do w' Lord Branksdale's hair shirt? Sergeant  
Balfour's will serve me wad enough."

Not being able to prevail on the self-constituted and dis-  
trusted deliverer to accept of anything for himself out of these  
various spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of  
returning Lord Branksdale's property, suggesting him yet to be  
alive; and, as the meanwhile, did not hesitate to avail himself  
of Oddie's plan, so far as to appropriate some changes of linen,  
and other trifling articles amongst those of more value which  
the partitioner omitted.

He then hastily looked over the papers which were found in  
Balfour's pocket-book. These were of a miscellaneous descrip-  
tion. The roll of his troop, with the names of those absent on  
furlough, memorandums of tavern bills, and lists of delinquents  
who might be made subjects of fine and punishment, first pre-  
sented themselves, along with a copy of a warrant from the  
Privy Council to arrest certain persons of distinction therein  
named. In another pocket of the book were one or two com-  
missions which Balfour had held at different times, and  
certificates of his services abroad, in which his courage and  
military talents were highly praised. But the most remarkable  
paper was an accurate account of his pedigree, with reference  
to many documents for establishment of its authenticity;—  
subjoined was a list of the ample possessions of the deceased  
Earl of Balfour, and a particular account of the properties  
in which King James VI. had bestowed them on the courtiers  
and nobility, by whose descendants they were at present actually  
possessed; beneath this list was written, in red letters, in the  
hand of the deceased, *James Stewart, F. R. S. E.*, the initials  
probably indicating Francis Stewart, Earl of Balfour. To

these documents, which strongly pointed the character and feelings of their deceased proprietors, were added some which showed him in a light greatly different from that in which we have hitherto presented him to the reader.

In a secret pocket of the book, which Norton did not discover without some trouble, were one or two letters, written in a beautiful female hand. They were dated about twenty years back, bore no address, and were subscribed only by initials. Witnesses having been to peruse them accurately, Norton perceived that they contained the deepest yet truest expressions of female affection directed towards an object whose journey they anticipated in death, and of whose happy, mysterious, and joyful temper the writer seemed greatly to complain. The ink of these manuscripts had faded by time, and, notwithstanding the great care which had obviously been taken for their preservation, they were in one or two places shaded so as to be illegible.

"It matters not" (these words were written on the envelope of that which had suffered most), "I have them by heart."

With these letters was a leaf of tale wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which shewed, in Morrell's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the coarseness with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period :—

Oh! how, how glad, to gaze and bright,  
As in that wilderness last night,  
When first thy spirit's land was won,  
And first thy Agnes whispered love.  
Then that, how often best thou proved  
The world's sin of this wild world,  
Those words and love had come to dwell  
With the first, which puzzled best!  
A heart, whose blood's a sacred name,  
Beneath the martyr's old, unbroken form—  
O, if such words then were written,  
That they thy love sustained and gave,  
What comfort to our souls bring through  
Of dark hours when last Agnes straggled!  
I had not wept and wept and wept,  
With such a word for my guide,  
For heaven, our earth would then appear to,  
Kissed and loved, and loved to heaven.  
But then this world's wild joy had been  
To me one strong, burning word,  
My sole delight the burning word,  
And sweetest luxury of the dawn.

To start, groan, and bring to bed,  
 Back to, drag down, and cast my prey,  
 Then from the corpse turn, cry,  
 "His heart must be stronger than I,  
 And must, such sword-bleeds give refusal ;—  
 'Tis, God and man might now approve me,  
 If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me !

As he finished reading these lines, Morton could not refrain reflecting with compassion on the fate of this singular and most unhappy being, who it appeared, while in the lowest state of degradation, and almost of contempt, had his recollections continually fixed on the high studies to which his birth seemed to entitle him ; and, while plunged in gross dissipation, was in secret looking back with better remembrance to the period of his youth, during which he had sustained a virtuous though unfortunate attachment.

" Alas ! what are we," said Morton, " that our best and most precious feelings can be thus debased and deformed—that honourable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the source of brightest affection within the same bosom which loves, reveres, and raptures, have chosen for their rival ? But it is the same throughout : the liberal principles of one man sink into cold and trifling indifference ; the religious zeal of another hardens him into fanatic and savage enthusiasm. Our resolutions, our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and, without the aid of Him who formed the human breast, we cannot say to its helm, ' Thus he shall go on, and no further !'

While he thus mused, he raised his eyes, and observed that Dudley stood before him.

" Already awake ! " said that leader. — " It is well, and shows me to tread the path before you. What papers are those ? " he inquired.

Morton gave him some brief account of Coddie's successful recruiting party, and handed him the pocket-book of Edithwell, with its contents. The Cambrivian leader looked with some attention on each of the papers so related to military affairs, or public business ; but when he came to the verses, he threw them from him with contempt.

" I little thought," he said, " when, by the blessing of God, I passed my sword three times through the body of that wretched traitor and provocator, that a character so desperate and



as dangerous could have stooped to an act as trifling as it is profane. But I see that Satan can bleed the most different qualities in his well-beloved and chosen agents, and that the same hand which can wield a club or a slaughter-sword against the godly in the valley of destruction, can touch a smiling babe, or a pious, to excite the sins of the dancing daughters of perdition in their Vanity Fair."

"Your ideas of duty, then," said Morton, "exclude love of the fine arts, which have been supposed as granted to purify and to elevate the mind?"

"To me, young man," answered Burley, "and to those who think as I do, the pleasures of this world, under whatever name disguised, are vanity, as its grandeur and power are a snare. We have but one object on earth, and that is to build up the temple of the Lord."

"I have heard my father observe," replied Morton, "that many who assumed power in the name of Heaven, were at times in its service, and as unwilling to part with it, as if they had been solely moved by the motives of worldly ambition.—But of the number here. Have you succeeded in obtaining a committee of the council to be nominated?"

"I have," answered Burley. "The number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations."

Morton accompanied him to a sequestered paragonet, where their colleagues awaited them. In this delegation of authority, the two principal houses which divided the territorial army had each taken care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Conservatives, were Burley, Macfarlan, and Kettlebrum; and on that of the moderate party, Foxglove, Henry Morton, and a wealthy proprietor called the Laird of Langpate. Thus the two parties were equally balanced by their representatives in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were, as is usual in such cases, to possess and exert the greater degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted more like men of this world than could have been expected from their conduct in the preceding evening. After maturely considering their means and situation, and the probable success of their numbers, they agreed that they would keep their postures for that day, in order to refresh their men, and give time to men-

Resolute to join them, and that, on the next morning, they would direct their march towards Tillinstown, and surround that stronghold, as they expressed it, of malignancy. If it was not surrounded to their advantage, they resolved to try the effect of a brave assault; and, should that succeed, it was settled that they should take a part of their number to blockade the place, and relieve it, if possible, by force, while their main body should march forward to drive Clonabrown and Lord Ross from the town of Glasgow. Such was the determination of the council of management; and then Martin's first enterprise in active life was likely to be the effect of a rustic belonging to the parent of his mistress, and defended by her relatives, Major Bellenden, to whom he personally owed many obligations! He felt fully the enhancement of his situation, yet consoled himself with the reflection, that his newly-acquired power in the insurgent army would give him, at all events, the means of extending to the inmates of Tillinstown a protection which no other circumstance could have afforded them;—and he was not without hope that he might be able to conclude such an accommodation between them and the Presbyterians army, as should secure them a safe neutrality during the war which was about to ensue.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

There came a knight from the field of strife,  
His steel was bristled in blood and mire.

FORGE.

We must now return to the fortress of Tillinstown and its inhabitants. The morning, being the first after the battle of Louisa Hill, had dawned upon its battlements, and the defenders had already resumed the silence by which they prepared to render the place tenable, when the watchman, who was placed on a high turret called the Watcher's Tower, gave the signal that a horseman was approaching. As he came nearer, his dress indicated an officer of the Life-Guards, and the slowness of his horse's pace, as well as the manner in which the rider stopped on the battlement, plainly showed that he was sick or wounded.

The victim was instantly opened to receive him, and Lord Brantford rode into the courtyard, so coloured by loss of blood, that he was unable to dismount without assistance. As he entered the hall, leaning upon a servant, the ladies shrieked with surprise and terror; for, pale as death, stained with blood, his ragged robe soiled and torn, and his hair matted and discoloured, he resembled rather a spectre than a human being. But their next impression was that of joy at his escape.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Lady Margaret, "that you are here, and have escaped the hands of the bloodthirsty murderers who have cut off so many of the king's loyal servants!"

"Thank God!" added Edith, "that you are here and in safety! We have dreaded the worst. But you are wounded, and I fear we have little the means of attending you."

"My wounds are only scratches," answered the young gentleman, as he reposed himself on a seat; "the pain is not worth mentioning, and I should not even feel exhausted but for the loss of blood.—But it was not my purpose to bring my weakness to add to your danger and distress, but to relieve them, if possible. What can I do for you?—Permit me," he added, addressing Lady Margaret—"permit me to drink and eat as you eat, my dear mother—as your brother, Edith?"

He pronounced the last part of the sentence with some emphasis, as if he feared that the apprehension of his proffering as a soldier might render his personal services unacceptable to Miss Belvidere. She was not inaccessible to his delivery, but there was no time for exchange of sentiments.

"We are preparing for our defence," said the old lady with great dignity;—"my brother has taken charge of our person, and, by the grace of God, we will give the rebels such a reception as they deserve."

"How gladly," said Brantford, "would I share in the defence of the Castle! But in my present state, I should be but a burden to you—say, something worse; for, the knowledge that an officer of the Life-Guards was in the Castle would be sufficient to make them regard more desperately earnest to possess themselves of it. If they find it defended only by the family, they may possibly march on to Glasgow rather than hazard an assault."

"And can you think so meanly of me, my lord," said Edith, with the generous burst of feeling which warms so often women,

and which becomes her as well—how were following through exposure, and her brow coloring with the noble warmth which dictated her language—"can you think so much of your friends, as that they would permit such considerations to interfere with their sheltering and protecting you at a moment when you are unable to defend yourself, and when the whole country is filled with the enemy? Is there a cottage in Scotland whose owners would permit a valued friend to leave it in such circumstances? And can you think we will allow you to go from a castle which we hold to be strong enough for our own defence?"

"Lord Branksome need never think of it," said Lady Margaret. "I will dress his wounds myself, it is all an old wife's id for in war time; but to quit the Castle of Tillinstoun when the word of the enemy is given to slay him,—the moment troops that ever wore the king's coat on his back should not do so, much less my young Lord Branksome.—Ours is not a house that ought to brook such treatment. The Thane of Tillinstoun has been too much distinguished by the want of his most loyal!"

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the Major.

"We have taken a prisoner, my dear madam," said Edith—"a wounded prisoner, and he wants to escape from us. You must help us to keep him by force."

"Lord Branksome!" exclaimed the veteran. "I am as much pleased as when I got my first commission. Claverhouse reported you were killed, or missing at least."

"I should have been able, but for a friend of yours," said Lord Branksome, speaking with some emotion, and having his eyes on the ground, as if he wished to avoid seeing the expression that what he was about to say would make upon Miss Edith. "I was captured and deluged, and the revolt aimed to dispatch me, when young Mr. Morice, the prisoner for whom you interested yourself yesterday morning, intervened in the most generous manner, preserved my life, and furnished me with the means of escaping."

As he ended the sentence, a painful convulsion convulsed his face resolution; he raised his eyes to Edith's face, and imagined he could read in the glow of her cheek and the sparkle of her eyes, joy at learning of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not having been left lost in the race of great

truly. Such, indeed, were her feelings; but they were also mingled with admiration of the ready frankness with which Lord Brumchide had listened to her witness to the merit of a favoured rival, and to acknowledge an obligation which, in all probability, he would rather have owed to any other individual in the world.

Major Seladen, who would never have observed the emotions of either party, even had they been much more markedly expressed, contented himself with saying, "Since Henry Morton has adhered with these results, I am glad he has so started it, but I hope he will get clear of them as soon as he can. Indeed, I cannot doubt it. I know his principles, and that he detests their craft and hypocrisy. I have heard him laugh a thousand times at the pedantry of that old Presbyterian minister, President, who, after enjoying the indulgence of the Government for so many years, has now, upon the very first rally, shown himself as his own proper enemy, and set off with these parts of his dog-mated occupation, to join the host of the fanatic—But how did you escape after leaving the field, my lord?"

"I rode for my life, as a veteran knight must," answered Lord Brumchide, smiling. "I took the route where I thought I had best chance of meeting with any of the enemy, and I found shelter for several hours—you will hardly guess where."

"As Castle Brumchide, perhaps," said Lady Margaret, "or in the house of some other loyal gentleman?"

"No, madam. I was repulsed, under not more protect or shelter, from more than one house of that description, for fear of the enemy following my traces; but I found refuge in the cottage of a poor widow, whose husband had been shot within three days of the battle by a party of our corps, and whose two sons are at this very moment with the insurgents."

"Indeed!" said Lady Margaret Seladen, "and was a fanatic woman capable of such generosity? But she disapproved, I suppose, of the tenets of her family?"

"Far from it, madam," continued the young soldier; "she was in principle a rigid monarchist, but she saw my danger and distress, considered me as a fellow-creature, and forgot that I was a cavalier and a soldier. She bowed my wounds, and permitted me to rest upon her bed, concealed me from a party of the insurgents who were seeking for stragglers, supplied me

with food, and did not suffer me to leave my place of refuge until she had learned that I had every chance of getting to the tower without danger."

"It was nobly done," said Miss Defenders; "and I trust you will have an opportunity of rewarding her generosity."

"I am running up an arrow of obligation on all sides, Miss Defenders, during these unfortunate commotions," replied Lord Branksdale; "but when I can obtain the means of showing my gratitude, the will shall not be wanting."

All now joined in pressing Lord Branksdale to relinquish his intention of leaving the Castle; but the argument of Major Defenders proved the most effective.

"Your presence in the Castle will be most useful, if not absolutely necessary, my lord, in order to maintain, by your authority, proper discipline among the soldiers whom Gloucestershire has left in garrison here, and who do not prove to be of the most orderly description of baronets; and, indeed, we have the Colonel's authority, for that very purpose, to detain any officer of his regiment who might pass that way."

"That," said Lord Branksdale, "is an unanswerable argument, since it shows me that my residence here may be useful, even in my present disabled state."

"For your wounds, my lord," said the Major, "if my sister, Lady Defenders, will undertake to give birth to any venereal symptoms, if such should appear, I will swear that my old campaigner, Doctor Pile, shall dress a flesh-wound with any of the incorporation of Baster-Surgens. He had enough of practice in Kilmorock's time, for we had few regularly-bred army surgeons, as you may well suppose.—You agree to stay with us, then?"

"My reasons for leaving the Castle," said Lord Branksdale, glancing a look towards Edith, "though they evidently seemed weighty, must needs give way to those which infer the power of serving you. May I presume, Major, to enquire into the means and plan of defence which you have prepared? or can I attend you to examine the works?"

It did not escape Miss Defenders, that Lord Branksdale seemed much interested both in body and mind. "I think, sir," she said, addressing the Major, "that since Lord Branksdale undertakes to become an officer of our garrison, you should begin by rendering him amenable to your authority, and ordering him to

his apartment, that he may take some refreshment ere he enters on military discussions."

"Biff is right," said the old lady; "you must go instantly to bed, my lord, and take some sleeping, which I will prepare with my own hand; and my lady-in-waiting, Mistress Martha Widdell, shall make some fric-a-chicken, or something very light; I would not advise wine.—John Gedyll, let the house-keeper make ready the chamber of state.—Lord Bransdale must be down instantly. Pile well off the dressings, and examine the state of the wounds."

"These are melancholy preparations, madam," said Lord Bransdale, as he returned thanks to Lady Margaret, and was about to leave the hall; "but I must submit to your ladyship's directions, and I trust that your skill will soon make me a more able defender of your Castle than I am at present. You must render my body serviceable as soon as you can, for you have no use for my head while you have Major Bolandier."

With these words he left the apartment.

"An excellent young man, and a modest," said the Major.

"None of that count," said Lady Margaret, "that often makes young folk suppose they know better how their complaints should be treated than people that have had experience."

"And so generous and handsome a young gentleman," said Jenny Denison, who had entered during the latter part of this conversation, and was now left alone with her mistress in the hall,—the Major returning to his military cares, and Lady Margaret to her medical preparations.

Biff only answered those exclamations with a sigh; but, although silent, she felt and knew better than any one how much they were excited by the power on which they were bestowed. Jenny, however, failed not to follow up her ideas.

"After all, it's true that my lady says—there's no trusting a Presbyterian, they are all false men—even I am. What had her thought that young Hinnered and Gled's Haddock had her toes on wif these rebel blackguards?"

"What do you mean by such improbable guesses, Jenny?" said her young mistress, very much displeased.

"I am it's no pleasing for you to hear, madam," answered Jenny, hardly, "and it's as little pleasant for me to tell, but so gude ye could hear it some as yon, for the half Castle's raging wif."

"Slinging with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to drive me mad?" answered Edith, impatiently.

"Just that Henry Morton of Milnwood is out of the rebels, and one of their chief leaders."

"It is a falsehood!" said Edith—"a most bare calumny! and you are very bold to dare to repeat it to me. Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery to his king and country—such cruelty to me—to—to all the innocent and defenceless victims, I mean, who must suffer in a civil war—I tell you he is utterly incapable of it, in every sense."

"Dear! dear! Miss Edith," replied Jenny, still content in her task, "they must be better acquainted w<sup>th</sup> young men than I am, or ever wish to be, that can tell precisely what they're capable or no capable of. But there has been Trooper Tam, and another shaid, out in bonnets and gray pleads, like countrymen, to rouse—rouse—rouse—I think John Gudyll said it; and they has been among the rebels, and brought back word that they had seen young Milnwood mounted on one o' the dragons horses that was ran at London Hill, armed w<sup>th</sup> sword and pike, like who had him, and hand and glove w<sup>th</sup> the foremost o' them, and dressing and commanding the men; and Coddie at the back o' him, in one o' Sargent Botchwell's laced waistcoats, and a corset hat with a bob o' blue ribbons at it for the solid cause o' the Government (but Coddie aye liked a blue ribbon), and a ruffled skirt, like any lady o' the land—it was the like o' him, indeed!"

"Jenny," said her young mistress, hastily, "it is impossible that such a report can be true; my uncle has heard nothing of it at this instant."

"Because Tom Halliday," answered the housekeeper, "came in just five minutes after Lord Emsdale; and when he heard his lordship was in the Castle, he swore (the profess heon!) he would be d—d ere he would make the report, as he co'd be, of his news to Major Delandine, since there was an officer of his old regiment in the garrison. See he wad here and nothing till Lord Emsdale wakened the next morning; only he told me about it!" (here Jenny looked a little down), "just to run me about Coddie."

"Poh! you silly girl," said Edith, assuming some courage—"it is all a trick of that fellow to tease you."

"Na, ma'am, it mair be that, for John Gudyll took the other dragons (he's an odd hard-favoured man, I wain his



stems) into the cellar, and gave him a basin of brandy to get the nerve out of him, and he said just the same as Tom Hildesley, word for word; and Mr. Chelyll was to do a rape, that he took it of course again to us, and says the hell rebellion is owing to the weakness of my Lobby and the Major, and Lord Eversdale, that begged off young Milwood and Chubb yesterday morning, for that, if they had suffered, the country would have been quiet—and both I am sensible of that opinion myself."

This last commentary Jenny added to her tale, in resentment of her mistress's extreme and obstinate incredulity. She was instantly alarmed, however, by the effect which her story produced upon her young lady—an effect rendered doubly violent by the High Church principles and prejudices in which Miss Hildesley had been educated. Her complexion became as pale as a corpse—her respiration so difficult, that it was on the point of altogether failing her—and her limbs so incapable of supporting her, that she sunk, rather than sat, down upon one of the seats in the hall, and seemed on the eve of fainting. Jenny tried cold water, burnt feathers, cutting of hairs, and all other remedies usual in hysterical cases, but without any immediate effect.

"God forgive me! what has I done?" said the repentant Glendower. "I wish my tongue had been cut off out!—What has I thought of her taking on that way, and a' for a young lad?—O, Miss Edith! dear Miss Edith! hold your heart up about it—it's maybe no true for a' that I has said—O, I wish my mouth had been blistered! A'body tells me my tongue will do me a mischief some day. What if my Lobby consent or the Major?—and she's sitting in the throne, too, that nobody has sets in since that werry morning the King was here!—O! what will I do! O! what will become of us?"

While Jenny Denison thus lamented herself and her mistress Edith slowly returned from the paragon into which she had been thrown by this unexpected intelligence.—"If he had been unfortunate," she said, "I never would have deserted him—I never did so, even when there was danger and disgrace in pleading his cause. If he had died, I would have mourned him;—if he had been unfaithful, I would have forgiven him; but a rebel to his King—a traitor to his country—the associate and colleague of cut-throats and common scoundrels—the perpetrator of all that

is sold—the professed and blasphemous enemy of all that is sacred—I will tear him from my heart, if my life-blood should aid in the effort!”

She wiped her eyes, and rose hastily from the great chair (or throne, as Lady Margaret used to call it), while the terrified damsel hastened to shake up the cushions, and efface the appearance of any one having occupied that sacred seat; although King Charles himself, considering the youth and beauty, as well as the affliction of the momentary usurper of his hallowed chair, would probably have thought very little of the profanation. She then hastened officiously to press her support on Edith, as she paced the hall, apparently in deep meditation.—“Tid my aye, wadna; better just tid my aye; sorrow mair hae its rest, and don’t thou!”—

“No, Jenny,” said Edith with firmness; “you have seen my weakness, and you shall see my strength.”

“But ye looked on me the other morning, Miss Edith, when ye were all well pleased.”

“Misplaced and erring affection may require support, Jenny—duty can support itself. Yet I will do nothing rashly;—I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct—and then—cast him off for ever,” was the firm and determined answer of her young lady.

Overawed by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive, nor estimate the merit, Jenny muttered between her teeth, “Och, when the dust fight’s over, Miss Edith tells it as easy as I do, and wadna make, and I’m awa; I never cared half as much about Cuddie Hastings as she did about young Milnerwood. Forby that, it’s maybe as well to hae a friend on both sides; for if the whigs wad come to tak the Gables, as it’s like they may, when there’s nae little victual, and the dragons wadling wha’s o’,—or, in that case, Milnerwood and Cuddie wad hae the upper hand, and their friendship wad be worth alicie.—I was thinking on this morning or I heard the news.”

With this concluding reflection the damsel went about her usual occupations, leaving her mistress to school her mind as she best might, for evincing the sentiments which she had hitherto entertained towards Henry Morton.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!

HENRY T.

On the evening of this day, all the information which they could procure led them to expect that the insurgent army would be with early dawn on their march against Tiflis. Lord Erskine's wounds had been examined by Pike, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of any consequence; and the loss of blood, so much perhaps as the fatal spasm of Lady Margaret, had prevented any tendency to fever, so that, notwithstanding his still some pain and great weakness, the patient maintained that he was able to cope about with the demands of a sick. In those circumstances he refused to be confined to his apartment, both that he might encourage the soldiers by his presence, and suggest any necessary addition to the plan of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon something of an anticipated notion of victory.—Lord Erskine was well qualified to give advice on such subjects, having served, during his early youth, both in France and in the Low Countries. There was Pike on no occasion, however, for altering the preparations already made; and excepting in the article of provisions, there seemed no reason to fear for the defence of so strong a place against such assaults as those by which it was threatened.

With the pass of day, Lord Erskine and Major Edmonson were on the battlements again, viewing and re-viewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I ought to observe, that the report of the spies had now been regularly made and received; but the Major treated the report that Morica was in arms against the Government with the most scornful incredulity.

"I know the lad better," was the only reply he deigned to make,—"the fellows have not dared to venture near enough, and have been decaying by some fearful accident, or have picked up some story."

"I differ from you, Major," answered Lord Erskine, "I think you will see that young gentleman at the head of the

insurgents; and, though I shall be heartily sorry for it, I shall not be greatly surprised."

"You are as bad as Charvonnas," said the Major, "who contacted yesterday morning drove my very throat, that this young fellow, who is as high-spirited and gentleman-like a boy as I have ever known, wanted but an opportunity to place himself at the head of the rebels."

"And considering the wage which he has received, and the suspicions under which he lies," said Lord Bransdale, "what other course is open to him? For my own part, I should hardly know whether he deserved more blame or pity."

"Blame, my lord!—Pity!" echoed the Major, astonished at hearing such sentiments: "he would deserve to be hanged, that's all; and, were he my own son, I should see him strung up with pleasure—Blame, indeed! But your lordship cannot think as you are pleased to speak?"

"I give you my honour, Major Belvidere, that I have been the same time of opinion, that our politicians and priests have driven matters to a parallel extremity in this country, and have shouted, by violence of various kinds, not only the lower classes, but all those in the upper ranks, whose strong party-feeling, or a desire of court-ascendancy, does not attach to their standard."

"I am no politician," answered the Major, "and I do not understand such distinctions. My sword is the King's, and when he commands, I draw it in his name."

"I trust," replied the young lord, "you will not find me more backward than yourself, though I heartily wish that the enemy were foreigners. It is, however, no time to debate that matter, for sooner they come, and we must defend ourselves as well as we can."

As Lord Bransdale spoke, the van of the insurgents began to make their appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and thence descended opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move downward, as if aware that, in doing so, their columns would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the place. But their numbers, which at first seemed few, appeared presently as to deepen and concentrate themselves, that, judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front which they presented on the top of it, their force appeared very considerable. There was a

pairs of sailing on both sides; and, with the untidy ranks of the *Cornuators* were agitated, as if by promise behind, or necessity as to their next movement, their arms, picturesque from their variety, glanced in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a glare of pikes, muskets, halberds, and battle-axes. The armed mass composed, for a few minutes, this fluctuating position, until three or four hundred, who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the front, and occupied the height a little nearer to the *Ordnis*. John Gaidyell, who was not without some skill as an artilleryman, brought a gun to bear on this detached group.

"I'll fire the blow"—(so the small cannon was called)—  
"I'll fire the blow whenever your honour gives command; my  
word, she'll rattle their feathers for them."

The Major looked at Lord Bransdale.

"Stay a moment," said the young gentleman;—"they need  
no flag of truce."

In fact, one of the hundred at that moment descended, and, displaying a white cloth on a pike, moved forward towards the *Tower*, while the Major and Lord Bransdale, descending from the battlement of the main fortress, advanced to meet him as far as the barriade, judging it wiser to admit him within the process which they designed to defend. At the same time that the ambassador set forth, the group of hundred, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Gaidyell for their annoyance, withdrew from the advanced station which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.

The army of the *Cornuators*, to judge by his size and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distinguished his son. His features were drawn up to a contemptuous grimace, and his half-shut eyes seemed to seem to look upon the harried ranks around, while, at every solemn stride, his toes were pointed outward with an air that appeared to despise the ground on which they took. Lord Bransdale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure.

"Did you ever," said he to Major Deffenden, "see such an  
absurd spectacle? One would swear it moves upon springs—  
One should think you?"

"O, ay," said the Major; "that seems to be one of my old  
acquaintance, a genuine portion of the right phantasmal breed—  
—Stay—he coughs and hems; he is about to pronounce the

castle with the bell-end of a sermon, instead of a parley on the trumpet."

The veteran, who in his day had had many an opportunity to become acquainted with the manners of these religiousists, was not the mistake in his conjecture; only that, instead of a pious exordium, the Lord of Langside—for it was no less a personage—appeared, with a stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm.

"To give lift up your heads: ye doors,  
 Doors that do not let us in,  
 Be lifted up."

"I told you so," said the Major to Brandaile,—and then presented himself at the entrance of the barracks, demanding to know for what purpose or intent he made that doleful noise, like a lag in a high wind, beneath the gates of the Castle.

"I come," replied the ambassador in a high and shrill voice, and without any of the usual salutations or deferences—"I come from the giddy army of the Helms League and Covenant, to speak with two cursed malignants, William Maxwell, called Lord Brandaile, and Miles Bellenden of Champwood."

"And what have you to say to Miles Bellenden and Lord Brandaile?" answered the Major.

"Are you the parties?" said the Lord of Langside, in the same shrill, oscillated, throesopitful tone of voice.

"Even so, the fault of better," said the Major.

"Then throw the public sentence," said the squire, putting a paper into Lord Brandaile's hand, "and there is a private letter for Miles Bellenden from a giddy youth, who is banished with leading a part of our host. Read these quickly, and God give you grace to frantically by the contents, though it is possible to be doubted."

The sentence ran thus: "We, the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others, presently in arms for the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Brandaile and Miles Bellenden of Champwood, and others presently in arms, and bearing quarters in the Tower of Tilleshaw, to surrender the said Tower upon the conditions of quarter, and hence to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by the laws of war to those who hold out on untenable post. And so may God defend his own good cause!"

This manifesto was signed by John Ballou of Dorley, as quarter-master-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in name of the other leaders.

The letter to Major Bollenback was from Henry Weston. It was couched in the following language:—

"I have taken a step, my venerable friend, which, among many painful consequences, will, I am afraid, incur your very decided disapprobation. But I have taken my resolution in honour and good faith, and with the full approval of my own conscience. I can no longer submit to have my own rights and those of my fellow-subjects trampled upon, our freedom violated, our persons insulted, and our blood spilt, without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through the violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now to have opened a way of deliverance from this intolerable tyranny, and I do not hold him deserving of the name and rights of a freeman, who, thinking as I do, shall withhold his arm from the cause of his country. But God, who knows my heart, be my witness, that I do not share the angry or violent passions of the eye-seeker and harassed sufferer with whom I am now sitting. My most earnest and anxious desire is, to see this unchristian war brought to a speedy end, by the union of the good, wise, and moderate of all parties, and a peace restored, which, without injury to the King's constitutional rights, may substitute the authority of equal laws to that of military violence, and, permitting to all men to worship God according to their own consciences, may substitute mutual satisfaction by reason and wisdom, instead of driving it to frenzy by persecution and intolerance.

"With these sentiments, you may conceive with what pain I appear in arms before the house of your venerable relative, which we understand you propose to hold out against us. Permit me to press upon you the necessity, that such a measure will only lead to the effusion of blood—that if repented in the season, we are yet strong enough to invert the place, and relieve it by longer, being aware of your indifferent preparations to sustain a protracted siege. It would grieve me to the heart to think what would be the sufferings in such a case, and upon whom they would chiefly fall.

"Do not suppose, my respected friend, that I would propose to you any terms which could compromise the high and honour-

able character which you have so deservedly won, and so long borne. If the regular soldiers (to whom, I will assume a safe retreat) are dislodged from the place, I trust no more will be required than your parole to remain quiet during this temporary contest; and I will take care that Lady Margaret's property, as well as yours, shall be duly respected, and no question intruded upon you. I could say much in favour of this proposal; but I fear, as I must in the present instance appear criminal in your eyes, good arguments would lose their influence when coming from an unwelcome quarter. I will, therefore, break off with assuring you, that whatever your sentiments may be hereafter towards me, my sense of gratitude to you can never be diminished or erased; and it would be the happiest moment of my life that should give me more effectual means than mere words to assure you of it. Therefore, although in the first moment of resentment you may reject the proposal I make to you, let not that prevent you from retaining the hope, if future events should render it more acceptable: for whenever, or however I may be of service to you, it will always afford the greatest satisfaction to

HENRY MORTON."

Having read this long letter with the most marked indignation, Major Belfenden put it into the hands of Lord Branksdale.

"I would not have believed this," he said, "of Henry Morton, if half mankind had sworn it! The ungrateful, rebellious traitor!—rebellious in cold blood, and without even the pretence of enthusiasm, that warms the liver of such a crack-brained dog as our friend the curvy there. But I should have remembered he was a Presbyter!—I ought to have been aware that I was taming a wild-cat, whose diabolical nature would make him tear and scratch at me on the first opportunity. Woe befall that Paul on earth again, and a Presbyter, he would be a rebel in three months—it is in the very blood of them."

"Well," said Lord Branksdale, "I will be the last to recommend surrender; but if our provisions fail, and we receive no relief from Edinburgh or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this opening, to get the ladies, at least, safe out of the Castle."

"They will assure all, ere they would accept the protection of such a smooth-tongued hypocrite," answered the Major, indignantly; "I would renounce them for religious were it otherwise. But let us discuss the worthy ambassador.—My friend," he said



turning to Langens, "tell your leaders, and the mob they have gathered rounder, that if they have not a particular opinion of the hardness of their own skulls, I would advise them to beware how they knock them against these old walls. And let them send no more flags of truce, or we will hang up the messenger in violation of the murder of Count Grubbe."

With this answer the ambassador returned to those by whom he had been sent. He had no longer reached the main body, than a murmur was heard amongst the multitude, and there was raised in front of their ranks an ample red flag, the borders of which were edged with blue. As the signal of war and defiance spread out its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Marguerite's family, together with the royal ensigns, were immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tower, and at the same time, a volley of artillery was discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents, by which they sustained some loss. Their leaders instantly withdrew them to the shelter of the tower of the hill.

"I think," said John Gudgeon, while he buried himself in re-charging his gun, "they like that the falcon's web a lot over head for them—it's as fit ought that the hawk whistles."

But as he uttered those words, the ridge was once more covered with the ranks of the enemy. A general discharge of their firearms was directed against the defences upon the battlements. Under cover of the smoke, a column of picked men rushed down the road with determined courage, and, notwithstanding a heavy fire from the garrison, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Balfour in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm; and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and compelling the rest to retreat to their second position. The precautions, however, of Major Balfour rendered this success unavailing; for so soon as were the Communists in possession of the post, than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from three stations which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of returning it with effect against men who were under cover of their barricades and defences, the Communists were obliged to retreat; but not until they had with their axes destroyed the

stockade, so as to render it impossible for the defenders to recapture it.

Balfour was the last man that retired. His arm remained for a short space almost alone, with an axe in his hand, hewing like a plume amid the storm of balls, many of which were especially aimed against him. The retreat of the party he commanded was not effected without heavy loss, and served as a severe lesson concerning the local advantages possessed by the garrison.

The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen (many of them veterans at the game of the popinjay), under the command of Henry Morton, glided through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, undisturbed, by firing their way through the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded it on either side, to gain a position from which, without being exposed in an undecidable degree, they might annoy the flank of the second barracks, while it was engaged in front by a second attack from Barley. The besieged saw the danger of this movement, and endeavoured to impede the approach of the marksmen, by firing upon them at every point where they showed themselves. The assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment, in the manner in which they approached the defences. This was in a great measure to be ascribed to the steady and skilful manner in which they were conducted by their powerful leader, who showed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in attacking the enemy.

He repeatedly enjoined his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the red-coats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle, and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner, that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now glanced from every part of the precipitous ascent on which the Castle was founded. From bush to bush—from crag to crag—from tree to tree, the marksmen continued to advance, avoiding themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and retreating at once with the disadvantages of the ground and the fire of the enemy. At length they got so high on the ascent, that several of them possessed an oppor-

timidity of being into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim, and Burley, profiting by the confusion of the moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being alarmed at the progress which the sharpshooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advantage, Burley with his axe in his hand, pursued the party whom he had dislodged even to the third and last barricade, and entered it along with them.

" Kill ! kill ! down with the enemies of God and his people ! —No quarter !—the Castle is ours ! " were the cries by which he animated his friends ; the most undaunted of whom followed him close, whilst the others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth, cut down trees, hastily labouring to establish such a defensive cover as the rear of the second barricade might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this coup-de-main.

Lord Brandaile could no longer contain his impatience. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve in the courtyard of the Castle, and although his arm was in a sling, encouraged them, by voice and gesture, to assist their companions who were engaged with Burley. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Burley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Brandaile, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pike and halberd, as well as with the butt of the carbine and their broadsword. Those within the Castle endeavoured to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharpshooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlement. The Castle was enshrouded with smoke, and the noise rang to the ears of the combatants. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

Guldbirg Hackett, who had advanced among the workmen, being well acquainted with every nook and back in the vicinity

of the Castle, where he had so often gathered note with Jerry Denison, was qualified, by such local knowledge, to advance farther and with less danger, than most of his companions, amongst some three or four who had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means free of danger, either for his own sake, or the sake of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the plough goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemy's line. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action, and turning his fire of words rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the prospect. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain pantry, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cliff of the rock, being the very pass through which George Cuddie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's message to Charwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other contraband purposes. Cuddie, looking upon the back of his gun, and looking up at this window, observed to one of his companions,—“There's a place I has used; many a time I has helped Jerry Denison out o' the window, forty crawling in whilst myself to get some daffs at it an' after the plough was loosed!”

“And what's to hinder us to creep in just now?” said the other, who was a smart enterprising young fellow.

“There's no mistake to hinder us, as that were it,” answered Cuddie; “but what were we to do whilst?”

“We'll take the Castle,” cried the other; “here are five or six o' us, and o' the soldiers are engaged at the gate.”

“Come ere wif you, then,” said Cuddie; “but mind, dill a danger ye mean by us Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the odd Major, or, them o', as Jerry Denison, or anybody but the soldiers—out and quarter among them as ye like, I carena.”

“Ay, ay,” said the other; “let us come in, and we will make our sin terms with them o'.”

Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly; for, besides that he was something apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the inside, his conscience insisted that he was making

but a shabby apartment for Lady Margaret's former servants and protections. He got up, however, into the presence, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stanchions of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics to procure a free passage for their own occasional consciences. Ransom was therefore easy, providing there was an one in the pantry—a point which Cobble endeavored to discover before he made the final and perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Dawson, who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysterical scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of half-boiled which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tom Hallday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burdened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming, "Murder! murder!—we are a' burned and roasted!—the Cobble's been!—tick it among ye!" she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a shrill yell, upon the person of the unfortunate Cobble. However welcome the shower might have been, if Cobble and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of sullying for ever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking down, expectantating with his comrades, who hoped the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and buff coat which formerly belonged to Sergeant Botherwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brew. Though, however, scalded him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, oversetting his fellows, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without intending by arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army wherewith he belonged, and could neither by threats nor persuasion be prevailed upon, to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands had so lately been in the act of preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of abuse, raising a screaming din upon all those senses, which the lawyers call the four great of the crown—sight, hearing, smell, and taste, and which the historians of the castle call the four great of the castle—sight, hearing, smell, and taste. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Hollenden and Lord Brunsford judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gain, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the castle, confine themselves to the Castle itself, for fear of its being surprised on some unexpected point. Their retreat was unobserved; for the guards of the Castle and its outposts had occasioned nearly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defenders.

There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The besiegers had suffered most severely; and, from the difficulty which they had experienced in carrying the barricaded positions without the protection of the Castle, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the besieged was deplorable and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, and had several wounded; and though their loss was in proportion greatly less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the place, yet their small number could much worse spare it, while the desperate attacks of the opposite party plainly showed how serious the losses were in the purpose of retaking the place, and how well rewarded by the aid of their followers. But, especially, the garrison had to fear for hunger, in case blockade should be resorted to as the means of retaking them. The Major's directions had been imperfectly obeyed in regard to laying in provisions, and the dragons, in spite of all warning and authority, were likely to be wasteful in using them. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart, that Major Hollenden gave directions for guarding the window through which the Castle had so nearly been surprised, as well as all others which offered the most remote facility for such an enterprise.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

— The King hath done  
The speediest deed of all the land together.

*Henry IV. Part II.*

THE leaders of the Presbyterian army had a serious consultation upon the evening of the day in which they had made the attack on Tiffindale. They could not but observe that their followers were disheartened by the loss which they had sustained, and which, as usual in such cases, had fallen upon the bravest and most forward. It was to be feared, that if they were called to exert their real and efforts in an object as secondary as the capture of this petty fort, their numbers would melt away by degrees, and they would lose all the advantages arising out of the present unprepared state of the Government. Moved by these arguments, it was agreed that the main body of the army should march against Glasgow, and disengage the soldiers who were lying in that town. The council nominated Henry Morton, with others, to this last service, and appointed Burley to the command of a chosen body of five hundred men, who were to remain behind, for the purpose of blockading the Tower of Tiffindale. Morton testified the greatest repugnance to this arrangement.

"He had the strongest personal motives," he said, "for desiring to remain near Tiffindale; and if the management of the siege were committed to him, he had little doubt but that he would bring it to such an accommodation, as, without being injurious to the besieged, would fully answer the purpose of the besiegers."

Burley readily guessed the cause of his young colleague's reluctance to move with the army; for, interested as he was in sympathizing the characters with whom he had to deal, he had contracted, through the simplicity of Coddie, and the volubility of old Mace, to get much information concerning Morton's relations with the family of Tiffindale. He therefore took the advantage of Farnham's coming to speak to business, as he said, for some short space of time (which Burley rightly interpreted to mean an hour at the very least), and asked that

moment to withdraw Morton from the hearing of their colleagues, and to hold the following argument with him:—

"There art none, Henry Morton, to desire to sacrifice thy holy cause to thy friendship for an unchristianized Paganism, or thy lust for a Heathenish woman."

"I neither understand your meaning, Mr. Balfour, nor value your assistance," replied Morton, indignantly; "and I know no reason you have to bring so gross a charge, or to use such unchristian language."

"Confess, however, the truth," said Balfour, "and own that there are those within you dark Tower, over whom thou wouldst rather be watching like a mother over her little ones, than thou wouldst bear the banner of the Church of Scotland over the souls of her enemies."

"If you mean, that I would willingly tolerate this war without any bloody victory, and that I am more anxious to do this than to acquire any pointed stake or prize, you may be," replied Morton, "perfectly right."

"And not wholly wrong," answered Balfour, "in deeming that there wouldst not exclude from so general a participation thy friends in the gardens of Infidelism."

"Certainly," replied Morton, "I am too much obliged to Major Balfour, not to wish to be of service to him, so far as the interest of the cause I have espoused will permit. I never made a secret of my regard for him."

"I am aware of that," said Balfour; "but, if thou hadst concealed it, I should, nevertheless, have found out thy riddle. Now, harken to my words. This Miles Balfour hath means to subvert his parish for a month."

"This is not the case," answered Morton; "we know his stores are hardly equal to a week's consumption."

"Ay, but," continued Balfour, "I have since had proof of the strongest nature, that such a report was spread in the garden by that wily and grey-headed maligner, partly to prevail on the soldiers to submit to a disputation of their daily food, partly to detain us before the walls of his fortress until the crowd should be whittled to nothing and destroy us."

"And why was not the evidence of this laid before the council of war?" said Morton.

"To what purpose?" said Balfour. "Why need we undertake Kith-of-mine, Macfarlane, Poncefoot, and Longside, upon



such a point! Theyself must own, that whatever is told to them escapes to the back out of the mouth of the prisoner at their next holding-forth. They are already discouraged by the thoughts of lying before the fact a week—what would be the consequences were they ordered to prepare for the longer of a month!

"But why conceal it, then, from me! or why tell it me now! and, above all, what proofs have you got of the fact?" continued Morton.

"There are many proofs," replied Barley; and he put into his hands a number of requisitions sent forth by Major Bellenden, with receipts on the back, to various proprietors, for cattle, corn, wool, &c., to such an amount, that the sum-total seemed to exclude the possibility of the garrison being soon distressed for provisions. But Barley did not inform Morton of a fact which he himself knew full well—namely, that most of these provisions never reached the garrison, owing to the incapacity of the dragoons sent to collect them, who readily sold to one man what they took from another, and showed the Major's passes for stores, pretty much as Sir John Falstaff did that of the King for men.

"And now," continued Bellour, observing that he had made the desired impression, "I have only to say, that I concealed this from thee no longer than it was concealed from myself, for I have only received these papers this morning; and I tell it unto thee now, that thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing, and with the great work willingly at Glasgow, being assured that no evil can befall thy friends in the insurgent party, where their fort is abundantly victualled, and I possess not numbers sufficient to do more against them than to prevent their supplying each."

"And why," continued Morton, who felt an irrepressible reluctance to acquiesce in Bellour's reasoning—"why not permit me to remain in the command of this smaller party, and march forward yourself to Glasgow? It is the more honourable charge."

"And therefore, young man," answered Barley, "have I informed that it should be committed to the son of Giles Morton. I am wearing old, and this grey head has had enough of honour where it could be gathered by danger. I speak not of the frothy bubble which men call earthly fame, but the

honour belonging to him that doth not the work negligently. But the career is put to rest—there hast to vindicate the high trust which has been bestowed on thee through my assurance that it was duly well-merited. At London Hall thou wert a captive, and at the last assault it was thy part to fight under cover, whilst I led the more open and dangerous attack; and, shouldst thou now remain behind these walls when there is active service elsewhere, trust me that men will say that the son of Eliza Morton hath fallen away from the path of his father."

Stung by this last observation, to which, as a gentleman and soldier, he could offer no suitable reply, Morton hastily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. Yet he was unable to drive himself of certain feelings of distrust which he involuntarily attached to the quarter from which he received this information.

"Mr. Bailton," he said, "let us distinctly understand each other. You have thought it worth your while to bestow particular attention upon my private affairs and personal attachments,—as so good as to understand, that I am as constant to them as to my political principles. It is possible, that, during my absence, you may possess the power of soothing or of wounding these feelings. Be assured, that whatever may be the consequences to the issue of our present adventure, my eternal gratitude, or my persevering resentment, will attend the line of conduct you may adopt on such an occasion; and however young and inexperienced I am, I have no doubt of finding friends to assist me in expressing my sentiments in either case."

"If there be a threat implied in that declaration," replied Bailton, coldly and laughingly, "it had better have been spared. I know how to value the regard of my friends, and despise from my soul the threats of my enemies. But I will not take occasion of offence. Whatever happens here in your absence shall be managed with as much deference to your wishes, as the duty I owe to a higher power can possibly permit."

With this qualified promise Morton was obliged to rest satisfied.

"Our defect will relieve the garrison," said he, internally, "and they can be reduced to surrender at discretion; and, in case of victory, I already see, from the confusion of the soldiers

party, that I shall have a voice as powerful as Busby's in determining the use which shall be made of it."

He therefore followed Fullton to the arsenal, where they found Kerlesmeade adding to his host a few words of practical application. When these were over, Morton testified his willingness to accompany the main body of the army, which was destined to drive the regular troops from Glasgow. His companions in command were aimed, and the whole received a strengthening exhortation from the preachers who were present. Next morning, at break of day, the insurgent army broke up from their encampment, and marched towards Glasgow.

It is not our intention to detail at length incidents which may be found in the History of the period. It is sufficient to say, that Charnhouse and Lord Ross, learning the superior force which was directed against them, intrenched, or rather barricaded themselves, in the centre of the city, where the town-house and old jail were situated, with the determination to stand the assault of the insurgents rather than to abandon the capital of the West of Scotland. The Presbyterians made their attack in two bodies, one of which penetrated into the city in the line of the College and Cathedral Church, while the other marched by the Gallowsgate, or principal access from the south-east. Both divisions were led by men of resolution, and behaved with great spirit. But the advantages of military skill and situation were too great for their undisciplined valour.

Ross and Charnhouse had carefully disposed parties of their soldiers in houses, at the heads of the streets, and in the entrance of closes, as they are called, or lanes, besides those who were entrenched behind breastworks which reached across the streets. The assailants found their ranks thinned by a fire from invisible opponents, which they had no means of returning with effect. It was in vain that Morton and other leaders exposed their persons with the utmost gallantry, and endeavoured to bring their antagonists to a close action; their followers shrunk from them in every direction. And yet, though Henry Morton was one of the very last to falter, and exerted himself in bringing up the rear, maintaining order in the retreat, and checking every attempt which the enemy made to improve the advantage they had gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to hear many of those to his ranks exclaiming to each other, "that this came of trusting to the latitudinarians

boys; and that, had honest faithful Buckley led the attack, as he did that of the baronades of Tiffenstodien, the same would have been as different as might be."

It was with burning resentment that Morton heard these perfidious throws out by the very man who had moment exhibited signs of discouragement. The unjust reproach, however, had the effect of firing his emulation, and making him sensible that, engaged as he was in a perilous cause, it was absolutely necessary that he should conquer or die.

"I have an interest," he said to himself. "All shall allow—even Major Bellenden—even British—that in courage, at least, the rebel Morton was not inferior to his father."

The condition of the army after the capture was as undisciplined, and in such disorganization, that the leaders thought it prudent to draw off some miles from the city to gain time for reducing them once more into such order as they were capable of adopting. Remote, in the meanwhile, came fast on, more moved by the extreme hardships of their own condition, and encouraged by the advantage obtained at London Hill, than deterred by the last unfortunate enterprise. Many of these attached themselves particularly to Morton's division. He had, however, the satisfaction to see that his unpopularity among the more intolerant part of the Conservatives increased rapidly. The profane beyond his years, which he exhibited in improving the discipline and arrangement of his followers, they tossed a trusting in the arm of flesh; and his avowed tolerance for those of religious sentiments and observances different from his own, obtained him, most unjustly, the nickname of Galley, who cared for none of these things. What was worse than these misconceptions, the rank of the transports, always loud in approval of those who push political or religious opinions to extremity, and disgusted with such an endeavor to reduce them to the yoke of discipline, preferred avowedly the more ardent leaders, in whose ranks enthusiasm in the cause supplied the want of good order and military subjection, to the moderate which Morton endeavored to bring them under. In short, while bearing the principal burden of command—(for his colleagues willingly relinquished to him their everything that was troublesome and obnoxious in the office of general)—Morton found himself without that authority which alone could render his regulations effective.\*

\* Note L. Flocks among the transports.

Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, he had, during the course of a few days, laboured so hard to introduce some degree of discipline into the army, that he thought he might hazard a second attack upon Glasgow with every prospect of success.

It cannot be doubted that Morton's anxiety to measure himself with Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, at whose hands he had sustained such injury, had its share in giving motive to his numerous exertions. But Claverhouse disappointed his hopes; for, satisfied with having the advantage in repulsing the first attack upon Glasgow, he determined that he would not, with the handful of troops under his command, await a second assault from the insurgents, with more numerous and better disciplined forces than had supported their first enterprises. He therefore evacuated the place, and marched at the head of his troops towards Edinburgh. The insurgents of course entered Glasgow without resistance, and without Morton having the opportunity, which he so deeply coveted, of again encountering Claverhouse personally. But although he had not an opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which had befallen his division of the army of the Covenant, the retreat of Claverhouse, and the possession of Glasgow, tended greatly to animate the insurgent army, and to increase its numbers. The necessity of appointing new officers, of organizing new regiments and squadrons, of making them acquainted with at least the most necessary points of military discipline, was labour, which, by universal consent, seemed to be devolved upon Henry Morton, and which he the more readily undertook, because his father had made him acquainted with the theory of the military art, and because he plainly saw, that, unless he took this inglorious but absolutely necessary labour, it was vain to expect any other to engage in it.

In the meanwhile, fortune appeared to favour the enterprise of the insurgents more than the most sanguine should have expected. The Privy Council of Scotland, astonished at the extent of resistance which their arbitrary measures had provoked, seemed stupefied with terror, and incapable of taking active steps to subdue the resentment which these measures had excited. There were but very few troops in Scotland, and these they drew towards Edinburgh, as if to form an army for protection of the metropolis. The feudal array of the crown-vassals in the various counties was ordered to take the field, and render to the king

the military service due for their flock. But the numbers were very slowly decayed. The quarrel was not generally popular among the gentry; and even those who were not availing themselves to have taken arms, were deterred by the repugnance of their wives, mothers, and sisters, to their engaging in such a cause.

Meanwhile, the inadequacy of the Scottish Government to provide for their own defence, or to put down a rebellion of which the commencement seemed so trifling, excited at the English court doubts as to the capacity, and of the prudence of the measures they had concerted against the oppressed Presbyterians. It was therefore resolved to nominate to the command of the army of Scotland the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who had by marriage a great interest, large estates, and a numerous following, so it was called, in the southern parts of that kingdom. The military skill which he had displayed on different occasions abroad, was supposed more than adequate to subdue the insurgents in the field; while it was expected that his mild temper, and the favourable disposition which he showed to Presbyterians in general, might win men's minds, and tend to reconcile them to the Government. The Duke was therefore invested with a commission containing high powers for settling the dissatisfied chiefs of Scotland, and despatched from London with strong measures to take the principal military command in that country.

#### DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S CHARGEMENT.

*Referred to in the Charge of Lord Melville.—See State of the House of Commons, vol. viii. pp. 37, 38.*

There was to certify that, in the time I had command of His Majesty's Forces in Scotland against the Rebels that were then in arms, I did direct and authorize the Lord Melville to send propositions to the Rebels, and receive answers from, in order to laying down their arms and submitting to the King's mercy. In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal at London, the 18th day of June 1685.

Monmouth.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

— I am bound to defend HILL,  
Where I mean either to die or live.  
OLD BALLAD.

THERE WAS NOW a pause in the military movements on both sides. The Government seemed contented to prevent the rebels advancing towards the capital, while the insurgents were intent upon engineering and strengthening their forces. For this purpose they established a sort of encampment in the park belonging to the dual residence at Haddon, a central situation for receiving their recruits, and where they were secured from any sudden attack by leaving the Clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of their position, which is only passable by a long and narrow bridge near the castle and village of Botchell.

Morton remained here for about a fortnight after the attack on Glasgow, actively engaged in his military duties. He had received more than one communication from Heriot, but they only stated, in general, that the Castle of Tullibardine continued to hold out. Impatient of suspense upon this most interesting subject, he at length intimated to his colleagues in command his desire, or rather his intention,—for he saw no reason why he should not assume a license which was taken by every one else in this clerical army—to go to Hillwood for a day or two to arrange some private affairs of consequence. The proposal was by all means approved of; for the military council of the insurgents were sufficiently sensible of the value of his services to free to lose them, and his somewhat conscious of their own inability to supply his place. They could not, however, pretend to dictate to him less more rigid than they submitted to themselves, and he was allowed to depart on his journey without any direct objection being stated. The Reverend Mr. Pountney took the same opportunity to pay a visit to his own residence in the neighbourhood of Hillwood, and favoured Morton with his company on the journey. As the country was chiefly friendly to their cause, and in possession of their detached parties, excepting here and there the stronghold of some old covetous Baron, they travelled without any other attendant than the faithful Guide.

It was near sunset when they reached Milwaukee, where President bid adieu to his companions, and travelled forward alone to his own mansion, which was situated half-a-mile's march beyond Tillamook. When Horton was left alone to his own reflections, with what a complication of feelings did he review the weeks, months, and years, that had been flung to him ! His character, as well as his habits, thoughts, and occupations, had been entirely changed within the space of little more than a fortnight, and twenty days seemed to have done upon him the work of an many years. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered youth, bred up in dependence, and sleeping patiently in the control of a social and tyrannical religion, had suddenly, by the rod of oppression and the spur of injured feeling, been compelled to stand forth a leader of armed men, was earnestly engaged in affairs of a public nature, had friends to animate and enemies to contend with, and felt his individual life bound up in that of a national insurrection and revolution. It seemed as if he had at once experienced a transition from the romantic dreams of youth to the labours and cares of active manhood. All that had formerly interested him was obliterated from his memory, excepting only his attachment to Edith ; and even his love seemed to have assumed a character more steady and disinterested as it had become mingled and connected with other duties and feelings. As he revolved the particulars of this sudden change, the circumstances in which it originated, and the possible consequences of his present career, the thrill of natural anxiety which passed along his mind was immediately hushed by a glow of generous and high-spirited confidence.

"I shall fall young," he said, "if fall I must, my motives misestimated, and my actions condemned, by those whose approbation is dearest to me. But the sword of liberty and patriotism is in my hand, and I will neither fall nor be unwounded. They may expose my body, and gild my name ;—but other days will come, when the sentence of history will ring against those who may prosecute it ; and that Heaven, whose name is so often profaned during this unchristian war, will bear witness to the purity of the motives by which I have been guided."

Upon approaching Milwaukee, Henry's knock upon the gate no longer attracted the suspicious timidity of a stranger who has been out of bounds, but the confidence of a man in full



possession of his own rights, and master of his own actions,—bold, free, and decided. The door was cautiously opened by his old acquaintance, Mrs. Abner Wilson, who started back when she saw the steel cap and smoking pistol of the martial visitor.—“Where is my uncle, Abner?” said Morton, looking at her alarm.

“Lordings, Mr. Henry! is this you?” returned the old lady, “In troth ye gar’d my heart leap in my very mouth—But it mair be your chaff, for ye look taller and mair manly-like than ye used to do.”

“It is, however, my own self,” said Henry, smiling and smiling at the same time. “I believe this dress may make me look taller, and these trowsers, Abba, make men out of boys.”

“That times indeed!” echoed the old woman;—“and oh that you wad be undaunted w’ them! But wha can help it!—ye were all enough guided, and, as I tell your uncle, if you tried on a wum it wud turn.”

“You were always my advocate, Abba,” said he, and the housekeeper no longer resisted the further question, “and woud let no one blame me but yourself, I am aware of that,—Where is my uncle?”

“In Edinburgh,” replied Abba;—“the honest man thought it was best to gang and sit by the chimney when the rest ran. A var’d man he’s been, and a feared—but ye ken the Laid as well as I do.”

“I hope he has suffered nothing in health?” said Henry.

“Nothing to speak of,” answered the housekeeper, “nor in gude nation. We fended as well as we could; and, though the troopers of Tillotson took the red cow and sold Blackie (ye’ll mend them woad), yet they said us a gude bargain o’ four they were driving to the Castle.”

“Said you a bargain?” said Morton, “how do you mean?”

“Oh, they ran out to gather mair for the garrison,” answered the housekeeper; “but they just fell to their wild trade, and rode through the country coupling and selling o’ that they got, like our mair west-country drovers. My cousin, Major Tillotson was kind o’ the best share o’ what they lifted, though it was true to his name.”

“Then,” said Morton hastily, “the garrison must be starved for provisions?”

"Stressed enough," replied Alice, "there's little doubt of that."

A light instantly glared on Morton's mind.

"Bosley must have deceived me—craft as well as cruelty is permitted by his creed." Such was his inward thought: he said aloud, "I cannot stay, Mrs. Wilson—I must go forward directly."

"Nay, oh! bide to eat a morsel!" entreated the affectionate housekeeper, "and I'll make it ready for you as I used to do afore these sad days."

"It is impossible," answered Morton.—"Cuddie, get our horses ready."

"They're just eating their corn," answered the attendant.

"Cuddie!" exclaimed Alice; "what gar'd ye bring that ill-far'd unlucky loon along wi' ye!—It was him and his rascal another began o' the mischief in this house."

"Tut, tut," replied Cuddie, "ye should forget and forgive, mistress. Mither's in Glasgow wi' her fiddle, and will plague ye no mair; and I'm the Captain's wifie now, and I keep him tighter in shack and rope than ever ye did;—now ye hae over me and just as he is now!"

"In troth and that's true," said the old housekeeper, looking with great complacency at her young master, whose mind she thought much improved by his dress. "I'm sure ye ne'er had a head avarer like that when ye were at Midwoud;—that's none o' my seeing."

"Nay, na, mistress," replied Cuddie, "that's a rest o' my head—that's not o' Lord Brandaile's brow."

"Lord Brandaile!" answered the old lady; "that's him that the whigs are gae to hang the morn, as I hear say."

"The whigs about to hang Lord Brandaile!" said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

"Ay, truth are they," said the housekeeper.—"Yesterday night he made a rally, as they call it—(my mother's name was Sally—I wonder they gie Christiana Kirk's names to sic unchristian doings)—but he made an outburst to get provisions, and his men were driven back and he was taken, an' the wily Captain Talbot gar'd set up a gallows, and swore (or said upon his conscience, for they wince, swear) that if the garrison was not gien over the town by daylight, he would hang up the young lord, poor thing, as high as Heaven.—There are sair things—

but felt some help them—we do go off down and talk hard and choose until better meat's made ready. Ye squire has here'd a word about it, an I had thought it was to spoil your dinner, like."

"Fed or unfed," exclaimed Morton, "saddle the horses instantly, Cobble. We must not rest until we get before the Castle."

And, relating all Alle's entreaties, they instantly resumed their journey.

Morton failed not to halt at the dwelling of Fountaine, and entreat him to attend him to the camp. That honest divine had just returned for an instant his parlor habits, and was pouring an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth, and a small jug of ale beside him, to assist his digestion of the argument. It was with bitter sorrow that he relinquished these comforts (which he called his studies) in order to recommence a hard ride upon a high-trotting horse. However, when he knew the matter in hand, he gave up, with a deep groan, the prospect of spending a quiet evening in his own little parlor; for he entirely agreed with Morton, that whatever interest Burley might have in rendering the breach between the Presbyterians and the Government irreconcilable, by getting the young nobleman to death, it was by no means that of the moderate party to permit such an act of atrocity. And it is but doing justice to Mr. Fountaine to add, that, like most of his own persuasion, he was decidedly adverse to any such acts of unnecessary violence; besides, that his own present feelings induced him to listen with much complaisance to the probability held out by Morton, of Lord Eversdale's becoming a mediator for the establishment of peace upon fair and moderate terms. With this slendery of views, they hastened their journey, and arrived about seven o'clock at night at a small hamlet adjacent to the Castle of Tillinstown, where Burley had established his headquarters.

They were challenged by the sentinel who made his melancholy walk at the entrance of the hamlet, and admitted upon declaring their names and authority as the army. Another soldier kept watch before a house, which they conjectured to be the place of Lord Eversdale's confinement, for a gibbet, of such great height as to be visible from the battlements of the Castle, was erected before it, in melancholy confirmation of the truth

of Miss Wither's report." Morton instantly demanded to speak with Burley, and was directed to his quarters. They found him reading the Scriptures, with his arms lying beside him, as if ready for any sudden alarm. He started upon the entrance of his colleague in office.

"What has brought ye hither?" said Burley, hastily. "Is there bad news from the army?"

"No," replied Morton; "but we understand that there are measures adopted here in which the safety of the army is deeply concerned—Lord Brumley is your prisoner?"

"The Lord," replied Burley, "hath delivered him into our hands."

"And you will avail yourself of that advantage granted you by Heaven, to dis honour our cause in the eyes of all the world, by putting a prisoner to an ignominious death?"

"If the house of Tilghtheaden be not surrounded by day-break," replied Burley, "God do us no more also, if we shall not die that death to which his leader and patron, John Goodenoe of Churchhouse, hath put so many of God's anointed."

"We are in arms," replied Morton, "to put down such craftiness, and not to imitate them, for how to atone upon the innocent the sins of the guilty? By what law can you justify the strictly you would execute?"

"If thou art ignorant of it," replied Burley, "thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the man of Jericho to the sword of Joshua the son of Navi."

"But no," answered the divine, "live under a better dispensation, which instructeth us to return good for evil, and to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us."

"That is to say," said Burley, "that thou wilt join thy grey hairs to his grey youth to corroborate me in this matter?"

"We are," rejoined Pendergast, "two of those to whom, jointly with myself, authority is delegated over this host, and we will not permit thee to knit a hair of the prisoner's head. It may please God to make him a means of leading these unhappy brethren to our Lord."

\* The Commissioners had suffered persecution, but it was without hearing mercy. We are informed by Captain Clouston, that they had set up in their camp a huge gibbet or gallows, having many heads upon it, with a coil of raw rope lying beside it, for the execution of such criminals as they might make prisoners. Still, in his *British Antiquarian*, describes this machine particularly.

"I judged it would come to this," answered Barley, "when such as thou wert called into the council of the elders."

"Such as I?" answered Poundtext—"And who am I, that you should name me with such scorn?—Have I not kept the flock of this sheepfold from the wolves for thirty years? Ay, even while thou, John Bellour, wast fighting in the ranks of seditionists, a Philistine of hardened brow and bloody hand—Who am I, say'st thou?"

"I will tell thee what thou art, since thou wilstst so thin know," said Barley. "Thou art one of those who would reap where thou hast not sown, and divide the spoil while others fight the battle; thou art one of those that follow the gospel for the lares and for the fishes—that love their own names better than the Church of God, and that would rather draw their stipends under protestants or papists, than be a partaker with those noble spirits who have met all behind them for the sake of the Covenant."

"And I will tell thee, John Bellour," returned Poundtext, severely injured—"I will tell thee what thou art. Thou art one of those, for whose bloody and merciless disposition a reproach is hanging upon the whole church of this suffering kingdom, and for whose violence and bloodguiltiness, it is to be feared, that fair attempt to recover our civil and religious rights will never be honoured by Providence with the desired success."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "cease this insulting and reviling recrimination; and do you, Mr. Bellour, inform us, whether it is your purpose to oppose the liberation of Lord Brundale, which appears to me a profitable measure in the present position of our affairs?"

"You are here," answered Barley, "as two voices against one; but you will not refuse to tarry until the united council shall decide upon this matter?"

"Yes," said Morton, "we would not decline, if we could trust the hands in whom we are to have the prisoner. But you know well," he added, looking steadily at Barley, "that you have already decided me in this matter."

"Go to," said Barley, disdainfully,—"thou art an idle inconsiderate boy, who, for the black eye-brows of a silly girl, would barter thy own faith and honour, and the cause of God and of thy country."

"Mr. Butler," said Morton, laying his hand on his sword, "this language requires satisfaction."

"And thou shalt have it, sleeping, when and where thou dar'st," said Butler;—"I plight thee my good word on it."

Presently, in his turn, introduced to combat them of the madness of quarrelling, and effected with difficulty a sort of calm reconciliation.

"Concerning the prisoner," said Butler, "deal with him as ye think fit. I wash my hands free from all consequences. He is my prisoner, made by my sword and spear, while you, Mr. Morton, were playing the adjutant at drills and parades, and you, Mr. Forebster, were washing the Scriptures into Erasmianism. Take him unto you, nevertheless, and dispose of him as ye think meet.—Dagwell," he continued, calling a sort of aid-de-camp, who slept in the next apartment, "let the guard posted on the neighbouring Breastide give up their post to those whom Captain Morton shall appoint to relieve them.—The prisoner," he said, again addressing Forebster and Morton, "is now at your disposal, gentlemen. But remember, that for all these things there will one day come a term of heavy accounting."

So saying, he turned abruptly into an inner apartment, without bidding them good-evening.—The two visitors, after a moment's consideration, agreed it would be prudent to ensure the prisoner's personal safety, by placing over him an additional guard, chosen from their own parishioners. A band of them happened to be stationed in the hamlet, having been attached, for the time, to Butler's command, in order that the men might be gratified by remaining as long as possible near to their own homes. They were, in general, smart, active young fellows, and were usually called by their companions the *Marksmen of Midwood*. By Morton's desire, four of these lads readily undertook the task of sentries, and he left with these Head rags, on whose fidelity he could depend, with instructions to call him if anything remarkable happened.

This arrangement being made, Morton and his colleagues took possession, for the night, of such quarters as the over-crowded and miserable hamlet could afford them. They did not, however, separate for repose till they had drawn up a memorial of the grievances of the moderate Presbyterians, which was signed up with a request of free toleration for their religion in future,

and that they should be permitted to attend gospel ordinances as dispensed by their own clergymen, without oppression or molestation. Their petition proceeded to require that a free parliament should be called for settling the affairs of church and state, and for redressing the injuries sustained by the subject; and that all those who either now were, or had been, in arms, for obtaining these ends, should be indemnified. Morton could not but strongly hope that these terms, which comprehended all that was wanted, or wished for, by the moderate party among the barons, might, when thus cleared of the taints of fanaticism, find advocates, even among the royalists, as claiming only the ordinary rights of Scottish barons.

He had the more confidence of a favourable reception, that the Duke of Monmouth, to whom Charles had entrusted the charge of settling this rebellion, was a man of gentle, moderate, and reasonable disposition, well known to be favourable to the Presbyterians, and invested by the king with full powers to take measures for quelling the disturbance in Scotland. It seemed to Morton, that all that was necessary for influencing him in their favour was to find a fit and sufficiently respectable channel of communication, and such seemed to be opened through the medium of Lord Erskine. He resolved, therefore, to visit the prisoner early in the morning, in order to sound his dispositions to undertake the task of mediator; but an accident happened which led him to anticipate his purpose.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

*Oh, rise your house, lady, be still, —  
Oh, rise your house to me.  
KING OF SCOTLAND.*

Monmouth had finished the review and the making out of a fair copy of the paper on which he and Presbyterians had agreed to rest as a full statement of the grievances of their party, and the conditions on which the greater part of the barons would be contented to lay down their arms; and he was about to betake himself to repose, when there was a knocking at the door of his apartment.

"Enter," said Morton; and the round bullet-head of Oddie Haddock was thrust into the room. "Come in," said Morton, "and tell me what you want. Is there any alarm?"

"No, sir; but I has brought one to speak wif you."

"Who is that, Oddie?" repeated Morton.

"Ain't of your odd acquaintance," said Oddie, and, opening the door more fully, he half led, half dragged in a woman, whose face was sufficed in her place—"Come, come, ye needn't be no basket's bottom odd acquaintance, Jenny," said Oddie, pulling down the veil, and introducing to her master the well-known, but somewhat unattractive of Jenny Dancheon. "Tell his honour, now—there's a kind lass—tell him what ye were wanting to say to Lord Bracton, mistress."

"What was I wanting to say," answered Jenny, "is his honour himself the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye might ha' said:—Dye think that folk come want to see their friends in adversity, ye don't consider?"

This reply was made with Jenny's usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was thin and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her manner was flustered, and her whole presence bore marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as nervous and hysterical agitation.

"What is the matter, Jenny?" said Morton, kindly. "You know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power."

"Many thanks, M'lord," said the weeping damsel; "but ye were eye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye has become our changed now."

"What do they say of me?" answered Morton.

"A'body says," replied Jenny, "that you and the whips has made a vow to ding King Charles off the throne, and that neither he nor his posterity from generation to generation, shall sit upon it any more; and John Gudyll George ye've to give it the church-organ to the papers, and burn the Book of Common-prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the King was hanged."

"My friends at Filshamton judge too hastily and too ill of me," answered Morton. "I wish to have free speech of my own religion, without meddling any other; and as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to show them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever."



"Bless your kind heart for saying so!" said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; "and they never needed kindness or friendship more, for they are furnished for lack of food."

"Good God!" replied Morton—"I have heard of severity, but not of famine! Is it possible? Have the ladies and the Major?"

"They have suffered like the best of us," replied Jenny; "for they shared every bit and sup of the whole folk in the Castle—I've seen my poor ten and fifty columns of sickness, and my head's as dizzy of the miseries that I cannot stand my loss."

The shame of the poor girl's cheek, and the sharpness of her features, bore witness to the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

"Oh drive," he said, "for God's sake!" forcing her into the only stable the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. "I know not of this," he exclaimed in broken exclamations,—"I could not know of it.—Cold-blooded, iron-hearted fiends—despicable villains!—Cudde, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—whatever you can find."

"Whisky is good enough for her," muttered Cudde; "and makes her thought that gods need was are want among them, when the queen drove our noble gods half-brain making her about my legs."

Faint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could not lose the allusion to her exploits during the storm of the Castle, without bursting into a laugh which weakness soon converted into a hysterical giggle. Confounded at her state, and reflecting with horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Hendrigh in a peremptory manner, and when he had departed, endeavoured to soothe his visitor.

"You must, I suppose, by the orders of your mistress, to visit Lord Bransdale?—Tell me what she desires; her orders shall be my law."

Jenny appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, "Your honour is one and a friend, I must needs trust to you, and tell the truth."

"Be assured, Jenny," said Morton, observing that she hesitated, "that you will best serve your mistress by dealing cheerily with me."

"Well, then, ye mean I'm wair starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than one; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gie over the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his auld boots,—and they are verra thick in the sides, as ye may well mind, bely being tane in the upper leather. The dragons, again, they think they will be forced to gie up at last, and they mean bide longer wad, after the life they led at free quarters for this while bygone; and since Lord Ervendale's time, there's nae getting them; and Ingles says he'll gie up the garrison to the rebels, and the Major and the ladies into the bargain, if they will but let the troopers gang free themselves."

"Goodnight!" said Morton; "why do they not make terms for all in the Castle?"

"They are fear'd for denial o' quarter to themselves, having done an awfu' mischief through the country; and Barley has hang'd one or twa o' them already—and they want to draw their six necks out o' the collar at hazard o' honest folk's."

"And you were sent," continued Morton, "to carry to Lord Ervendale the unpleasant news of the men's martyr?"

"Just s'm sae," said Jenny; "Thos Hallding took the men, and told me o' about it, and put me out o' the Castle to tell Lord Ervendale, if possibly I could rin at him."

"But how can he help you?" said Morton; "he is a plume."

"Well-o-day, ay," answered the afflicted damsel; "but maybe he could make fair terms for us—or, maybe he could gie us some good advice—or, maybe he might send his orders to the dragons to be civil—or"—

"Or, maybe," said Morton, "you were to try if it were possible to set him at liberty?"

"If it were nae," answered Jenny, with spirit, "it wou'd be the first time I hae done my best to serve a friend in captivity."

"True, Jenny," replied Morton—"I was most grateful to forget it. But here comes Coddie with refreshments. I will go and do your errand to Lord Ervendale, while you take some food and wine."

"It wou'd be wiser ye should nae," said Coddie to his master, "that the Jenny—this Mrs. Demasie, was trying to outwit better wi' Thos Rand, the miller's man, to win into

Lord Bransbach came without anybody beside. She was thinking, the gipsy, that I was at her elbow."

"And as soon light ye gas me when ye can blink and took a gap o' me," said Jenny, giving him a sly pinch with her finger and her thumb—"if ye haves been an auld scythan-man, ye daft general!"—

Oodlin, somewhat ribbing, glanced a smile on his arched eyebrows, while Morton wrapped himself up in his cloak, took his sword under his arm, and went straight to the place of the young soldier's confinement. He asked the sentries if anything extraordinary had occurred—"Nothing worth notice," they said, "excepting the lam that Oodlin took up, and two couriers that Captain Balfour had despatched, one to the River-road Egham, another to Kentishman-lane," both of whom were beating the drum ecclasiastic in different terms between the position of Barley and the head-quarters of the main army near Hamilton.

"The purpose, I presume," said Morton, with an affection of indifference, "was to call them liars."

"So I understand," answered the sentinel, who had spoke with the messenger.

"He is summoning a triumphant majority of the armed," thought Morton to himself, "for the purpose of sanctifying whatever action of strategy he may determine upon, and thwarting opposition by authority. I must be speedy, or I shall lose my opportunity."

When he entered the place of Lord Bransbach's confinement, he found him armed, and reclining on a four-bed in the wretched garret of a miserable cottage. He was either in a stupor, or in a deep meditation, when Morton entered, and turned on him, when aroused, a countenance so much reduced by loss of blood, want of sleep, and scarcity of food, that no one could have here recognized in it the gallant soldier who had behaved with so much spirit at the skirmish of London Hill. He displayed some surprise at the sudden entrance of Morton.

"I am sorry to see you thus, my lord," said that youthful leader.

"I have heard you are an admirer of poetry," answered the prisoner, "in that case, Mr. Morton, you may remember these lines,—

These will do not a prison make,  
 Or here have a cage;  
 A free and quiet mind can take  
 These for a heritage.

But, were my imprisonment less odious, I am given to expect to-morrow a total relinquishment."

"By death?" said Morton.

"Hardly," answered Lord Eversdale; "I have no other prospect. Your comrade, Farley, has already dipped his hand in the blood of men whose messages of peace and clarity of extraction might have saved them. I cannot boast such a shield from his vengeance, and I expect to meet its extremity."

"But Major Belandier," said Morton, "may surrender, in order to preserve your life."

"Never, while there is one man to defend the battlement, and that man has one grant to ask. I know his gallant resolution, and grieved should I be if he changed it for my sake."

Morton hastened to acquaint him with the meeting among the dragons, and their resolution to surrender the Castle, and get the ladies of the family, as well as the Major, into the hands of the enemy. Lord Eversdale seemed at first surprised, and something incredulous, but immediately afterwards deeply affected.

"What is to be done?" he said—"How is this misfortune to be averted?"

"How not, my lord," said Morton. "I believe you may not be unwilling to lose the olive branch between our master the King, and that part of his subjects which is now in arms, not from choice, but necessity."

"You convince me but justly," said Lord Eversdale; "but to what does this tend?"

"Pardon me, my lord," continued Morton. "I will set you at liberty upon parole; nay, you may return to the Castle, and shall have a safe-conduct for the ladies, the Major, and all who leave it, on condition of the instant surrender. In contributing to bring this about, you will only submit to circumstances, for, with a majority in the garrison, and without persuasion, it will be found impossible to defend the place twenty-four hours longer. Those, therefore, who refuse to accompany your lordship, must take their fate. You and your followers shall have a free pass

to Ellsborough, or wherever the Duke of Monmouth may be. In return for your liberty, we hope that you will recommend to the notice of his Grace, as Lieutenant-General of Scotland, this humble petition and remonstrance, containing the grievances which have occasioned this insurrection, a redress of which being granted, I will answer with my head, that the great body of the insurgents will lay down their arms."

Lord Erasmale read over the paper with attention.

"Mr. Morton," he said, "in my simple judgment, I see little objection that can be made to the measures here recommended; nay, further, I believe, in many respects, they may meet the private sentiments of the Duke of Monmouth: and yet, to deal frankly with you, I have no hopes of their being granted, unless, in the first place, you were to lay down your arms."

"The doing so," answered Morton, "would be virtually conceding that we had no right to take them up; and that, for one, I will never agree to."

"Perhaps it is hardly to be expected you should," said Lord Erasmale; "and yet, on that point I am certain the negotiations will be wrecked. I am willing, however, having frankly told you my opinion, to do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation."

"It is all we can wish or expect," replied Morton; "the issue is in God's hands, who dispose the hearts of princes.—You accept then, the sub-conduct?"

"Certainly," answered Lord Erasmale; "and if I do not enlarge upon the obligation incurred by your having saved my life a second time, believe that I do not feel it the less."

"And the garrison of Tillstodden?" said Morton.

"That be withdrawn as you propose," answered the young nobleman. "I am aware the Major will be unable to bring the gentlemen to reason; and I trouble to think of the consequences, should the ladies and the brave old men be delivered up to this bloodthirsty ruffian, Budge."

"You are in that case free," said Morton. "Prepare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend you till you are in safety from our parties."

Learning Lord Erasmale's great surprise and joy at this unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to get a few chosen men under arms and on horseback, each rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jerry, who, while she partook of her refreshment,

had contrived to make up her bench with Cedric, rode on the left hand of that valiant member. The tramp of three horses was soon heard under the window of Lord Bransdale's prison. Two men, whom he did not know, entered the apartment, dismounted him of his horse, and, conducting him down stairs, mounted him in the centre of the detachment. They set out at a round trot towards Tilsford.

The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they approached that silent fortress, and its dark masses towered but just over the first pale colouring of the morning. The party halted at the Tower barrier, not venturing to approach nearer for fear of the fire of the place. Lord Bransdale dismounted up to the gate, followed at a distance by Jenny Deansie. As they approached the gate, there was heard to arise in the courtyard a tumult, which succeeded ill with the quiet serenity of a summer dawn. Cries and calls were heard, a pistol-shot or two was discharged, and everything announced that the morning had broken out. At this point Lord Bransdale arrived at the gate where Halliday was confined. On hearing Lord Bransdale's voice, he instantly and gladly admitted him, and that welcome arrived among the restless troops like a man dropped from the clouds. They were in the act of putting their design into execution, of seizing the place into their own hands, and were about to disarm and overpower Major Ruffenden and Bertram, and others of the Castle, who were offering the best resistance in their power.

The appearance of Lord Bransdale changed the scene. He seized Ingles by the collar, and, upbraiding him with his villany, ordered two of his counsellors to seize and bind him, warning the others, that their only chance of impunity consisted in instant submission. He then ordered the men into their ranks. They obeyed. He commanded them to ground their arms. They hesitated; but the instant of discipline, joined to their persuasion that the authority of their officer, so boldly exerted, must be supported by some force without the gate, induced them to submit.

"Take away these arms," said Lord Bransdale to the people of the Castle, "they shall not be restored until these men know better the use for which they are intrusted with them.—And now," he continued, addressing the soldiers, "begin!—Make the best use of your time, and of a time of three hours,

which the enemy are contented to allow you. Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the House-of-Muir. I need not tell you beware of committing violence by the way; you will not, in your present condition, provoke resentment for your own sake. Let your punctuality show that you mean to close this morning's business.

The fanned soldiers struck in silence from the presence of their officer, and, leaving the Castle, took the road to the place of rendezvous, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whom their present defenceless condition, and their former violence, might inspire with thoughts of revenge. Ingla, whom Brundale declined for punishment, remained in custody. Halfday was praised for his conduct, and assured of ascending to the rank of the outpost. These arrangements being hastily made, Lord Brundale scouted the Major, before whose eyes the scene had seemed to pass like the change of a dream.

"My dear Major, we must give up the plot."

"Is it even so?" said Major Belvidere. "I was in hopes you had brought reinforcements and supplies."

"Not a man—not a pound of meat," answered Lord Brundale.

"Yet I am blithe to see you," returned the haughty Major; "we were informed yesterday that those poison-slaying monks had a plot on your life, and I had mastered the soundly dragons ten minutes ago in order to break up Bailey's quarters and get you out of Edinburgh, when the dog Ingla, instead of slaying me, broke out into open mutiny.—But what is to be done now?"

"I have, myself, no choice," said Lord Brundale; "I am a prisoner, released on parole, and bound for Edinburgh. You and the Indians must take the same route. I have, by the favour of a friend, a sub-conduct and horses for you and your retinue; for God's sake make haste. You cannot propose to hold out with seven or eight men, and without provisions. Enough has been done for honour, and enough to render the defence of the highest consequence to Government;—more were needless, as well as desperate. The English troops are arrived at Edinburgh, and will speedily move upon Hamilton;—the possession of Tullistodden by the rebels will be but temporary."

"If you think so, my lord," said the veteran, with a reluctant sigh,—*"I know you only advise what is honorable. If, then, you really think the case inevitable, I must submit; for the meeting of these circumstances would render it impossible to save the wife.—Only, let the women call up their suitors, and all be ready to march.—But if I could believe that my confinement in these old walls till I was starved to a mummy, could do the king's cause the least service, old Miles Belkenden would not leave them while there was a spark of life in his body!"*

The ladies, already alarmed by the meeting, now heard the determination of the Mages, in which they readily acquiesced, though not without some groans and sighs on the part of Lady Margaret, which related, as usual, to the object of his most sacred Majesty in the halls which were now to be abandoned to rebels. Hasty preparations were made for evacuating the Castle; and long ere the dawn was distinct enough for discovering objects with precision, the ladies, with Major Belkenden, Harrison, Greshill, and the other domestics, were mounted on the led horses, and others which had been provided in the neighbourhood, and proceeded towards the north, still escorted by four of the insurgent gentlemen. The rest of the party who had accompanied Lord Erskine from the lastist, took possession of the deserted Castle, carefully following all outposts or acts of plunder. And when the sun arose, the conflict and blue colour of the Scottish Covenant floated from the Keep of Tillystodden.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

And to my breast, a bottle in her hand  
 Were worth a thousand darters.

MILTON.

The cavalcade which left the Castle of Tillystodden halted for a few minutes at the small town of Boddwell, after passing the outposts of the insurgents, to take some slight refreshments which their attendants had provided, and which were really necessary to persons who had suffered miserably by want of proper nourishment. They then pressed forward upon the road



towards Edinburgh, amid the lights of dawn which were now rising on the horizon. It might have been expected, during the course of the journey, that Lord Everside would have been frequently by the side of Miss Edith Bellenden. Yet, after his first substitutes had been exchanged, and every precaution religiously adopted which could serve for his accommodation, he rode in the van of the party with Major Bellenden, who seemed to abandon the charge of immediate attendance upon his lovely niece to one of the youngest cavaliers, whose dark military cloak, with the large floppy hat and feather, which drooped over his face, concealed at once his figure and his features. They rode side by side in silence for more than two miles, when the stranger addressed Miss Bellenden in a tremulous and suppressed voice.

"Miss Bellenden," he said, "must have friends wherever she is known; even among those whose conduct she now disapproves. Is there anything that each can do to show their respect for her, and their regret for her sufferings?"

"Let them burn, for their own sakes," replied Edith, "to remember the laws, and to spare innocent blood. Let them return to their allegiance, and I can forgive them all that I have suffered, were it ten times more."

"You think it impossible, then," rejoined the cavalier, "for any one to serve in our ranks, having the seal of his country sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty?"

"It might be imprudent, while so absolutely in your power," replied Miss Bellenden, "to answer that question."

"Not in the present instance, I plight you the word of a soldier," replied the horseman.

"I have been taught candour from my birth," said Edith; "and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter my real sentiments. God only can judge the heart—men must estimate intentions by actions. Treason—murder by the sword and by pistol—the oppression of a private family such as ours, who were only in arms for the defence of the established government, and of our own property—are actions which must needs imply all that have occasioned to them, by whatever specious terms they may be gilded over."

"The guilt of civil war," rejoined the horseman—"the miseries which it brings in its train, lie at the door of those

who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are driven to arms in order to assert their natural rights as freemen."

"That is answering the question," replied Edith, "which ought to be proved. Each party contends that they are right in point of principle, and therefore the guilt must be with them who first drew the sword;—as, in an affray, how holds those to be the criminals who are the first to have recourse to violence?"

"Alas!" said the horseman, "were our violation to rest there, how easy would it be to show that we have suffered with a patience which almost seemed beyond the power of humanity, ere we were driven by oppression into open resistance!—But I perceive," he continued, sighing deeply, "that it is vain to plead before Miss Edmonstone a cause which she has already prejudged, perhaps as much from her dislike of the persons as of the principles of those engaged in it."

"Pardon me," answered Edith. "I have stated with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents; of their persons I knew nothing—excepting in one solitary instance."

"And that instance," said the horseman, "has influenced your opinion of the whole body?"

"Far from it," said Edith; "he is—at least I once thought him—one on whose scale few were fit to be weighed. He is—or he seemed—one of early talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to ornament, to enlighten, and to defend his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant fanatic, or cunning hypocrite,—the leader of brutal dragoons,—the brother in arms to headstall and highway murder? Should you meet such an one in your camp, tell him that Edith Edmonstone has wept more over his fallen character, blighted prospects, and discoloured name, than over the distresses of her own home,—and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheeks and dimmed her eye, than the pang of heart which attended the rebellion, by and through whom three millions were inflamed."

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance whose faded cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow with the sudden

emotion of one who feels a pang shoot along his limbs, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement, and the feelings which it excited, did not escape Edith, nor did she remark them without emotion.

"And yet," she said, "should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinions of—of—an early friend, say to him, that sincere repentance is next to innocence;—that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, becomes guided by his example, he may still atone in some measure for the evil he has done."

"And in what manner?" asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed, and almost choked voice.

"By lending his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deluded rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may atone for their which has been already spilt;—and he that shall be most active in accomplishing this great end will best deserve the thanks of this age, and its honored remembrance in the past."

"And in such a peace," said her companion, with a firm voice, "Miss Bellenden would not wish, I think, that the interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the army?"

"I am but a girl," was the young lady's reply; "and I cannot even think on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give rest to all parties, and secure the subjects from military rule, which I detect as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it."

"Miss Bellenden," answered Henry Morton, raising his face, and speaking in his natural tone, "the person who has lost such a highly-valued place in your esteem, has yet too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal; and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your hard censure, were it not that he can refer to the honored testimony of Lord Eversdale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, directed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal subject desires."

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, who, though her

language intimated that she well knew to whom she had been speaking, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with so much assurance. She retained her silence, confused and in silence. Morton then rode forward to the head of the party.

"Heavy Morton!" exclaimed Major Bellenden, surprised at the sudden apparition.

"The same," answered Morton; "who is sorry that he labours under the harsh construction of Major Bellenden and his family. He assents to my Lord Brancie," he continued, turning towards the young nobleman, and bowing to him, "the charge of endeavouring his friends, both regarding the pastime of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Bellenden.—All happiness attend you and yours;—may we meet again in happier and better times!"

"Believe me," said Lord Brancie, "your confidence, Mr. Morton, is not misplaced; I will endeavour to repay the good service I have rendered from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing with Major Bellenden, and all whose names you value.

"I expected no less from your generosity, my lord," said Morton.

He then called his followers, and rode off along the bank in the direction of Hamilton, their feathers waving, and their steel caps glancing in the beams of the rising sun. Quella Hendryg alone remained an instant behind his companions to take an affectionate farewell of Jenny Dunsen, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to re-establish her influence over his susceptible bosom. A struggling tree or two checked, rather than concealed, their life-and-lie, as they halted their horses to bid adieu.

"Fare ye well, Jenny," said Quella, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a sigh, but rather resembling the intonation of a groan—"Yell think o' your Quella sometime—an honest lad that lo'ed ye, Jenny; yell think o' him some and then!"

"Willan—at loose-time," answered the malicious damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee, or the sigh which attended it.

Quella took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected,—mounted his mistress round the neck,

kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse and trotted after his master.

"Dad's in the fellow!" said Jenny, wiping her lips and adjusting her head-dress; "he has turned the spark o' Tom Hildray, after a'—Owing, my lordy, owing—Lord, how a case o' us, I trust the wild laddy didn't see us!"

"Jenny," said Lady Margaret, as the chaise came up, "was not that young man who commanded the party the same that was captain of the popping, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tiflis after the morning Christmas came there?"

Jenny, happy that the query had no reference to her own little notions, looked at her young mistress, to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Not being able to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied.

"I don't believe it was him, my lordy," said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism; "he was a little black man, that."

"You must have been blind, Jenny," said the Major; "Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man."

"I had tiber thing ado then be looking at him," said Jenny, tossing her head; "he may be as far as a hurrying candle for me."

"Is it not," said Lady Margaret, "a blessed escape which we have made, out of the hands of so desperate and bloodthirsty a knave?"

"You are deceived, Madam," said Lord Brandle; "Mr. Morton merits such a title from no one, but least from us. That I am now alive, and that you are now on your safe return to your friends, instead of being prisoners to a real theatrical homicide, is solely and entirely owing to the prompt, active, and energetic humanity of this young gentleman."

He then went into a particular narrative of the events with which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the merits of Morton, and expatiating on the risk at which he had rendered them those important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a maid.

"I was worse than ungrateful," he said, "were I silent as the marble of the man who has twice saved my life."

"I would willingly thank well of Henry Morton, my lord,"

replied Major Bellenden; "and I even he has behaved handsomely to your Lordship and to us; but I cannot have the same allowances which it pleases your lordship to entertain for his present conduct."

"You are to consider," replied Lord Emsdale, "that he has been partly forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as to command respect. Charabasso, whose knowledge of men is not to be disputed, speaks justly of him as to his extraordinary qualities—but with prejudice, and harshly, concerning his principles and motives."

"You have not been long in learning all his extraordinary qualities, my lord," answered Major Bellenden. "I, who have known him from boyhood, could, before this affair, have said much of his good principles and good-nature; but as to his high talents"—

"They were probably hidden, Major," replied the generous Lord Emsdale, "even from himself, until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, it was only because our intercourse and conversation turned on momentous and important subjects. He is now labouring to bring the rebellion to an end, and the terms he has proposed are so moderate, that they shall not want my hearty recommendation."

"And have you hopes," said Lady Margaret, "to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive?"

"I should have, indeed, were every whig as moderate as Macken, and every royalist as disinterested as Major Bellenden. But such is the fierceness and violent irritation of both parties, that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword."

It may be readily supposed that Edith listened with the deepest interest to this conversation. While she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that her character was, even in the judgment of her noble-minded rival, such as her own affection had never spoken it.

"Civil feuds and domestic jealousies," she said, "may render it necessary for me to tear his remembrance from my heart; but it is no small relief to know assuredly, that it is worthy of the place it has so long retained there."

While Edith was thus retracing her unjust resentment, her

lower arrived at the camp of the insurgents near Hamilton, which he found in considerable confusion. Certain advice had arrived, that the royal army, having been recruited from England by a large detachment of the King's Guards, were about to take the field. Fame magnified their numbers and their high state of equipment and discipline, and spread abroad other circumstances which damaged the courage of the insurgents. When, however, they might have expected from Monmouth, was Italy to be intercepted by the influence of those associated with him in command. His Lieutenant-General was the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, who, having practised the art of war in the then barbarous country of Russia, was as much feared for his cruelty and indifference to human life and human sufferings, as respected for his steady loyalty and undaunted valour. Two men were named in command to Monmouth, and the horse were commanded by Chesham, burning with desire to revenge the death of his nephew, and his defeat at Drumming. To these commands was added the most terrible and terrible description of the train of artillery and the cavalry force with which the royal army took the field.\*

Large bodies, composed of the Highland clans, having in language, religion, and manners, no connection with the insurgents, had been summoned to join the royal army under their various chieftains; and these Americans, or *Pikemans*, as the insurgents termed them, came like eagles to the slaughter. In fact, every person who could ride or run at the King's command, was summoned to arms, apparently with the purpose of fulfilling and facing such men of property whom their principles might deter from joining the royal standard, though professions prevented them from joining that of the insurgent Presbyterians. In short, every measure tended to increase the apprehension among the insurgents, that the King's vengeance had only been delayed in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy.

Morton endeavoured to fortify the minds of the common people by pointing out the probable exaggeration of these reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an impenetrable river in front, only passable by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Chesham when their numbers were few, and that such were disciplined and appointed for battle than now; showed them, that

\* Vol. II. Royal Army at Monmouth, &c.

the ground on which they lay afforded, by its undulation, and the thickets which intercepted it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry, if stoutly defended ; and that their safety, in fact, depended on their own spirits and resolution.

But while Mexico thus endeavoured to keep up the courage of the army at large, he avoided himself of those discouraging remarks to endeavour to impose on the minds of the leaders the necessity of proposing to the Government moderate terms of accommodation, while they were still formidable as commanding an undisciplined and numerous army. He pointed out to them, that, in the present humour of their followers, it would hardly be expected that they would engage with advantage the well-appointed and regular forces of the Duke of Montmouth ; and that if they chanced, as was most likely, to be defeated and dispersed, the misfortune in which they had engaged, as far from being useful to the country, would be rendered the apology for oppressing it more severely.

Pressed by these arguments, and finding it equally dangerous to remain together, or to discuss their fears, most of the leaders readily agreed, that if such terms could be obtained as had been transmitted to the Duke of Montmouth by the hands of Lord Esplanade, the purpose for which they had taken up arms would be, in a great measure, accomplished. They then entered into similar resolutions, and agreed to guarantee the petition and remonstrance which had been drawn up by Mexico. On the contrary, there were still several leaders, and these men whose influence with the people exceeded that of persons of more apparent consequence, who regarded every proposal of treaty which did not proceed on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1646, as utterly null and void, impious, and unchristian. These men diffused their feelings among the multitude, who had little freight, and nothing to lose, and persuaded many that the timid counsellors who recommended peace upon terms short of the dethronement of the royal family, and the declared independence of the Church with respect to the State, were cowardly hypocrites, who were about to withdraw their hands from the plough, and despicable traitors, who sought only a specious pretext for deserting their brethren in arms. These contradictory opinions were fiercely argued in each tent of the insurgent army, or rather in the huts or cabins which served in the place of



tests. Violence in language often led to open quarrels and blows, and the divisions into which the army of authors was rent served as too plain a prognostic of their future state.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

*The course of growing factions and divisions  
Still yet more extended.*

Various Proceedings.

THE presence of Morton found sufficient occupation in steering the furious current of these contending parties, when, two days after his return to Scotland, he was visited by his friend and colleague, the Reverend Mr. Proudfoot, flying, as he presently found, from the face of John Balfour of Burley, whom he left not a little incensed at the share he had taken in the liberation of Lord Bonnycastle. When the worthy divine had somewhat recruited his spirits, after the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity of Tillicoultry after the memorable morning of his departure.

The night march of Morton had been accomplished with such celerity, and the men were so faithful to their trust, that Burley received no intelligence of what had happened until the morning was far advanced. His first inquiry was, whether Macfarlar and Kettlestrumsdale had arrived, agreeably to the summons which he had despatched at midnight. Macfarlar had come, and Kettlestrumsdale, though a heavy traveller, might, he was informed, be instantly expected. Burley then despatched a messenger to Morton's quarters to summon him to an immediate council. The messenger returned with news that he had left the place. Proudfoot was next summoned; but he, thinking, as he said himself, that it was all dealing with factions left, had withdrawn to his own quiet manse, profiting a dark ride, though he had been on horseback the whole preceding day, to a retreat in the morning of a controversy with Burley, whom freely overruled him when unsupported by the friends of Morton. Burley's next inquiries were directed after Lord Bonnycastle; and great was his rage when he learned that he had

been conveyed every over night by a party of the warriors of Hixwood, under the immediate command of Henry Morton himself.

"The village!" exclaimed Dorley, addressing himself to Madroar;—"The best, most-spirited leader, to carry favour for himself with the Government, both set at liberty the prisoner taken by my own right hand, through means of whom, I have little doubt, the possession of the place of strength which hath wrought us such trouble, might now have been in our hands!"

"But is it not in our hands?" said Madroar, looking up towards the Key of the Castle; "and are not these the columns of the Covenant that foot over its walls?"

"A stratagem—a mere trick," said Dorley—"an insult over our disappointment, intended to aggravate and embitter our spirits."

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Morton's followers, sent to report to him the evacuation of the place, and its occupation by the insurgent forces. Dorley was rather slow to surmise that recoiled by the news of this success.

"I have watched," he said—"I have sought—I have plotted—I have stolen for the reflection of this place—I have returned home to seek to lead enterprises of higher command and of higher honour—I have narrowed their outposts, and cut off the springs, and broken the staff of bread within their walls; and when the men were about to yield themselves to my hand, that their sons might be bondsmen, and their daughters a laughing-stock to our whole camp, smother this youth, without a beard on his chin, and take it on him to thrust his sickle into the harvest, and to reap the prey from the spoiler! Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the city, with its captives, should be given to him that won it?"

"Nay," said Madroar, who was surprised at the degree of agitation which Dorley displayed, "durst not depend because of the ingenuity. Heaven will use its own instruments; and who knows but this youth?"

"Hush! hush!" said Dorley; "do not dwell on this own better judgment. It was those that first hadest our horses of the painted squabblers—this limped page of upper, that passed current with us for gold. It drew ill, even with the dead, when they neglect the guidance of such plain pointers as

them. But our casual affections will mislead us—this ungrateful boy's father was mine constant friend. They must be as earnest in their struggles as thou, Epimachus Mackenzie, that would shake themselves clear of the claps and chains of humanity."

This compliment touched the preacher in the most susceptible part; and Darley deemed, therefore, he should find little difficulty in moulding his opinions to the support of his own views, more especially as they agreed exactly in their high-strained opinions of church government.

"Let us instantly," he said, "go up to the Tower; there is that among the records in ponder fastness, which, well used as I can use it, shall be worth to us a valiant leader and an hundred horsemen."

"But will such be the fitting side of the children of the Covenant?" said the preacher. "We have already among us too many who longer after lands, and silver, and gold, rather than after the Word;—it is not by such that our deliverance shall be wrought out."

"Thus earnest," said Darley; "we must work by means, and these worldly aims shall be our instruments. At all events, the Hocklith woman shall be despoiled of her inheritance, and neither the malignant Brundish, nor the crafty Morton, shall possess your castle and lands, though they may seek to marry the daughter thereof."

So saying, he led the way to Tiltstallum, where he seized upon the paste and other valuables for the use of the army, ransacked the charter-room, and other receptacles for costly papers, and treated with contempt the manuscripts of those who ransacked him, that the terms granted to the peasants had guaranteed respect to private property.

Darley and Mackenzie, having established themselves in their new acquisition, were joined by Kettlebraggle in the course of the day, and also by the Laird of Longvale, whom that active divine had contrived to seduce, as Poundstert termed it, from the pure light in which he had been brought up. Thus united, they went to the said Poundstert as invitatives, or rather a summons, to attend a council at Tiltstallum. He misunderstood, however, that the door had no iron grate, and the Keep a Congee, and resolved not to trust himself with his learned colleagues. He therefore retreated, or rather fled, to Hamilton,

with the tidings, that Barker, Hatcher, and Kestelbrecken, were coming to Hamilton as soon as they could collect a body of Cameroonian soldiers to occupy the rest of the army.

"And yet see," concluded President, with a deep sigh, "that they will then possess a majority in the council; for Langdale, though he has always passed for one of the honest and rational party, cannot be seriously or profoundly tainted either fish, or flesh, or guile red-herring;—whoever has the stronger party has Langdale."

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of honest President, who sighed deeply, as he considered the danger in which he was placed between unscrupulous adversaries amongst themselves and the common enemy from without. Morton exhorted him to patience, temper, and composure; exhorted him of the good hope he had of negotiating for peace and unanimity through means of Lord Evelyn, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his own parliament-bound Chair, his evening pipe of tobacco, and his noggins of merrymaking ale, promising always he would afford his official support and concurrence to the measures which he (Morton) had taken for a general pacification.\* Thus backed and comforted, President resolved vigorously to avert the wrong of the Cameroons to the general conference.

Barker and his confederates had drawn together a considerable body of their associates, amounting to a hundred men and about fifteen hundred feet, divided and sworn in as sect, nation, and persons in communitarian, laughing off heart, and fortified as men who believed that the pale of salvation was open for them exclusively; while all other Christians, however slight were the shades of difference of doctrine from their own, were in that little better than outsiders or repeaters. These men entered the Presbyterian camp, rather as dubious and suspicious allies, or possibly antagonists, than as men who were heartily enlisted in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers, with their more moderate brethren in arms. Barker made no private visits to his colleagues, and held no communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

On the arrival of Morton and President at the place of as-

\* *Rev. H. Hatcher Presbyterian.*

suddenly, they found their brethren already seated. Right greeting passed between them, and it was easy to see that no suitable conference was intended by those who convened the council. The first question was put by Madrox, the shrewy supervisor of whom and urged him to the van on all occasions. He desired to know by whose authority the malignant, called Lord Everdale, had been freed from the doom of death, justly decreed against him.

"By my authority and Mr. Morton's," replied Proudhon; who, besides being anxious to give his companion a good opinion of his courage, counted heartily in his support, and, moreover, had much less fear of encountering one of his own profession, and who confined himself to the weapons of theological controversy, in which Proudhon feared no man, than of entering into debate with the stern heretic Balfour.

"And who, brother," said Kethlamund,—"who gave you authority to interpose in such a high matter?"

"The terror of our constitution," answered Proudhon, "gives us authority to bind and to loose. If Lord Everdale was justly doomed to die by the vote of one of our number, he was of a surety lawfully released from death by the warrant of two of us."

"Go to, go to," said Dorley; "we know your motives; it was to send that fellow—that glibbed trickster—that embroidered trifle of a lord, to bear terms of peace to the tyrant."

"It was so," replied Morton, who saw his companion begin to flash before the fierce eye of Balfour—"it was so, and what then?—Are we to plunge the nation in endless war in order to pursue schemes which are equally wild, wicked, and unobtainable?"

"Hear him!" said Balfour; "he blasphemes."

"It is false," said Morton; "they blaspheme who pretend to expect miracles, and neglect the use of the human means with which Providence has blessed them. I repeat it—Our avowed object is the re-establishment of peace on fair and honourable terms of security to our religion and our liberty. We disclaim any desire to tyrannise over those of other sects."

The debate would now have run higher than ever, but they were interrupted by intelligence that the Duke of Monmouth had recommenced his march towards the west, and was already advanced half-way from Edinburgh. This news altered their

divisions for the moment, and it was agreed that the next day should be held as a fast of general lamentation for the slain of the land; that the Reverend Mr. President should preach to the army in the morning, and Kettlebush's in the afternoon; that neither should touch upon any topics of adumbration or division, but exhort the soldiers to stand to the blood, like brethren in a good cause. This leading overture having been agreed to, the moderate party ventured upon another proposal, availing that it would have the support of Langside, who looked extremely black at the news which they had just received, and might be supposed converted to moderate measures. It was to be proposed, they said, that since the King had not estimated the command of his forces upon the present occasion to any of their active oppressors, but, on the contrary, had employed a nobleman distinguished by gentleness of temper, and a disposition favourable to their cause, there must be some better intention entertained towards them than they had yet experienced. They contended, that it was not only prudent but necessary to ascertain, from a communication with the Duke of Monmouth, whether he was not charged with some secret instructions in their favour. This could only be learned by despatching an envoy to his army.

"And who will undertake the task?" said Darby, craning a proposal too reasonable to be openly resisted—"who will go up to their camp, knowing that John Grahame of Clonabone hath sworn to hang up whomever we shall dispatch towards them, in revenge of the death of the young man his nephew?"

"Let that be no obstacle," said Morton—"I will with pleasant merriment say sick attended to the house of your sword."

"Let him go," said Dalziel, apart to Blackier; "our wounds will be well rid of his presence."

The nation, therefore, received no satisfaction even from those who were expected to have been most active in opposing it; and it was agreed that Henry Morton should go to the camp of the Duke of Monmouth, in order to discover upon what terms the insurgents would be admitted to treat with him. As soon as his errand was made known, several of the more moderate party joined in requesting him to make known upon the footing of the petition presented to Lord Randal's hands; for the approach of the King's army spread a general indignation, by no means allayed by the high tone assumed by the Camero-

plans, which had as little to support it excepting their own headlong zeal. With these instructions, and with Cudde as his attendant, Morton set forth towards the royal camp, at all the risks which attend those who assume the office of mediator during the heat of civil discord.

Morton had not proceeded six or seven miles, before he perceived that he was on the point of falling in with the van of the royal forces; and, as he ascended a height, saw off the roads in the neighbourhood occupied by armed men marching in great order towards Rothwell Main, an open common, on which they proposed to encamp for that evening, at the distance of scarcely two miles from the Clyde, on the farther side of which river the army of the insurgents was encamped. He gave himself up to the first advanced-guard of cavalry which he met, as bearer of a flag of truce, and communicated his desire to obtain access to the Duke of Monmouth. The non-commissioned officer who commanded the party made his report to his superior, and he again to another in still higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

"You are lost today your grace, my friend, and riding your life," said one of them, addressing Morton; "the Duke of Monmouth will receive no terms from traitors with arms in their hands, and your credence have been such as to authorize retaliation of every kind. Better trot your nag back, and save his saddle to-day, than he may save your life to-morrow."

"I cannot think," said Morton, "that even if the Duke of Monmouth should consider us as criminals, he would condemn so large a body of his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am conscious of having committed to, or suffered, no cruelty, and the fear of suffering severely for the crimes of others shall not deter me from extending my consolation."

The two officers looked at each other.

"I have an idea," said the younger, "that this is the young man of whom Lord Bunsdale speaks."

"Is my Lord Bunsdale in the army?" said Morton.

"He is not," replied the officer; "we left him at Edinburgh, too much indisposed to take the field. Your name, sir, I presume, is Henry Morton?"

"It is, sir," answered Morton.

"We will not oppose your seeing the Duke, sir," said the

offer, with more civility of manner; "but you may assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favour your people, others are joined in combination with him who will hardly consent to his doing so."

"I shall be sorry to find it thus," said Morton; "but my duty requires that I should persevere in my desire to have an interview with him."

"Landsey," said the superior officer, "let the Duke know of Mr. Morton's arrival, and remind his Grace that this is the person of whom Lord Escombe spoke so highly."

The officer returned with a message that the General could not see Mr. Morton that evening, but would see him, however, in the morning. He was detained in a neighbouring cottage all night, but treated with civility, and everything provided for his accommodation. Early on the next morning the officer he had just seen came to conduct him to his audience.

The camp was drawn out, and in the act of forming columns for march or attack. The Duke was in the centre, nearly a mile from the place where Morton had passed the night. In riding towards the General, he had an opportunity of examining the force which had been assembled for the suppression of the hasty and ill-concerted insurrection. There were three or four regiments of English, the flower of Charles's army—there were the Scottish Life-Guards, burning with desire to avenge their late defeat—other Scottish regiments of regulars were also assembled, and a large body of cavalry, consisting partly of gentleman volunteers, partly of the troops of the crown who did military duty for their fees. Morton also observed several strong parties of Highlanders drawn from the points nearest to the Lowland frontiers,—a people, as already mentioned, particularly dangerous to the western wings, and who hated and despised them in the same proportion. These were assembled under their chiefs, and made part of this formidable army. A complete train of field-artillery accompanied these troops, and the whole had an air so imposing, that it seemed nothing short of an actual miracle could prevent the dispirited, disarmed, and tumultuary army of the insurgents, from being utterly destroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton endeavoured to gather from his looks the feelings with which the splendid and wild parade of military force had impressed him. But,



true to the cause he had espoused, he listened respectfully to prevent the anxiety which he felt from appearing in his countenance, and looked around him on the warlike display as on a sight which he expected, and to which he was indifferent.

"You see the entertainment prepared for you," said the officers.

"If I had no appetite for it," replied Morton, "I should not have been accompanying you at this moment. But I shall be better pleased with a more peaceful repast, for the sake of all parties."

As they spoke thus, they approached the commander-in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a knoll commanding an extensive prospect of the distant country, and from which could be easily discovered the windings of the majestic Clyde, and the distant camp of the insurgents on the opposite bank. The officers of the royal army appeared to be surveying the ground, with the purpose of directing an immediate attack. When Captain Lumley, the officer who accompanied Morton, had whispered in Montmore's ear his name and errand, the Duke made a signal for all around him to retire, excepting only two general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a few minutes before Morton was permitted to advance, he had time to study the appearance of the persons with whom he was to meet.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of Montmore without being captivated by his personal graces and accomplishments, of which the great High Priest of all the Nine afterwards recorded—

There'er he fell was done with as much ease,  
In his arms 'twas valued to please;  
His motions all accompanied with grace,  
And Fancie was united in his face.\*

Yet to a strict observer, the manly beauty of Montmore's face was constantly rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Clarendon, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer whose appearance was singularly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, and composed of chambré leather,

\* *Dryden's Albion and Albanius.*

curiously slashed, and covered with antique lace and garniture. His boots and spurs might be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breastplate, over which descended a gay band of remarkable length, which he described as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered, and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, glowing grey eyes, and marked features, witnessed age unbroken by infancy, and stern resolution softened by humanity. Such is the outline, however finely expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell,\* a man more feared and hated by the whigs than even Charleshouse himself, and who executed the same violence against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Charleshouse only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of Presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by person, and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the vulnerable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being intrusted to him. Montmarck received him with the graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Charleshouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

"You come, sir, from those unfortunate people, now assembled in arms," said the Duke of Monmouth, "and your name, I believe, is Morton: will you favour us with the passport of your sword?"

"It is contained, my Lord," answered Morton, "in a paper, termed a Remonstrance and Supplication, which my Lord. Breckinridge has placed, I presume, in your Grace's hands!"

"He has done so, sir," answered the Duke; "and I understand, from Lord Breckinridge, that Mr. Morton has behaved in

\* Note G. General Dalzell.

these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks."

Here Morton observed Deholl shake his head indignantly, and whisper something into Claverhouse's ear, who smiled in return, and elevated his eyebrows, but in a degree so slight as scarce to be perceptible. The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket, proceeded, obviously struggling between the softer passions of his own disposition, and perhaps his conviction that the petitioners demanded no more than their rights, and the duties, on the other hand, of enforcing the King's authority, and complying with the stronger opinions of the colleagues in office who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

"There are, Mr. Morton, in this paper, proposals, as to the abstract propriety of which I must now waive delivering my opinion. Some of them appear to me reasonable and just, and although I have no express instructions from the King upon the subject, yet I assure you, Mr. Morton, and I pledge my honour, that I will interpose in your behalf, and use my utmost influence to procure you satisfaction from his Majesty. But you must distinctly understand, that I can only treat with supplicants, not with rebels; and, as a preliminary to every act of favour on my side, I must insist upon your followers laying down their arms and dispersing themselves."

"To do so, my Lord Duke," replied Morton, undauntedly, "were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our countrymen term us. Our swords are drawn for recovery of a birthright wrested from us; your Grace's moderation and good sense have admitted the general justice of our demand—a demand which would never have been listened to had it not been accompanied with the sound of the trumpet. We cannot, therefore, and dare not, lay down our arms, even on your Grace's assurance of leniency, unless it were accompanied with some reasonable prospect of the redress of our wrongs which we complain of."

"Mr. Morton," replied the Duke, "you are young, but you must have seen enough of the world to perceive, that requests, by no means dangerous or unreasonable in themselves, may become so by the way in which they are pressed and supported."

"We may reply, my lord," answered Morton, "that this dangerous mode has not been resorted to until all others have failed."

"Ye, Morton," said the Duke, "I must break this conference short. We are in readiness to commence the attack; yet I will suspend it for an hour, until you can communicate my answer to the insurgents. If they please to depose their followers, lay down their arms, and send a powerful deputation to me, I will consider myself bound as honour to do all I can to procure redress of their grievances; if not, let them stand on their guard and expect the consequences.—I think, gentlemen," he added, turning to his two colleagues, "this is the utmost length to which I can stretch my instructions in favour of these misguided persons!"

"By my faith," answered Dabell, suddenly, "and it is a length to which my poor judgment does not have stretched, considering I had both the King and my conscience to answer to! But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King's private mind than we, who have only the letter of our instructions to look to."

Honourable blushed deeply. "You hear," he said, addressing Morton, "General Dabell blames me for the length which I am disposed to go in your favour."

"General Dabell's sentiments, my lord," replied Morton, "are such as we expected from him; your Grace such as we were prepared to hope you might please to entertain. Indeed, I cannot help adding, that, in the case of the absolute submission upon which you are pleased to insist, it might still remain something less than doubtful how far, with such counsels around the King, even your Grace's intercession might procure us effected relief. But I will communicate to our leaders your Grace's answer to our supplication; and, since we cannot obtain peace, we must bid war welcome as well as we may."

"Good morning, sir," said the Duke. "I suspend the movements of attack for one hour, and for one hour only. If you have an answer to return within that space of time, I will receive it here, and earnestly attend it may be such as to avert the effusion of blood."

At the moment another smile of deep meaning passed between Dabell and Charleston. The Duke observed it, and repeated his words with great dignity—"Yes, gentlemen, I said I treated the answer might be such as would avert the effusion of blood. I hope the sentiment neither needs your scorn, nor merits your displeasure."

Dalhousie returned the Duke's frown with a stern glance, but made no answer. Claverhouse, his lip just curled with an ironical smile, bowed, and said, "It was not for him to judge the propriety of his Grace's statements."

The Duke made a signal to Morton to withdraw. He obeyed, and, accompanied by his former escort, rode slowly through the army to return to the camp of the non-combatants. As he passed the five corps of Life-Guards, he found Claverhouse was already at their head. That officer no sooner saw Morton, than he advanced and addressed him with perfect politeness of manner.

"I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr. Morton of Milverwood?"

"It is not Colonel Graham's fault," said Morton, smiling sternly, "that he or any one else should be ever introduced by my presence."

"Allow me at least to say," replied Claverhouse, "that Mr. Morton's present situation substantiates the opinion I have entertained of him, and that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty."

"To reconcile your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business, Colonel Graham, not mine," said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner, required to approve of the sentence under which he had so easily suffered.

"Nay, but stay an instant," said Claverhouse. "Brandside insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman, who, though misguided, acts upon generous principles, and the crafty hypocrite who poses, with the bloodthirsty assassin who lead them. Therefore, if they do not desist upon your return, let me pray you instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself, for, be assured, they cannot stand one assault for half-an-hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to inquire for me. Month-long struggles as it may seem, cannot protect you—Dalhousie will not;—I both can and will, and I have promised to Brandside to do so if you will give me an opportunity."

"I should owe Lord Brandside my thanks," answered Morton, coldly. "Did not his scheme imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For

you, Colonel Graham, if you will favour me with a different species of satisfaction, it is probable that, in an hour's time, you will find me at the west end of Rothwell Bridge with my sword in my hand."

"I shall be happy to meet you there," said Claverhouse, "but still more so should you think better on my first proposal."

They then saluted and parted.

"That is a pretty lad, Lammy," said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; "but he is a hot man—his blood is upon his head."

So saying, he addressed himself to the task of preparation for instant battle.

## CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

But hark ! the west has changed its voice,  
There's peace and rest no longer

*Down.*

The Lovelace Mellicams they

Quen with their coats of blue ;

For brandish now from London town,

Cold in a rubish hue.

*Reverendia Linn.*

Walter Hume had led the well-ordered outposts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and maintain a proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same disorders which agitated the councils of the insurgents, reigned even among their most faithful followers ; and their proposals and patrols were more interested and occupied in dissipating the true occasion and causes of war, and defining the limits of British liberty, than in looking out for and observing the motions of their enemies, though within hearing of the royal drums and trumpets.

There was a guard, however, of the insurgent army, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Rothwell, over which the enemy must necessarily advance to the attack ; but, like the others, they were divided and disheartened, and, entertaining

the idea that they were posted on a desperate service, they even manifested withdrawing themselves to the main body. This would have been after noon, for on the duration or loss of this pass the fortune of the day was most likely to depend. All beyond the bridge was a plain open field, excepting a few thickets of no great depth, and, consequently, was ground on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in cavalry, and usually unprovided with artillery, were altogether unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.

Morton therefore viewed the pass carefully, and formed the hope, that by occupying two or three houses on the left bank of the river, with the cones and thickets of alders and bushes that lined its side, and by blockading the passage itself, and shutting the gates of a portal, which, according to the old tradition, was built on the central arch of the bridge of Bothwell, it might be easily defended against a very superior force. He issued therefore accordingly, and commanded the purports of the bridge, on the farther side of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might afford no protection to the enemy when they should attempt the passage. Morton then assigned the party at this important post to be watchful and upon their guard, and promised them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He caused them to advance vigilance beyond the river to watch the progress of the enemy, which outpost he directed should be withdrawn to the left bank as soon as they approached; finally, he charged them to send regular information to the main body of all that they should observe. Men under arms, and in a situation of danger, are usually sufficiently alert in appreciating the merit of their officers. Morton's intelligence and activity gained the confidence of these men, and with better hope and heart than before, they began to fortify their position in the manner he recommended, and saw him depart with three lead shots.

Morton now galloped hastily towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and shocked at the scene of confusion and disorder which it exhibited, at the moment when great order and concord were of such essential consequence. Instead of being drawn up in line of battle, and listening to the commands of their officers, they were crowding together in a confused mass, that rolled and agitated itself like the waves

of the sea, while a thousand tongues spoke, or rather witnessed, and not a single ear was found to listen. Nonchalant as a man so extraordinary, Morton endeavoured to make his way through the press, to learn, and if possible to remove, the cause of this so intensely disorder. While he is thus engaged, we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the puritans during the earlier civil war, they considered as the most effectual mode of atoning all offences, and mending all discords. It was usual to choose an ordinary week-day for this purpose, but on this occasion the Sabbath itself was adopted, owing to the pressure of the time and the violence of the enemy. A temporary pulpit, or box, was erected in the middle of the congregation; which, according to the fixed arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Poundstone, to whom the post of honour was assigned, as the eldest clergyman present. But as the worldly divine, with slow and stately steps, was advancing towards the rostrum which had been prepared for him, he was prevented by the unexpected appearance of Habbakuk Mackleworth, the insane preacher whose appearance had so much startled Morton at the first council of the insurgents after their victory at London Hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and instigation of the Commissioners, or whether he was merely compelled by his own agitated imagination, and the temptation of a vacant pulpit before him, to seize the opportunity of addressing so respectable a congregation. It is only certain that he took common by the forelock, springing into the pulpit, cast his eyes wildly around him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the auditors, opened the Bible, read forth as his text from the Gileadite chapter of Deuteronomy, "Christen men, the children of Israel, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which ye have not known;" and then rushed at once into the midst of his subject.

The language of Mackleworth was so wild and extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorized and entirely; but it was providently coherent, in so far as it turned entirely upon the very subjects of discord, of which it had been agreed to adjourn



the consideration until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the moderate party with heresy, with dreaming to tyranny, with seeking to be at peace with God's enemies, he applied to Morion, by name, the charge that he had been one of those men of Belial, who, in the words of his text, had gone out from amongst them, to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go seeking after false gods. To him, and all who followed him or opposed of his conduct, Muckleworth denounced fury and vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undefiled to come up from the midst of them.

"Fear not," he said, "because of the neighing of horses, or the glittering of breastplates. Seek not aid of the Egyptians because of the chariot, though they may be numerous as locusts, and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not as our trust, nor their rock as our rock; how else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to the flight? I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, 'Babylonish, take thy fan and purge the wheat from the chaff, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation and the lightning of fury.' Wherefore, I say, take this Henry Morion—the wretched Achan, who hath brought the accursed thing among ye, and made himself brethren in the camp of the enemy—take him and stone him with stones, and thereafter burn him with fire, that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant. He hath not taken a Babylonish garment, but he hath sold the garment of righteousness to the woman of Babylon—he hath not taken two hundred shekels of fine silver, but he hath bartered the truth, which is more precious than shekels of silver or wedges of gold."

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of their most active commanders, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had, in their places, touched of that which was accursed, or temporised more or less with the heretics and corruptness of the times. While such was the demand of the Covenanters, they vociferated loudly, that those who were not with them were against them,—that it was no time to colloquy the substantial part of the concerted testimony of the

Church, if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause,—and that, in their eyes, a hypocritical Presbyter was little better than a Presbiter, an anti-Covenanter, and a Nullifier.

The parties seemed repelled the charge of mutual complacency and defection from the truth with scorn and indignation, and charged their answers with breach of faith, as well as with wrong-headed and extravagant and so introducing such deflections into an army the joint strength of which could not, by the most sagacious, be judged more than sufficient to face their enemies. Proudly, and one or two others, made some slight efforts to stem the increasing fury of the debate, endeavoring to those of the other party, in the words of the Psalms,—"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy husband and my husband, for we be brethren." No pacific overture could possibly obtain audience. It was in vain that even Darby himself, when he saw the discussion pressed to such painful lengths, started his stern and deep voice, commanding silence and obedience to discipline. The spirit of insubordination had gone forth, and it seemed as if the exhortation of Elizabeth Moultonville had commenced a part of his duty to all who heard him. The wiser, or more timid part of the assembly, were already withdrawing themselves from the field, and giving up their cause as lost. Others were maintaining a harmonious yell, as they somewhat improperly termed it, to new officers, and discussing those formerly chosen, and that with a temerity and clamor worthy of the deficiency of good sense and good order implied in the whole transaction. It was at this moment when Martin arrived in the field and joined the army, in total confusion, and on the point of dissolving itself. The crowd continued loud exclamations of applause on the one side, and of imprecation on the other.

"What means this running disorder at such a moment?" he exclaimed to Darby, who, exhausted with his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword, and regarding the confusion with an eye of modest despair.

"It means," he replied, "that God has delivered us into the hands of our enemies."

"Not so," answered Martin, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; "it is not God who deserts us—it is the vile desert him, and dishonour ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion.—How can I?" he

exclaimed, springing to the pulpit which Blackbriar had been compelled to evacuate by actual education—"I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can assure you the means of making an honourable defence, if you are of more manly temper. The time flies fast on. Let us resolve either for peace or war, and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward's wisdom to retreat in good time and with safety. What signifies quarrelling on points of church-discipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with total destruction? O remember, my brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom he had once chosen—the last and worst punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart, was the bloody discussions which rent asunder their clasp, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates!"

Some of the audience testified their feeling of this exhortation, by loud exclamations of applause—others by hooping, and exclaiming—"To your tents, O Israel!"

Morton, who beheld the entrance of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right bank, and directing their march upon the bridge, raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed,—"*Slaves your swordless slavers! Tender is the enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him, depend our lives, as well as our hope to retain our laws and liberties. There shall at least one Scottish man die in their defence. Let any one who loves his country follow me!*"

The multitude had turned their heads in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the English Foot-Guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, of the masses which the artillerymen were busily engaged in planting against the bridge, of the plumed chasse who seemed to march for a ford, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack, showed at once their dangerous position, and struck them with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They gazed on each other, and on their leaders, with looks resembling those that salute the weakness of a patient when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet

when Morton, springing from the rearward, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about an hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command.

Barley turned to Macbride—"Ephraim," he said, "it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of this half-bred man's youth.—He that knows the light, let him follow Barley!"

"Tarry," replied Macbride; "it is not by Henry Morton, or such as he, that our principles and our enmities are to be tested; thousands tarry with us. I fear treachery to the last from this wall-flower Adam.—Those shall not go with him—these are our chiefs and our heroes."

"Hinder me not," replied Barley; "he hath well said that all is lost, if the enemy win the bridge—therefore let me not. Shall the children of this generation be called wiser or braver than the children of the sanctuary!—Arise yourselves under your leaders—let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition; and assured be he who turneth back from the work on this great day!"

Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed by about two hundred of the most gallant and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disheartened pause when Morton and Barley departed. The commanders exhorted themselves of it to display their lives in some sort of order, and selected those who were most exposed to throw themselves upon their lances to avoid the onslaught which they might presently expect. The musketeers ceased to reload or to rearmate; but the men which had shamed their discipline had shamed their courage. They suffered themselves to be thrust into ranks with the facility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time, more resolution or energy; for they experienced a shaking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and imminent approach of the danger which they had neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favourable circumstance would restore their spirits and courage.

Kettlebrowns, Farnhurst, Macbride, and other gentlemen, posted themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on those to relax a pain. But the squabbles among them observed, as

as all came, that their song of praise and triumph sank into "a quiver of consternation," and resembled rather a posthumous stern song on the scaffold of a condemned criminal, than the bold strains which had resounded along the wild heath of London Hill, in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received a rough accompaniment; the royal soldiers shouted, the Highlanders yelled, the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the bridge of Bellerose, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

### CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

*As o'er ye tower the robe does fall,  
Or o'er the warrior flows the helm,  
The old blood-bath falls even down,  
And they lay slain on every lawn.*

OLD BALLAD.

Even Morton or Barclay had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot-Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the post, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene, and his musketeers, commencing upon the post a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Barclay had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Mormouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, exhorting, and exhorting the warriors of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the Franksyotians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by the copsewood along the bank of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the regulars, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protected and obstinate, that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Mormouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot-Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Deless, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lowland Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cries of *Lochaleap*.<sup>\*</sup> The ammunition of the defenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages, commanding and imploring succours and supplies, were in vain despatched, one after the other, to the main body of the Franksyotian army, which remained inactive drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and miracle, had gone abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and in its turn became more fatal. Animated by the example and exhortations of their generals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blocked. The portcullis was broken open, the houses, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade, pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Darley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberds, and pistols, to

<sup>\*</sup> This was the charge or war-cries of the MacFarquhairs, taken from a tale near the head of Loch Lomond, in the course of their ancient possession on the western banks of that beautiful inland sea.

encounter the bayonets of the Guards, and the broadsword of the Highlanders. But those behind the leaders began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, hurly-burly from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manoeuvre slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to form the column, from the windows of which the Caracaras continued to fire. Hurley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

"There is yet time," said the former, "to bring down horses to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we may thus regain the bridge. Hasten then to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and waried body."

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cuddie held in readiness for him behind the thicket, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Caracaras. Ere he could speak his orders, or utter his orders, he was seized by the attentions of the whole body.

"He fire!" they exclaimed—"the cowardly traitor fire like a hurt from the hunters, and hath left valiant Hurley in the midst of the slaughter!"

"I do not fly," said Morton. "I come to lead you to the attack. Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well."

"Follow him, not!—Follow him not!"—such were the tumultuous exclamations which resounded from the ranks;—"he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy!"

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been made; and the conflict from the bridge, with all its dangers, being in complete possession of the enemy, Hurley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and humiliated retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the King crossed the bridge at their leisure, and securing the pass, formed in line of battle; while Clavertown, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and

spying the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the crest of the column from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and leading them in squadrons, through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them in line on the river, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one huge body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all the terrible accompaniments of sight and sound,—the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the warriors. The stout men hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed, and before they fire against the horsemen were stirred with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Chamberlain was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers—"Kill! kill! no quarter! slay as Richard Glanville!" The dragons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of London Hill, required no exhortations to vengeance so easy as it was complete. Their swords drunk deep of slaughter among the retreating fugitives. Shouts for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit.

About twelve hundred of the insurgents who remained in a body a little apart from the rest, and out of the line of the charge of cavalry, threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, upon the approach of the Duke of Richmond at the head of the infantry. That mild-tempered soldier instantly allowed them the quarter which they prayed for; and, galloping about through the field, exerted himself as much to stop the slaughter, as he had done to obtain the victory. While busied in this humane task, he met with General Duffell, who was encouraging the fierce Highlanders and royal volunteers to show their zeal for King and country, by quenching the flames of the rebellion with the blood of the rebels.

"Sheath your sword, I command you, General!" exclaimed



the Duke, "and around the retreat. Enough of blood has been shed; give quarter to the King's misguided subjects."

"I obey your Grace," said the old man, wiping his bloody sword and returning it to the scabbard, "but I warn you at the same time, that enough has not been done to intimidate these desperate rebels. Has not your Grace heard that Earl Orford has collected several gentlemen and men of substance in the West, and is on the act of marching to join them?"

"Earl Orford?" said the Duke; "who, or what is he?"

"The next male heir to the late Earl of Cornwall. He is disaffected to Government from his claim to the estate being set aside in favour of Lady Margaret DeLionne; and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has not him in motion."

"Be his motives what they will," replied Monmouth, "he must soon disperse his followers, for this army is too much broken to rally again;—therefore, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped."

"It is your Grace's pleasure to command, and to be responsible for your commands," answered Deland, as he gave reluctant orders for checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindictive Grahams was already far out of hearing of the signal of retreat, and continued with his cavalry an unremitting and bloody pursuit, tracking, disposing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Borley and Morton were both hurried off the field by the confused tide of fugitives. They made some attempt to defend the streets of the town of Hamilton; but while labouring to turn the fire to their front and stand to their weapons, Borley received a bullet which broke his sword-arm.

"May the hand be withered that shot the shot!" he exclaimed, as the sword which he was waving over his head fell powerless to his side. "I can fight no longer."

Thus striking his horse's head, he retreated out of the confusion. Morton also now saw that the continuing his unavailing efforts to rally the fleet would only end in his own death or captivity, and, followed by the faithful Ordian, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two enclosures, and got into the open country.

From the dust bill whist, they passed in their flight, they looked back, and beheld the whole country covered with their

\* This incident, and Borley's exclamation, are taken from the novel.

figures, comparisons, and with the passing dragons, whose wild shouts and halloo, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and screams of their victims, rose slowly up the hill.

"It is impossible they can ever make head again," said Horton.

"The head's torn off them, as clean as I wud take it off a spile!" rejoined Onitha. "Eh, Lord! see how the headwards are basking! War's a dangerous thing. They'll be coming that way on us at this week again.—But, for God's sake, no, let us wait for some strength!"

Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty spouse. They resumed a rapid pace, and continued it without intermission, denoting their course towards the wild and mountainous country, where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together, for the sake either of seeking defence, or of obtaining terms.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

They require  
Of Heaven the hosts of Hosts, lords of Hosts,  
Two and the thousand two.

Psalms.

Evening had fallen; and, for the last two hours, they had seen none of their ill-fated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant passed the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farm-house, situated in the entrance of a wild glen, far remote from any other habitation.

"Our houses," said Morton, "will carry us no farther without rest or food, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible."

So speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke issuing from the chimney in a considerable volume, and the marks of recent work were visible around the door. They could even hear the murmuring of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured; and when they

hunched at the door, no answer was returned. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable or shed, in order to accommodate their horses, ere they need further means of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose state of fatigue, as well as the solitary yet disordered appearance of their saddles and accoutrements, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own dispossessions.

"This meeting looks bad," said Oddie; "and they has widda a' lot, there's no tiding certain, for here's a rare bide that has been about the borders o' a shot not half-an-hour since—it's warm yet."

Encouraged by these appearances, they returned again to the house, and announcing themselves to men in the same predicament with the inmates, discoursed loudly for admittance.

"Whoever ye be," answered a stern voice from the window, after a long and deliberate silence, "distrust not those who mourn for the destruction and captivity of the land, and search out the means of wrath and of detection, that the stumbling-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled."

"They are wild western whigs," said Oddie, in a whisper to his master; "I ken by their language. Flead has me if I like to venture on them?"

Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance; but finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and peering under the shutter, which was but slightly moved, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voice had issued. Oddie followed him, muttering horrid threats, as he put his head within the window, "That he hoped there was no smoking brass on the fire," and master and servant both found themselves in the company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire on which refreshments were preparing, and bowed apparently in their devotion.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the fire-light, Morton had no difficulty in recognizing several of those rascals who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted peers, the famous Ephraim Muddier, and the marquis, Hezekiah Mackintosh. The Cameronians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued

to listen to the low murmured sentences of Madeline, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up his hand from his people, and not make an end in the day of his anger. That they were conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sudden and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unfriendly society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm, that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window through which they had entered. One of these unknown sentinels whispered to Oudis, "Son of that precious woman, Eliza Hendrick, do not wait thy lot further with this field of treachery and perfidy—I'm on thy way, and tarry not, for the wronger of blood is belated thou."

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Oudis jumped without hesitation; for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

"Wonders are no lack of me," was his first reflection when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. "They'll kill him, the murdering loose, and think they're doing a good turn! but I've tak the back road for Elmdale, and ere it I mean get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needfulness."

In saying, Oudis hastened to the stable, and taking the best horse he could find instead of his own tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the sleeping of the inmates. As it died in the distance, Madeline brought his enemies to a combat, and his unknown raised themselves from the stooping posture, and looking downward look, with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes steadily on Henry Morton.

"You bend strange considerations on me, gentlemen," said he, addressing them. "I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them."

"Out upon thee! out upon thee!" exclaimed Madbrenth, starting up, "the word that thou hast uttered shall become a rock to crush thee and to break thee; the spear which thou wouldest have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned, for an offering to atone the sin of the outrage

going, and in the very hour of the offense is delivered into our hand. His bath burst in like a thief through the window; he is a rare knight in the thickest, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to posterity: vengeance from the church, and the place shall from henceforth be called *Jehovah-Jireh*, for the sacrifice is provided. Up then, and lead the victim with haste to the horns of the altar!"

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Morton regret at that moment the inconsiderate haste with which he had ventured into their company. He was armed only with his sword, for he had left his pistols at the bow of his saddle; and, as the whigs were all provided with firearms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by resistance. The interpretation, however, of Macbride protected him for the moment.

"Tarry yet a while, brethren!—let us not wear the sword uselessly, but the load of innocent blood be heavy on us—Come," he said, addressing himself to Morton, "we will return with thee, and we avenge the cause thou hast betrayed—Hast thou not," he continued, "made thy face as hard as flint against the truth in all the assemblies of the host?"

"He has—he has," answered the deep voices of the assembly.

"He hath ever sided peace with the malignants," said one.

"And pleaded for the dark and dismal paths of the Indulgence," said another.

"And would have surrendered the host into the hands of Hammond," added a third; "and was the first to desert the banner and many a soldier, while he yet resisted at the post. I saw him on the morrow, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge."

"Quittance," said Morton, "if you mean to bear me down by clamour, and take my life without hearing me, it is perhaps a thing in your power, but you will die before God and man by the commission of such a murder."

"I say, hear the youth," said Macbride; "the Heaven knows our hearts have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and cast his gifts in its defence. But he is blinded by his carnal knowledge, and has spurned the light when it blazed before him."

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assert the good

faith which he had displayed in the treaty with Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

"I say not, gentlemen," he said, "be fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of tyrannising over others; but none shall go farther in asserting our own lawful freedom. And I grant aye, now, that had others been of my mind in council, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defeated and discarded instant, have sheathed our weapons in an equal and honourable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory."

"He hath spoken the word," said one of the assembly—"he hath covered his usual self-seeking and Eristicism;—let him die the death!"

"Peace yet again," said Mathews, "be I will try him farther.—Was it not by thy means that the malignant Erasmus twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Miles Edmonstone and his garbans of cut-throats were saved from the edge of the sword?"

"I am proud to say, that you have spoken the truth in both instances," replied Morton.

"Let you say!" said Mathews—"again hath his mouth spoken it.—And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Malinthead woman, one of the spawn of profligacy, a wench with which the arch-enemy's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Edmonstone?"

"You are incapable," answered Morton, boldly, "of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had she never existed."

"Then art a hearty rebel to the truth," said another declarationist man. "And didst thou not so act, that, by carrying away the aged woman, Margaret Edmonstone, and her grand-daughter, thou mightest thrust the wise and godly project of John Edmon of Burley for bringing forth to battle Basil Oglethorpe, who had agreed to take the field if he were assured possession of those women's worldly endowments?"

"I never heard of such a scheme," said Morton, "and therefore I could not thwart it.—But does your religion permit you to take such discreditable and shameful means of recovering?"

"Peace!" said Mathews, somewhat disconcerted, "it is not for thee to instruct weaker professors, or to censure Covenant

obligations. For the rest, you have acknowledged enough of sin and successful debauchery, to draw down defeat on a host, were it as numerous as the sands on the seashore. And it's our judgment, that we are not free to let you pass from us such and so ill, when Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with godly fathers, saying, 'What shall we say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?'—Then camest thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest confirm the punishment of one that hath wrought folly in Israel. Therefore, mark my words. This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run! Wherefore improve thy span, for it flitteth fast away.—Share on the prison, brethren, and take life weapons."

The command was as unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was unprepared, alarmed, and a long-guilt passed round his arms, before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a deal and store silence took place. The benches ranged themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton amongst them bound and helpless, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clerk which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which they offered their intended victim a share; but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this was removed, the party resumed their devotions. Macdon, whose turn next did not perhaps exclude some feelings of doubt and compunction, began to expostulate or protest, as if he wrang from the Duty a signal that the kindly mother they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously directed as if to give some light or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the discipline of the Synagogue, to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection, that there appeared no possibility of his life being extended beyond the narrow segment which the Index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour.—Pursu- ing his religion, with a constant unflinching philosophy of horror,

and the signs of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected, had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and unending sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Chierichouse. Then he was conscious, that, amid the spectators, were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among those pale-eyed and deathlike seelies, whose hardened hearts were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph, upon his misdeeds—without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement—waiting till the sword destined to slay him swept out of the scaffold gradually, and as it were, by atom-blasts, and continued to detach the fibres of death drop by drop,—it is no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His destined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like spectres in a feverish dream; their figures became larger, and their faces more distorted; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a host of demons than of human beings; the walls seemed to drip with blood, and the light tick of the clock thudded on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each word were the prick of a bodkin reflected on the naked nerve of the organ.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wandering while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to dispassionate candour, and stroved, during that fearful stroke of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, unfortunately, recourse to the petition for deliverance and for compassion of spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England.—Machiter, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognised the words, which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

"There halted but this," he said, his pale cheek flushing with resentment, "to rest not my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilt. He is a protestant, who has sought the mercy under the doctrine of an *Erasmian*, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him must needs be writhing. His blood be on his



head, the deceiver!—let him go down to Tophet, with the dumb-bell mass which he calls a paper-back in his right hand!"

"I take up my song against him!" exclaimed the ringleader. "As the vote went back on the dial ten degrees for retarding the recovery of holy Hambleek, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity."

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by getting the poles forward, and several of the party began to make ready their slaughter-weapons for immediate execution, when Marklewent's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

"Hut!" he said—"I hear a distant noise."

"It is the rustling of the brook over the pebbles," said one.

"It is the sigh of the wind among the branches," said another.

"It is the galloping of horses," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood—"Oh! great God! they may come as my deliverers!"

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

"It is horses!" cried Marklewent. "Look out and denary who they are."

"The stang are upon us!" cried one, who had opened the window in obedience to his order.

A thick swarming and loud noise were heard immediately round the house. Some ran to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troops appeared in the apartment.

"Here's the bloody rebels!—Remember Cornet Graham!" was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the delirious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistolshots were fired, the wing who stood next to Morton received a shot as he was being stretched against the plank, when he fell down with his weight, and lay stretched close him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where firearms were discharged and scabbards given for sparks of fire whistles.

"Is the prisoner safe?" exclaimed the well-known voice of

Claverhouse, "Look about for him, and dispatch the wing dog who is guarding them."

Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, dismembered of his right, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Girdle, who blithered for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear, while his trusty follower relieved him from his bonds, explained the secret of the very timely appearance of the soldiers.

"I fell into Claverhouse's party when I was seeking for some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the hands o' the whigs, me being stowed the dale and the deep sea, I din' thought it best to bring him on w' us, for he'll be wearied w' falling folk the night, and the mornin' a new day, and Lord Brumley aces ye a day to bidder; and Macmurell gies quarter, the dragoon tell me, for the ailing. She hand up your back, as I'm warrant we'll do a' weel enough yet."

\* Note 7. Note to Chapter Thirty second.

### CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

Search, search the slating, all the flit!

To all the narrow world proclaim,

One wouldst have seen of justice lit

In truth as up without a name.

ANONYMOUS.

When the desperate strife had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farm-house, and for moving early in the morning morning. He then turned his attention to Morton, and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him.

"You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr. Morton, if you had listened my counsel yesterday morning with some attention—but I respect your motives. You are a gentleman-at-arms at the disposal of the King and Council, but

you shall be treated with no civility ; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape."

When Morton had passed his word to that effect, Charvonne bowed civilly, and, turning away from him, called for his surcoat-jacket.—"How many prisoners, Hallday, and how many killed?"

"Three killed in the house, sir, two cut down in the court, and one in the garden—six in all ; four prisoners."

"Armed or unarmed?" said Charvonne.

"Three of them armed to the teeth," answered Hallday ; "one without arms—he seems to be a preacher."

"Ay—the interpreter to the tongue'd rick, I suppose," replied Charvonne, glancing slightly round upon his wallow ; "I will talk with him to-morrow. Take the other three down to the post, draw out two flus, and fire upon them ; and, if ye hear, make a memorandum in the crinoid book of three ribalds taken in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place—Down-shield, I think, they call it.—Look after the preacher till to-morrow : as he was not armed, he must undergo a short examination. Or better, perhaps, take him before the Privy Council ; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting drudgery.—Let Mr. Morton be civilly used, and see that the men look well after their horses ; and let my groom wash Withins's shoulder with some vinegar—the saddle has touched him a little."

All these various orders,—for life and death, the securing of his prisoners, and the washing of his charger's shoulder,—were given in the same unvaried and apathetic voice, of which no sound or tone intimated that the speaker considered one direction as of more importance than another.

The Commissioners, so lately about to be the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves in jeopardy. They seemed prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them show the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the room for the purpose of meeting instant death. Their covert enthusiasm subsided there in that dreadful moment, and they departed with a slow look and an silence, excepting that one of them, as he left the apartment, looked Charvonne full in the face, and pronounced, with a stern and steady voice,—"*Blasphemy shall brand the villain's name!*" to which Graham only answered by a smile of contempt.

They had no money left the noon when Claverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party had hastily procured, and invited Morton to follow his example, observing, it had been a long day for them both. Morton declined eating, for the sudden change of circumstances—the transition from the seige of the garrison to a prospect of life, had occasioned a dirty remission in his whole system. But the most confused sensation was accompanied by a burning thirst, and he expressed his wish to drink.

"I will pledge you, with all my heart," said Claverhouse, "for here is a black jack full of ale, and good it must be, if there be good in the country; for the wages never come to find it out.—My service to you, Mr. Morton," he said, filling one horn of ale for himself, and handing another to his prisoner.

Morton raised it to his head, and was just about to drink, when the discharge of carbines beneath the window, followed by a deep and hollow groan, repeated twice or thrice, and more faint at each interval, announced the fate of the three men who had just left them. Morton shuddered, and set down the neglected cup.

"You are but young in these matters, Mr. Morton," said Claverhouse, after he had very composedly finished his draught; "and I do not think the wine of you as a young soldier for appearing to feel them sorely. But hark, duty, and necessity, reminds men to everything."

"I trust," said Morton, "they will never remind me to such extent as these."

"You would hardly believe," said Claverhouse in reply, "that, in the beginning of my military career, I had as much aversion to seeing blood spilt as ever man felt—it seemed to me to be wrong from my own heart, and yet, if you trust one of those who follow, he will tell you I drank a warm cup of it every morning before I breakfast." But in truth, Mr. Morton, why should we care as much for death, light upon us or around us whenever it may? Men die daily—and a bell tells the hour but it is the death-note of some one or other; and why hesitate to shiver the open of others, or take unnecessary care to prolong our own? It is all a lottery.—When the hour of midnight

\* The author is uncertain whether this was ever said of Claverhouse. But it was correctly reported of Sir Robert Clive, at Lagg, master of the government, that a cup of wine placed in his hand turned to distilled blood.

come, you were to die—it has struck, you are alive and well, and the lot has fallen on those fellows who were to murder you. It is not the expiring pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befall us on any great occasion—it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the soldier's eye—that is all which is worth rating for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr. Marion, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of passing one day some well fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear—that would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for!"

At the moment when Graham delivered these sentiments, his eyes glancing with the martial ardour which formed such a prominent feature in his character, a grey figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the maniac or often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood-streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Charnhouse eyes, in which the grey light of reason still twinkled, though just about to die for ever, and exclaimed, with his usual violence of ejaculation, "Will thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy sword and in thy banner? And shall not God visit thee for innocent blood?—Will thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee?—Behold, the princes, for whom thou hast sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and banished to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast have drunken and mad become thereof, the work of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine eyes shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Charnhouse, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the one brother which thou hast shed."

He drew his right hand across his bleeding face, and held it up to heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very loud, and then added more feebly, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints?"

As he uttered the last word, he fell backwards without a

attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor.

Morton was much shocked at this extraordinary scene, and the prophecy of the dying man, which tallied so strangely with the wish which Charbonneau had just expressed, and he often thought of it afterwards when that wish seemed to be accomplished. Two of the dragoons who were in the apartment, hardened as they were, and accustomed to such scenes, showed great consternation at the sudden appearance, the event, and the words which preceded it. Charbonneau alone was unmoved. At the first instant of Blackbeard's appearance, he had put his hand to his pistol, but on seeing the situation of the wounded man, he immediately withdrew it, and listened with great sympathy to his dying exclamation.

When he dropped, Charbonneau asked, in an unmannered tone of voice—"How came the fellow here!—Speak, you scoundrel!" he added, addressing the nearest dragoon, "unless you would have me think you such a poltroon as to fear a dying man."

The dragoon moved himself, and replied with a sifting voice, "That the dead fellow had escaped their notice when they removed the other bodies, as he seemed to have fallen where a stick or two had been lying aside, and covered him."

"Take him away now, then, you gaping idiot, and see that he does not like you, to put an old proverb to shame.—This is a new kind of, Mr. Morton, that dead men should rise and push us from our stools. I must see that my blackguards grind their swords sharper; they need not to do their work so slowly.—But we have had a busy day, they are tired, and their blades blunted with their bloody work; and I suppose you, Mr. Morton, as well as I, are well disposed for a few hours' repose."

So saying, he passed, and taking a candle which a soldier had placed ready, entered Morton's chamber, and walked to the apartment which had been prepared for him.

Morton was also accommodated, for the evening, with a separate room. Being left alone, his first occupation was the coloring thanks to Morton for releasing him from danger, even through the instrumentality of those who seemed his most dangerous enemies; he also prayed sincerely for the Divine assistance in guiding his course through times which held out

as many dangers and so many sorrows. And having thus poured out his spleen in yagzer before the Great Being who gave it, he betook himself to the repose which he so much required.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

The camp is prepared, the horses are read,  
The judge all ready—a terrible show!

*Barman's Gesta.*

So deep was the slumber which succeeded the agitation and embarrassment of the preceding day, that Morton hardly knew where he was when it was broken by the tramp of horses, the hoarse voice of men, and the wild sound of the trumpet blowing the reveille. The sergeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, which he did in a very respectful manner, saying the General (for Clervoigne now held that rank) hoped for the pleasure of his company upon the road. In some situations an invitation is a command, and Morton considered that the present occasion was one of those. He waited upon Clervoigne as speedily as he could, found his own horse saddled for his use, and Cobble in attendance. Both were deprived of their firearms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of the prisoners; and Morton was permitted to retain his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Clervoigne seemed also to take pleasure in riding beside him, in conversing with him, and in confounding his ideas when he attempted to appreciate his real character. The gentleness and urbanity of that officer's general manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which he unconsciously expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human heart, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him, while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help, in his heart, contrasting him with Ralfour of Barley, and so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a kind of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

"You are right," said Claverhouse, with a smile—"you are very right. We are both sinners; but there is some distinction between the sinfulness of honest and that of dark and sullen superstition."

"You have both shed blood without mercy or remorse," said Morton, who could not suppress his feelings.

"Surely," said Claverhouse, with the same composure; "but of what kind?—There is a difference, I trust, between the blood of innocent and virtuous persons and whilom, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of pain-shriving mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and silly fools;—some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine, and drenching down a sea full of base humanity."

"Your distinction is too nice for my comprehension," replied Morton. "God gives every spark of life—that of the peasant as well as of the prince; and those who destroy his work recklessly or wantonly, must answer in either case. What right, for example, have I to General Graham's protection now, more than when I first met him?"

"And narrowly escaped the consequences, you would say?" answered Claverhouse. "Why, I will answer you frankly. Then I thought I had to do with the son of an old roundheaded rebel, and the nephew of a scolded Presbyterian knave; now I know your points better, and there is that about you which I respect as an enemy as much as I like as a friend. I have learned a good deal concerning you since our first meeting, and I trust that you have found that my construction of the inscription has not been unfavorable to you."

"But yet," said Morton—

"But yet," interrupted Claverhouse, taking up the word, "you would say, you were the same man I first met you that you are now? True, but then, how could I know that? though, by the by, even my relations to suspend your execution may show you how high your abilities stood in my estimation."

"Do you expect, General," said Morton, "that I ought to be particularly grateful for such a mark of your esteem?"

"Poh! poh! you are critical," returned Claverhouse. "I tell you I thought you a different sort of a person. Did you ever read Fouquet?"

"No," was Morton's answer.



"I have half a mind," said Claverhouse, "to wish you should have six months' imprisonment in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble cause, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knights, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith in his religion, harshness towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love!—Ah, how noble! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of brightness, be it on the side he happens to favour, or on the other. But, truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villainous churls, who are here but to plough &c, the high-born and insipid historian has marvellous little sympathy—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Gresham of Claverhouse."

"There is one ploughman in your possession, General, for whom," said Morton, "in despite of the contempt in which you hold a profession which some philosophers have considered as useful as that of a soldier, I would humbly request your favour."

"You mean," said Claverhouse, looking at a memorandum-book, "one Hetherick—Hetherick—or—or—Heddrigg. Ay, Cuthbert, or Cuthie Heddrigg—here I have him. O, never fear him, if he will be but tractable. The ladies of Tiltottsham made interest with me on his account some time ago. He is to marry their waiting-maid, I think. He will be allowed to slip off easy, unless his destiny spoils his good fortune."

"He has no ambition to be a martyr, I believe," said Morton.

"To the better for him," said Claverhouse. "But, besides, although the fellow had more to answer for, I should stand his friend, for the sake of the blundering gallantry which threw him into the midst of our ranks last night, when seeking assistance for you. I never desert any man who trusts me with such implicit confidence. But, to deal directly with you, he has long been in our eye. Here, Heddrigg, bring me up the black book."

The sergeant, having committed to his commander this curious record of the disaffected, which was arranged in alphabetical order, Claverhouse, turning over the leaves as he read on, began to read names as they occurred.

"Gumbelgrumpton, a minister, aged 50, indulged, clean, sly, and so forth.—Push! push!—He—He—I have him here—Heatherton; cultured—a preacher—a zealous Quakerman—keeps a manor-house among the Champs Hills.—Push!—Oh, here is Hadding—Outblurt; his mother a bitter partisan,—himself a simple fellow—like to be forward in action, but of no power for plots—more for the hand than the head, and might be drawn to the right side, but for his attachments to"—(Here Clarkson looked at Morton, and then shut the book and changed his tone.) "Falsified and true are words never thrown away upon me, Mr. Morton. You may depend on the young man's safety."

"Does it not revolt a mind like yours," said Morton, "to follow a system which is to be supported by such minute inquiries after obscure individuals?"

"You do not suppose or take the trouble?" said the General, laughingly. "The curates, for their own sakes, willingly collect all these materials for their own regulation in each parish;—they know best the black sheep of the flock. I have had your pleasure for three years."

"Indeed?" replied Morton. "Will you favour me by imparting it?"

"Willingly," said Clarkson; "it can signify little, for you cannot swing yourself on the curate, as you will probably have Scotland for some time."

This was spoken in an indifferent tone. Morton felt an involuntary shudder at hearing words which implied a banishment from his native land,—but ere he answered, Clarkson proceeded to read. "Henry Morton, son of Elias Morton, Colonel of horse for the Scottish Parliament, nephew and apparent heir of Morton of Minewood—imperfectly educated, but with spirit beyond his years—excellent at all exercises—indifferent to forms of religion, but warm in belief to the Presbyterian—has high-flown and dangerous notions about liberty of thought and speech, and hovers between a half-infidelism and an atheistism. Much admired and followed by the youth of his own age—naughty, quiet, and reasoning in manner, but in his heart peculiarly bold and intemperate. He is—Have follow those red crosses, He Morton, which signify truly dangerous. You see how important a person you are.—But what does this fellow want?"

A handsome note up as he spoke, and gave a letter. Claverhouse glanced it over, laughed scornfully, bade him tell his master to send his prisoners to Edinburgh, for there was no screw; and, as the man turned back, and contemptuously to Morton—"Here is an ally of yours deserted from you, or rather, I should say, an ally of your good friend Burley—how low he sets forth—'Dear Sir' (I wonder when we were such intimates), 'may it please your Excellency to accept my humble congratulations on the victory'—huzz—huzz—'blessed his Majesty's arms. I pray you to understand I have my people under arms to take and intercept all fugitives, and have already several prisoners,' and so forth. Signed Basil Olaf—You know the fellow by name, I suppose?"

"A relative of Lady Margaret Holenden," replied Morton, "is he not?"

"Ay," replied Claverhouse, "and half-son of her father's family, though a distant one, and moreover a subject to the late Edith, though descended as an unworthy one; but, above all, a devoted adherent of the estate of Tilleshelm, and all thereto belonging."

"He takes an ill taste of recommending himself," said Morton, expressing his feelings, "to the family at Tilleshelm, by corresponding with our unhappy party."

"Oh, this pretence Basil will turn out in you with any man!" replied Claverhouse. "He was displeased with the Government, because they would not overturn in his favour a settlement of the late Earl of Thwaul, by which his lordship gave his own estate to his own daughter, he was displeased with Lady Margaret, because she married no duke for his alliance, and with the pretty Edith, because she did not like him till vaguely peace. So he held a close correspondence with Burley, and raised his followers with the promise of helping him, provided always he needed no help,—that is, if you had been as yesterday. And now the rascal pretends he was all the while proposing the King's service, and, for aught I know, the Council will receive his protest for current coin, for he knows how to make friends among them—and a dozen scores of poor rascals' throats will be shot, or hanged, while this cunning scoundrel lies hid under the double cloak of loyalty, well tried with the sin-far of hypocrisy."

With conversation on this and other matters they beguiled

the way, Claverhouse all the while speaking with great freedom to Morton, and treating him rather as a friend and companion than as a prisoner; so that, however uncertain of his fate, the hours he passed in the company of this remarkable man were so much lightened by the varied play of his imagination, and the depth of his knowledge of human nature, that since the period of his becoming a prisoner of war, which relieved him at once from the cares of his doubtful and dangerous station among the insurgents, and from the consequences of their unprincipled resentment, he never flowed on less anxiously than at any time since his having commenced actor in public life. He was now, with respect to his actions, like a rider who has flung his reins on the horse's neck, and, while he abandoned himself to circumstance, was at least relieved from the task of attempting to direct them. In this mood he journeyed on, the number of his companions being continually augmented by detached parties of horse who came in from every quarter of the country, bringing with them, for the most part, the unfortunate persons who had fallen into their power. At length they approached Edinburgh.

"Our General," said Claverhouse, "being resolved, I suppose, to testify by their present condition the extent of their former terror, have deemed a kind of triumphal entry to be as useful and our captives, but as I do not quite approve the taste of it, I am willing to avoid my own part in the show, and, at the same time, to save you from yours."

So saying, he gave up the command of the forces to Allen, (now a Lieutenant-Colonel), and, turning his horse into a by-lane, rode into the city privately, accompanied by Morton and two or three servants. When Claverhouse arrived at the quarters which he usually occupied in the Canongate, he assigned to his prisoner a small apartment, with an intention that his people confined him to it for the present.

After about a quarter of an hour spent in solitary musing on the strange vicissitudes of his late life, the attention of Morton was attracted to the window by a great noise in the street beneath. Trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, combined in noise with the shouts of a numerous rabble, and apprized him that the royal cavalry were passing in the triumphal attitude which Claverhouse had mentioned. The magnificence of the city, attended by their guard of halberds, had met the victors

with their welcome at the gate of the city, and now presented them as a part of the procession. The next object was two heads borne upon pikes; and before each bloody head were carried the hands of the dismembered sufferers, which were, by the brutal mockery of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of conversation or prayer. These bloody trophies belonged to two prisoners who had fallen at Redford Bridge. After them came a cart led by the executioner's assistant, in which were placed Macfarlar and other two prisoners, who seemed of the same profession. They were bearded, and strongly bound, yet looked around them with an air neither of triumph than dismay, and appeared in no respect moved either by the fate of their companions, or which the bloody evidence was carried before them, or by dread of their own approaching execution, which these preliminaries so plainly indicated.

Behind these prisoners, then held up to public infamy and detestation, came a body of horse, brandishing their broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous cries and shouts of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too happy in being permitted to learn for anything whatever which unites them together. In the rear of these troops came the main body of the prisoners, at the head of whom were some of their leaders, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the animal's tail; others were chained to long bars of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling to the port where they are to be put on shipboard. The heads of others who had fallen were borne in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberds, some in carts, bearing the names of the slaughtered persons labelled on the outside. Next were the objects who headed the ghastly procession, who seemed as effectually doomed to death as if they were the un-brothers of the condemned heroines in an *auto-da-fé*.<sup>\*</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> David Macfarlar of Redford, who was wounded and made prisoner in the attempt of Lord Mornay, in which the celebrated Cameron fell, was, on entering Edinburgh, "by order of the Council, received by the Magistrates at the Wintonie, and set on a horse's back with his face to the tail, and the other three held on a goal of iron, and carried up the street, Mr. Cameron's head being on a halberd before them."

Behind them came on the marchers crowded to the number of several hundreds, some retaining under their misfortunes a sense of confidence in the cause for which they suffered captivity, and were about to give a still more bloody testimony; others seemed pale, dispirited, dejected, questioning in their own minds their goodness in espousing a cause which Providence seemed to have deserted, and, looking about for some avenue through which they might escape from the consequences of their rashness. Others there were who seemed incapable of forming an opinion on the subject, or of entertaining either hope, confidence, or fear, but who, flinging with thirst and fatigue, trampled along like over-driven oxen, lost to everything but their present sense of wretchedness, and without having any distinct idea whether they were led to the shambles or to the pasture. These unfortunate men were guarded on each hand by troops, and behind them came the main body of the cavalry, whose military music resounded back from the high houses on each side of the street, and mingled with their own songs of jubilee and triumph, and the wild shouts of the rabble.

Morton felt himself heart-sick while he gazed on the dismal spectacle, and recognised in the bloody heads, and still more miserable and agonised features of the living sufferers, faces which had been dearer to him during the brief incarceration. He sunk down in a chair in a bewildered and stupefied state, from which he was awakened by the voice of Coddie.

"Lord bless us, sir!" said the poor fellow,—his teeth chattering like a pair of nut-crackers, his hair erect like boar's bristles, and his face as pale as that of a corpse—"Lord bless us, sir! we mean instantly gang before the Council!—O Lord! what made them send for a pair looks like us, an' many more looks and grinders!—and there's my mother come on the long tramp frae Glasgow to see to get me tustled, as she ca's it, that is to say, confined and be hanged; but dill tak me if they mak sic a gress o' Coddie, if I can do better. But here's Claverhouse (Mama!)—the Lord preserve and bless us, I say once mair!"

"You need immediately attend the Council, Mr. Morton," said Claverhouse, who entered while Coddie spoke. "And your servant must go with you. You need be under no apprehension for the consequences to yourself personally. But I warn you that you will see something that will give you much pain,

and from which I would willingly have saved you, if I had possessed the power. My carriage waits us—shall we go?"

It will be readily supposed that Morton did not venture to dispute this invitation, however unpleasant. He rose and accompanied Claverhouse.

"I must apologise you," said the latter, as he led the way down stairs, "that you will get off cheap; and so will your servant, provided he can keep his tongue quiet."

Coddie caught these last words, to his exceeding joy.

"Deil a fear o' me," said he, "as my mother duns yit her finger in the ye."

At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mance, who had contrived to thrust herself forward into the lobby of the apartment.

"O, braxy, braxy!" said she to Coddie, banging upon his neck, "glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, o' in me and the mane instant, to see my bairn ganging to testify in the truth gloriously with his mouth in Council, as he did with his weapon in the field!"

"Whisht, whisht, neither!" cried Coddie, impatiently. "Od, ye daft wife, is this a time to speak o' these things? I tell ye I'll testify nothing either as guide or another. I has spoken to Mr. Forrester, and I'll tak the declaration, or whatever they call it, and we're a' to win free off if we do that—he's gotten his for himself and o' his folk, and that's a minister for my aill; I the case o' your servants that and in a peck at the Green-market!"

"O Coddie, man, bairn wad I be they wad hurt ye," said old Mance, divided grievously between the safety of her son's soul and that of his body; "but mind, my bairn bairn, ye has baird for the faith, and duns let the dread o' being casture-consider without ye free the guide fight."

"Heer took, neither," replied Coddie, "I has fought o'm over muckle already, and, to speak plain, I'm wearied o' the trade. I has craggled w' a' these axes, and runstons, and pistols, ballstons, and bandoliers, lang enough, and I like the plough-geule a heidle better. I has naething mair for a man fight (that's to say, when he's no angry), by and out-baken the dread o' being hang'd or killed if he turns back."

"But, my dear Coddie," continued the persevering Mance,

"then the place of public execution.

"your bridal present—Oh, bless, bless only the marriage present!"

"Aren't you, mother," replied Coddie; "didn't ye see the folks waiting for me?—Never fear me—I know how to turn this for better than ye do—for ye're blessing me about marriage, and the job is how we are to win by hanging."

So saying, he extricated himself out of his mother's embrace, and requested the soldiers who took him in charge to conduct him to the place of execution without delay. He had been already preceded by Claverhouse and Marion.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

*My native land, good night !  
Lorne Bruce.*

THE Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the people since the union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient dark Gothic room adjoining to the house of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Claverhouse entered and took his place amongst the members at the council-table.

"You have brought us a bunch of game to-day, General," said a nobleman of high place amongst them. "Here is a roven to cook—a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third, General?"

"Without further metaphor, I will entrust your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse.

"And a whig into the bargain?" said the nobleman, holding out a tongue which was at all times too long for his mouth, and accumulating his coarse jests in a row, to which they seemed to be headed.

"Yes, please your Grace, a whig; as your Grace was in 1661," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

"He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke," said one of the Privy Councillors.



"Ay, ay," returned the Duke, laughing; "there's no speaking to him since Branclog—But come, being in the presence, and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record."

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Graham of Glenrhyne and Lord Bracadale entered themselves guarantors, that Henry Morton, younger of Milnwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign parts, until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion, and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand marks to each of his associates.

"Do you accept of the King's mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?" said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the Council.

"I have no other choice, my lord," replied Morton.

"Then subscribe your name in the record."

Morton did so without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Madras, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council-table, bowed upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.

"He hath renounced his delusion by casting the moral power of the tyrant!" he exclaimed, with a deep groan—"A fallen star—a fallen star!"

"Hold your peace, sir," said the Duke, "and keep your air breath to cool your air passions—you'll find them swelling hot, I promise you.—Oh! in the other fellow, who has some common sense. One sheep will keep the flock when another goes first."

Caldie was introduced unheeded, but under the guard of two halberds, and placed beside Madras at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a pensive look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over himself. He made his doleful obeisance with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was the first question which was thrust forth in his ears.

Caldie meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for

him; as he replied, with true Caledonian indifference of response, "I'll no say but it may be possible that I might ha' been there."

"Answer directly, you know—yes, or no!—You know you were there?"

"It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's honour," said Caddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there?—yes, or no?" said the Duke impatiently.

"Dear sir," again replied Caddie, "how can one mind precisely where they has been at the days o' their life?"

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dalzell, "or I'll duck your teeth out with my dagger-haft!—Do you think we can stand here all day to be tawing and dodging with you like greyhounds after a hare!"

"Awa, then," said Caddie, "since naething else will please ye, write down that I wass daer but I wass there."

"Well, sir," said the Duke, "and do you think that the ringing upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to ge my opinion, sir," said the cautious copier, "on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better."

"Better than what?"

"That that rebellion, as your honour calls it," replied Caddie.

"Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose," replied his Grace. "And are you content to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pay for the King?"

"Milkady, sir," answered the unscrupulous Caddie; "and grant his health into the hospital, when the sir's gale."

"Equal!" said the Duke, "this is a hearty cock,—What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?"

"Just ill example, sir," replied the prisoner, "and a daff sold jade of a mother, w<sup>th</sup> reverence to your Grace's honour."

"Why, God-a-meary, my friend," replied the Duke, "take care

\* The General is said to have struck one of the captive whigs, when under examination, with the left of his sword, so that the blood gushed out. The provocation for this unusually violent act, that the prisoner had called the three officers "a Rascally band, who used to roast men." Dalzell had been long in the Russian service, which in those days was no school of humanity.

of best advice another time ; I think you are not likely to convert traitors on your own score.—Hicks sent his first pardon, and bring forward the ropes in the chair."

Madrox was then moved forward to the post of execution.

"Were you at the battle of Redbank Bridge?" was, in this manner, demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Were you armed?"

"I was not—I went in my calling as a preacher of God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in His name."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the Judge.

"Then hast spoken lie," replied the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Ballou of Exeter among the party that pretends you know him?"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Madrox; "he is a pious and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself," said Madrox, in the same fearless manner, "and not to condemn others."

"We shall know," said Deane, "how to make you find your tongue."

"If you can make him fancy himself in a cornfield," answered Lumsdale, "he will find it without you.—Come, ladies, speak while the play is good—you're not going to leave the burden will be laid on you also."

"I defy you," retorted Madrox. "This has not been the first of my unpopularity or of my sufferings; and, young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to do what I am called upon."

"Ay, but there are some things which must go before us any death, if you continue obstinate," said Lumsdale, and rang a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche, or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an osseous table before him, on which lay the hatchet, and an iron axe, called the Scottish foot, used in those tyrannical days

to torture uncondemned persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly spectacle, started when the tortures arose, but Macbeath's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if a look of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution went it back to his brow with greater strength.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lanchdale, in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macbeath, "the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty monarchs upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard, and, I thank God, I am more free what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the influence you can do on me in, and your devil nature may shudder, or melt forth mine; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the rock of ages."

"Be your duty," said the Duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a hoarse and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine.

"Let him choose for himself," said the Duke; "I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable."

"Shew you leave it to me," said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg. "Take the head—I willingly leave it to the cause for which I suffer."

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, unlocked the leg and knee within the right iron band, or man, and then placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for further orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bored the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse, in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the President of the Council repeated with the same stern voice the question: "Where and where did you last see John Ballour of Buxley?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to heaven as if imploring Divine strength, and muttered a few

\* This was the reply actually made by James Hilditch in 1878 when subjected to the torture of the rack, for an attempt to assassinate Lord Salisbury. [The *Illustrated London News*, 17th March, vol. 2, p. 178.]

words, of which the last were distinctly audible, "Then hast and thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!"

The Duke of Lonsdale placed his eye toward the Count, as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave on his part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the bars and the iron bar, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evinced from the shriek which instantly took place on the lower end, on the chords of the scaffold. The fellow then again raised his weapon, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lonsdale, "where and when you last parted from Father of Barley?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer resolutely,—and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner sat up a moment, as if in agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer, and, although unarmed and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Clarendon, who observed his motion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councillors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

"He is gone," said the executioner—"he has faded, my Lords, and human nature can endure no more."

"Release him," said the Duke; and added, turning to Delzell, "He will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his feet on. I suppose we must think with him?"

"Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him; we have plenty of drapery behind."

Strong water and muskets were instantly employed to reach the prison of the unfortunate captive; and, when his first faint gasps indicated a return of sensation, the Duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the remote place of execution, and there hanged by the neck, his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed

of according to the pleasure of the Council," and all and sundry his movable goods and gear without and brought to his Majesty's use.

"Demure," he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner."

The office of Demure was in those days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner in commendation with his ordinary functions.<sup>\*</sup> The duty consisted in reading to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which required an additional and liberal explanation from the executioner, that the hateful punishment by which it was visited was to be the agent of the execution he denoted. Macfarlane had never understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and offhand voice of the ruffian who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for doom," he answered boldly—"My Lords, I thank you for the only favour I looked for, or would accept, at your hands, namely, that you have met the twisted and maimed man, which has this day sustained your cruelty, to this hasty end. It were indeed idle to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian may suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my Lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained—and why should I not?—Ye send me to a happy exchange—to the company of angels and the spirits of the just, for that of foul dust and ashes—Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and, in a word, from earth to heaven!—If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!"

\* The pleasure of the Council respecting the office of their victims was often so strong as the rest of their wishes. The hands of the prisoners were frequently exposed as prizes between their two hands, the gillies displayed as the symbols of prayer. When the celebrated Richard Cameron's head was exposed at this season, a spectacle here testimony to it in that of one who lived, praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting.

† See a note at the subject of this office in the *Journal of Sir John Dalrymple*.

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and awaited within bed-chamber, dying with the same enthusiastic fervour which his whole life had evinced.

The Council broke up, and Morton found himself again in the carriage with General Graham.

"Marvellous firmness and gallantry," said Morton, as he reflected upon Mackenzie's conduct: "what a pity it is that with such self-devotion and fortitude should have been mingled the tender features of his soul!"

"You mean," said General Graham, "his resolution to condemn you to death?—To that he would have recommended himself by a single act; for example, 'And Phineas arose and executed judgment,' or something to the same purpose.—But wot ye where you are now bound, Mr. Morton?"

"We are on the road to Leth, I observe," answered Morton. "Can I not be permitted to see my friends or I have my native land?"

"Your uncle," replied Graham, "has been spoken to, and declines visiting you. The good gentleman is terrified, and not without some reason, that the crime of your treason may extend itself over his lands and tenements;—he sends you, however, his blessing, and a small sum of money. Lord Broudale continues extremely indisposed, Major Edmonstone is at Tiber-tation, putting matters in order. The accountants have made great havoc there with Lady Margaret's monuments of antiquity, and have descended and destroyed what the good lady called the Throne of his most Sacred Majesty. Is there any one else whom you would wish to see?"

Morton sighed deeply as he answered, "No—it would avail nothing.—But my preparations,—small as they are, some must be necessary."

"They are all ready for you," said the General. "Lord Broudale has anticipated all you wish. Here is a packet from him, with letters of recommendation for the count of the Stadholder Prince of Orange, to which I have added one or two. I made my first campaign under him, and first saw fire at the battle of Seneff." There are also bills of exchange

\* August 1774. Character greatly disengaged himself in the action, and was made Captain.

for your immediate wants, and more will be sent when you require it."

Morton heard all this and received the parcel with an extended and confused look, so sudden was the execution of the sentence of banishment.

"And my servant?" he said.

"He shall be taken care of, and replaced, if it be practicable, in the service of Lady Margaret Bellenden; I think he will hardly neglect the parade of the feudal retainer, or go a-whoring a second time.—But here we are upon the quay, and the boat waits you."

It was soon as Claverhouse said. A boat waited for Captain Morton, with the trunks and baggage belonging to his suite. Claverhouse shook him by the hand, and wished him good fortune, and a happy return to Scotland in quarter time.

"I shall never forget," he said, "the gallantry of your behaviour to my friend Beardslee, in circumstances when many men would have sought to rid him out of their way."

Another friendly pressure, and they parted. As Morton descended the pier to get into the boat, a hand placed in his a letter folded up in a very small space. He looked round. The person who gave it seemed much troubled up; he pressed his finger upon his lip, and then disappeared among the crowd. The incident awakened Morton's curiosity; and when he found himself on board of a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and saw all the companies of the voyage busy making their own arrangements, he took an opportunity to open the billet thus mysteriously thrust upon him. It ran thus:—"Thy courage on the fatal day when David died before his enemies, hath, in some measure, atoned for thy unhappy evening of the Russian interest. These are not days for Ephraim to strive with Israel.—I know thy heart is with the daughter of the stranger—but turn from that folly; for an eagle, and in flight, and even so death itself, shall my hand be heavy against that bloody and unchaste house, and Providence hath given me the means of making unto them with their own measure of ruin and confusion. The resistance of their stronghold was the main cause of our being scattered at Bothwell Bridge, and I have bound it upon my soul to visit it upon them. Wherefore, think of her no more, but join with our brethren in banishment, whose hearts are still towards this miserable land to save and to relieve her. There



in an honest witness in Holland whose eyes are looking out the darkness. Join thyself unto them, like the true son of the street and worthy John Morton, and thou wilt have good acceptance among them for his sake and for thine own working. Shouldst thou be found worthy again to labour in the vineyard, thou wilt at all times have of my in-conceals and out-goings, by inquiring after Quaker Mordell of Longney, at the house of that singular Christian woman, Rachel Mordell, next to the place called the Harve, where Hot Stone entertaineth guests. Be much from him who hopes to hear again from thee in brotherhood, waiting unto blood, and striving against sin.—Maurice, possess thyself in patience. Keep thy sword girded, and thy lamp burning, as one that wakes in the night; for He who shall judge the Mount of Zion, and shall make false professors as stubble, and assignments as stables, will come in the fourth watch with garments dyed in blood, and the house of Jacob shall be the spot, and the house of Joseph the do. I can be that hath written it, whose hand hath been on the map to the waste field."

This extraordinary letter was subscribed J. B. of B; but the signature of these initials was not necessary for pointing out to Morton that it could come from no other than Barclay. It gave him new reasons to admire the indomitable spirit of the man, who, with art equal to his courage and obstinacy, was even now endeavouring to re-establish the web of conspiracy which had been so lately torn to pieces. But he felt no sort of desire, in the present moment, to disturb a correspondence which must be painful, or to render an association which in so many ways had been nearly fatal to him. The threats which Barclay held out against the family of Belsham, he considered as a mere expression of his spleen on account of their defence of Tillotson, and nothing seemed less likely than that, at the very moment of their party being victorious, their ingrate and distressed adversary would exercise the least influence over their fortunes.

Morton, however, hesitated for an instant, whether he should not send the Major or Lord Bingley relations of Barclay's threats. Upon consideration, he thought he could not do so without betraying his confidential correspondence, for to warn them of his intentions would have served little purpose, when he had given them a clue to prevent them, by apprehending

his person; while, by doing so, he deemed he should commit an unpardonable breach of trust to somebody as evil which seemed almost necessary. Upon mature consideration, therefore, he tore the letter, having first made a memorandum of the name and place where the water was to be heard of, and threw the fragments into the sea.

While Morton was thus employed, the vessel was unmoored, and the white sails crudded out before a favourable north-west wind. The ship heaved her side to the gale, and went racing through the waves, leaving a long and rapid furrow to track her course. The city and port from which he had sailed became indistinguishable in the distance, the hills by which they were surrounded melted slowly into the blue sky, and Morton was separated for several years from the land of his nativity.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX.

Where does that galley wheel?

As you gaze on

It is fortunate for historians that they are not tied down like theoretical writers to the details of time and place, but may connect their passages to Athens and Thales at their pleasure, and bring them back at their convenience. Thus, to our Bookish's study, has hitherto passed with the loss of our tale; his, however, Morton's first appearance as a competitor for the postprayer, and his final departure for Holland, hardly two months elapsed. Time, however, glided away ere we find it possible to resume the thread of our narrative, and Time must be held to have galloped over the interval. Craving, therefore, the privilege of my mate, I request the reader's attention to the conclusion of the narrative, as it starts from a new era, being the year immediately subsequent to the British Revolution.

Scotland had just begun to recover from the convulsion occasioned by a change of dynasty, and, through the prudent tolerance of King William, had narrowly escaped the horrors of a protracted civil war. Agriculture began to revive; and men, whose minds had been disturbed by the violent political convulsions, and the general change of government in church

and state, had begun to recover their ordinary temper, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders alone resisted the newly-established order of things, and were in arms in a considerable body under the Vicar of Dunblow, where our readers have hitherto known by the name of Graham of Claverhouse. But the usual state of the Highlands was so firmly, that their being more or less disturbed was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquillity of the country, so long as their disorders were confined within their own frontiers. In the Lowlands, the Jacobites, now the unbecoming party, had ceased to expect any immediate advantage by open resistance, and were, in their turn, driven to hold private meetings, and form associations for mutual defence, which the Government termed treason, while they cited out persecution.

The triumphant whigs, while they re-established Presbytery as the national religion, and assigned to the General Assembly of the Kirk their national influence, were very far from going the lengths which the Commissioners and the more enterprising parties of the non-compliance under Charles and James badly demanded. They would listen to no proposal for re-establishing the Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William a religious Covenanted Monarch were grievously disappointed when he intimated, with the phlegm peculiar to his country, his intention to tolerate all forms of religion which were consistent with the safety of the state. The principle of indulgence thus espoused and gloried in by the Government gave great offence to the more valiant party, who condemned them as diametrically contrary to Scripture, for which narrow-spirited doctrine they cited various texts, all, as it may well be supposed, detached from their context, and most of them derived from the charges given to the Jews in the Old Testament dispensation, to expunge idolaters out of the promised land. They also murmured highly against the influence assumed by secular persons in invading the rights of patronage, which they termed a rape upon the clergy of the Church. They resented and condemned as *Erastian* many of the measures by which Government after the Revolution showed an inclination to interfere with the management of the Church, and they positively refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary until they should,

on their part, have sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant,—the *Magis Charta*, as they termed it, of the Presbyterian Church.

This party, therefore, remained grounded and disaffected, and made repeated declarations against defections and scenes of wrath, which, had they been prosecuted as in the two former sieges, would have led to the same consequences of open rebellion. But as the measures were allowed to hold their meetings uninterrupted, and to testify as much as they pleased against *Episcopalianism*, *Presbyterianism*, and all the compliances and dissensions of the time, their mail, softened by persecution, died gradually away, their numbers became diminished, and they sunk into the scattered remnant of seceders, secessionists, and heretics orthodoxists, of whom *Old Mortality*, whose legends have afforded the groundwork of my tale, may be taken as so bad representative. But in the years which immediately succeeded the Revolution, the *Commissaries* continued a most strong and numerous and valiant in their political opinions, whom Government wished to discourage, while they prudently inspired with them. They were formed one violent party in the state; and the *Episcopalian* and *Jacobite* interest, notwithstanding their ancient and national animosity, yet repeatedly endeavored to bring them among them, and avail themselves of their discontents, to obtain their assistance in recalling the Stuart family. The Revolutionary Government, in the meanwhile, was supported by the great bulk of the Lowland interest, who were chiefly disposed to a moderate Presbyterian, and formed in a great measure the party, who, in the former oppressive sieges, were stigmatised by the *Commissaries* for having exercised that form of worship under the declaration of Indulgence issued by Charles II. Such was the state of parties in Scotland immediately subsequent to the Revolution.

It was on a delightful summer evening, that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of *Belvoir Castle* and the river *Chyle*, which winds so beautifully between woods and meads to sweep around the towers densely built by *Aymar de Valence*. *Belvoir Bridge* was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay so placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and

hedges, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very surface of the river seemed to soften itself into unison with the stillness of the scene around.

The path through which the traveller descended was occasionally shaded by detached trees of great size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of branching orchards, now laden with summer fruits.—The nearest object of consequence was a farm-house, as it might be, the shade of a small proprietor, situated on the side of a sunny bank, which was covered by apple and pear trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion, was a small cottage, pretty much in the situation of a porter's lodge, though obviously not designed for such a purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland. It had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs, a cow and six sheep fed in a paddock hard by, the oak stratted and covered, and surrounded the family around him before the door; a heap of brushwood and turf, neatly made up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided, and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bowed chimney, and wound slowly out from among the green trees, showed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a picher from a beautiful fountain of the purest transparency, which bubbled up at the root of a decaying old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

The stranger reined up his horse, and called to the little squab, desiring to know the way to Fairy-Knave. The child set down her water-picher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair brown hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering, "Wha's your vail?" which is usually a peasant's first answer, if it can be called one, to all questions whatever.

"I wish to know the way to Fairy-Knave."

"Knaave, knaave," exclaimed the little rustic, running towards the door of the hut, "come out and speak to the gentleman."

Her mother appeared,—a handsome young countrywoman, to whose features, originally shy and coy, a glimpse of experience,

matrimony had given that decent matronly air which peculiarly marks the peasant's wife of Scotland. She had an infant in one arm, and with the other she smoothed down her apron, to which hung a chubby child of two years old. The elder girl, whom the traveller had first seen, fell back behind her mother as soon as she appeared, and kept that station, anxiously peeping out to look at the stranger.

"What was your pleasure, sir?" said the woman, with an air of respectful kneeling, not quite common in her rank of life, but without anything resembling forwardness.

The stranger looked at her with great earnestness for a moment, and then replied, "I am seeking a place called Fairy-Knave, and a man called Culbert Hadding. You can probably direct me to him?"

"It's my gentleman, sir," said the young woman, with a smile of welcome. "Will you alight, sir, and come into our parlour drinking?"—*Cuddie! Cuddie!*—(a white-headed rogue of four years appeared at the door of the hut)—"O' aye, my bonny man, and tell your father a gentleman wants him.—Or stop—Jenny, ye'll hae milk soon—run ye now and tell him; he's down at the Fair-acre Park.—When ye light down and hae a blink, sir.—Or would ye tak a mouthfu' o' bread and cheese, or a drink o' ale, till our gentleman come! It's gude ale, though I shouldna say so that brays it, but phlegmaticks hae work here, and mair hae something to keep their hearts above by ordinance, as I ayre pit a gude gurgle o' mair to the breast."

As the stranger declined her courteous offer, Cuddie, the reader's old acquaintance, made his appearance in person. His countenance still presented the same mixture of apparent calmness with continual sparkling, which indicated the craft so often found in the cloaked slave. He looked on the rider as on one whom he never had before seen, and, like his daughter and wife, opened the conversation with the regular query, "What's your will w' us, sir?"

"I have a curiosity to ask some questions about this country," said the traveller, "and I was directed to you as an intelligent man who can answer them."

"Nae doubt, sir," said Cuddie, after a moment's hesitation—"But I would first like to hae what sort of questions they are. I hae had me many questions sperrit at me in my day, and in me queer ways, that if ye kno'd a', ye wadna wonder at my

advertising a thing about them. My mother ga'd me learn the Single Carriock,<sup>2</sup> which was a great war; then I believed to learn about my goldsmiths and goldsmiths to please the still belly; and when I jumbled them together and planned some o' them; and when I came to man's years, came another kind o' questioning in fashion, that I liked worst than Efforted Cutting; and the 'did promise and now' of the time were yoked to the end of the toffier. See ye see, sir, I aye like to hear questions asked before I answer them."

"You have nothing to apprehend from mine, my good friend; they only relate to the state of the country."

"Country?" replied Oodile. "Oo, the country's woe enough, as it were, that dear dear'd, Clavin's (they ca' him Dundee now), that's stirring about yet in the Highlands, they say, w' o' the Donskils, and Duncans, and Engells, that ever were bottomless brooks, driving about w' him, to set things afloat again, say we has gotten them a' reasonably woe settled. But Mackay will pit him down, there's little doubt o' that; he'll gie him his faring. I'll be certain for it."

"What makes you so positive of that, my friend?" asked the stranger.

"I heard it w' my ain legs," answered Oodile, "fetched to him by a man that had been three hours since dead, and came back to this earth again just to tell him his mind. It was at a place they ca' Dunsinane."

"Indeed?" said the stranger. "I can hardly believe you, my friend."

"Ye might ask my mother, then, if she were in life," said Oodile; "it was her explained it a' to me, for I thought the man had only been wounded. At any rate, he spoke of the coming out of the Stuarts by their very names, and the vengeance that was brewing for Clavin's and his dragons. They said the man, Halaklak Macklenath; his brain was a wee aje, but he was a better preacher for a' that."

"You mean," said the stranger, "to live in a rich and peaceful country."

"It's no to complain o', sir, as we get the crop woe in," quoth Oodile; "but if ye had seen the blate rinde<sup>3</sup> as that on the top o' that biggy pecker as over the water run below it, ye wad see how thought it was being a spectacle."

"[The "Single" or Short Carriock.]

"You mean the battle some years since? I was waiting upon Marmaduke that morning, my good friend, and did see some part of the action," said the stranger.

"Then ye saw a bonny stout," said Cuddie, "that will serve me for fighting o' the days o' my life.—I judged ye wad be a trooper, by your red scarlet lace coat and your bonnet hat."

"And which side were ye on, my friend?" continued the inquisitive stranger.

"Aha, lad!" retorted Cuddie, with a knowing look, or what he designed for such—"there's nae use in telling that, unless I ken'd who was asking me."

"I commend your prudency, but it is unnecessary; I know ye acted on that occasion as servant to Henry Marten."

"Aye!" said Cuddie, in surprise, "how came ye by that secret? No that I need use a bottle about it, for the war's on our side o' the badge now. I wish my master wad live to get a blink o' it."

"And what became of him?" said the rider.

"He was lost in the vernal gale to that weary Holland—down lost, and a'body perished, and my poor master among them. Nefarious men our names was ever heard o' since." Then Cuddie uttered a groan.

"You had some regard for him, then?" continued the stranger.

"How could I help it?—His face was made o' a shille, as they say, for a'body that looked on him lik'd him. And a bonny scoldier he was. O, as ye had but seen him down at the brigg there, facing about him a' facing dragoon to get folk tight that had never like'd will tell. There was he and that war-whisperer they call Barclay—if two men could hae won, a' field, we wadnae hae gotten our skins paid that day."

"You mention Barclay—Do you know if he yet lives?"

"I kenne naething about him. Folk say he was abroad, and our officers wad hold no communion w' him, because o' his having murdered the archbishop. See he can harm ten times deeper than ever, and looks off w' many o' the Presbyterians; and, at this last coming of the Prince of Orange, he could get nae communion nor command for fear of his devilish temper, and he hannae been heard of since; only some folk say, that pride and anger has driven him down wad."



"And—and," said the traveller, after considerable hesitation,—"do you know anything of Lord Bransdale?"

"Dye I ken anything o' Lord Bransdale? Dye I no! Is not my young lady up by yonder at the house, that's as pale as married to him?"

"And are they not married then?" said the rider, hastily.

"No; only what they call betrothed—me and my wife were witnesses—it's no more than the bygone. It was a long courtship—a few folk ken'd the reason by Jenny and myself. But will ye no light down? I darena bide to see ye sitting up there, and the clouds are swelling up thick in the west over Glasgow-ward, and maist chasty folk think that bodie wae."

In fact, a deep black cloud had already surmounted the sitting sun; a few large drops of rain fell, and the murmurs of distant thunder were heard.

"The life's in the man," said Cuddie to himself; "I wish he would water light off or ride on, that he may quarter himself in Hamilton or the shaver hags."

But the rider into motionless on his horse for two or three moments after his last question, like one exhausted by some unaccustomed effort. At length, recovering himself, as if with a sudden and painful effort, he asked Cuddie, "W Lady Margaret Buchanan still lived?"

"She does," replied Cuddie, "but in a very awa' way. They has been a sad changed family since that rough time began; they has suffered enough first and last—and to hear the cold Trew, and o' the honey barony, and the holms that I has ploughed me often, and the Mains, and my hale-yard, that I said has gotten back again, and o' the nothing, as a body may say, but just the want o' some bits of sheep-skin that were lost in the confusion of the taking of Tullytuleen."

"I have heard something of this," said the stranger, deepening his voice, and averting his head. "I have some interest in the family, and would willingly help them if I could. Can you give me a bed in your house to-night, my friend?"

"It's but a corner of a place, sir," said Cuddie, "but ye'll try, rather than ye will ride on in the rain and thunner; for, to be true w' ye, sir, I think ye were as that over wae."

"I am liable to a headache," said the stranger, "but it will soon wear off."

"I ken we can gie ye a decent supper, sir," said Cuddie,

"and we'll are about a bed as good as we can. We wad be kith a stranger wad lack what we have, though we are jimpely provided for in beds rather, for Jenny has six stony bairns, (God bless them and her!) that wad I mair speak to Lord Bracken's to giv us a bit muck, or outlet o' some sort, to the westward."

"I shall be easily accommodated," said the stranger, as he entered the house.

"And ye may rely on your mair being well sorted," said Cuddie; "I ken well what belongs to supporting a horse, and this is a very gude een."

Cuddie took the horse to the little cow-house, and called to his wuk to attend in the meanwhile to the stranger's accommodation. The officer entered, and threw himself on a settle at some distance from the fire, and carefully turning his back to the little lattice window. Jenny (or Mrs. Bontree, if the reader please) requested him to lay aside the cloak, boots, and stopped hat, which he wore upon his journey, but he contented himself under pretence of feeling cold; and, to divert the time till Cuddie's return, he entered into some chat with the children, carefully avoiding, during the interval, the inquisitive glances of his landlady.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

What taught them lookin the eye!  
What shall we suffer see we die!  
Our broken friendships we deplore,  
And love of youth that are no more.

LONGER.

Cuddie soon returned, attending the stranger, with a cheerful voice, "that the horse was properly saddled up, and that the gowdsmith should make a bed up for him at the house, mair purson-like and comfortable than the like o' them could gie him."

"Are the family at the house?" said the stranger, with an interrupted and broken voice.

"Na, sir, they're awa' wi' a' the servants;—they keep only tea now-a-days, and my gowdsmith there has the keys and the

change, though she's no a full servant. She has been born and bred in the family, and has a' trust and management. If they were thine, we believe'd to take an freedom without their order, but when they are aw, they will be well pleased we serve a stranger gentleman. Miss Belvidere wad help a' the hand wad, so her power wad be as gude as her will; and her grandfather, Laddy Skagart, has an more respect for the party, and she's as fit to the poor bodie's willies—and now, with, what he can ye be getting thair wi' the answer?"

"Never mind, lad," rejoined Jenny, "ye will see them in gude time; I has wad that ye like your time best."

Gordon listened, and laughed with a peculiar expression of intelligence at the remarks, which was followed by a dialogue of little consequence betwixt his wife and him, in which the stranger took no share. At length he suddenly interrupted them by the question—"Can ye tell me when Lord Brandaile's marriage takes place?"

"Very soon, we expect," answered Jenny, before it was possible for her husband to reply; "it wad ha' been awa' some time, but for the death o' our Major Belvidere."

"The excellent old man!" said the stranger, "I heard at Edinburgh he was no more. Was he long ill?"

"He wad be said to hand up his head after his brother's wife and his aches were turned out o' their an' house; and he had himself aw' borrowing aches to stand the law—but it was in the latter end o' King James's days—and Basil Offin, who directed the whole, turned a paper to please the magistrates, and then, naething was to be refused him; see the law gude again the biddin at last, after they had thought a weary sort o' years about it; and, as I said before, the Major wad hold up his head again. And then cam the getting awa' o' the blood line; and, though he had but little reason to like them, he wad be break that, and it cam broke the heart o' him, and awakens him to Unsworn and chased out o' that was there—he was never rich, the gude wad see, for he dew'd no see anybody want."

"He was indeed," said the stranger, with a sighing voice, "an admirable man—that is, I have heard that he was so.—So the ladies were left without fortune, as well as without a protector?"

"They will neither want the time nor the father while Lord

Brandsie lives," said Janny. "He has been a true friend in their grief—then to the home they live in at his bedside, and never again, as my old grandmother used to say, since the days of the patriarch Jacob, served me long and me true for a wife as good Lord Brandsie has done."

"And why," said the stranger, with a voice that quivered with emotion, "why was he not ever rewarded by the object of his attachment?"

"There was the brandie to be asked," said Janny sadly, "bely many other family arrangements."

"No, no," said Cordie, "there was another reason, Janny, for the young lady!"

"What?—hand your tongue, and say your saying," said his wife. "I see the gentleman's for fine wool, and down set our warm saying. I was told him a shinken in an instant."

"There's no romance," said the stranger; "I shall wait only a glass of water, and to be left alone."

"You'll go yourself the trouble then to follow me," said Janny, lighting a small lantern, "and I'll show you the way."

Cordie she proffered her assistance, but her wife remanded her, "That the lantern would be left to light together, and comp me further into the fire," so that he remained to take charge of the strange.

She led the way up a little winding path, which, after threading some thickets of sweetbrier and honeysuckle, conducted to the back-door of a small garden. Janny pulled the latch, and they passed through an old-fashioned flower-garden, with its clipped yew hedges and formal parterres, to a glass-paned door, which she opened with a master-key, and lighting a candle, which she placed upon a small work-table, called upon her having been there for a few minutes until she prepared his apartment. She did not exceed five minutes in those preparations, but when she returned, was shocked to find that the stranger had sunk forward with his head upon the table, in what she at first apprehended to be a swoon. As she advanced to him, however, she could discover by his short-drawn side that it was a paroxysm of mental agony. She promptly drew back until he raised his head, and then drawing forward, without seeming to have observed his agitation, urged him that he had now prepared. The stranger gazed at her a moment, as if to collect the sense of her words. She repeated

them, and only bowing his head, as an indication that he understood her, he entered the apartment, the door of which she pointed out to him. It was a small bedchamber, used, as she informed him, by Lord Brancile when a guest at Ferry-Knave, connecting, on one side, with a little dining-room which opened to the garden, and on the other with a saloon, from which it was only separated by a thin walnut partition. Having wished the stranger better health and good rest, Jenny descended as quickly as she could to her own mansion.

"O Cuddie!" she exclaimed to her helpmate as she entered, "I dobs we're relaid folk!"

"How can that be? What's the matter w' ye?" returned the importuned Cuddie, who was one of those persons who do not easily take alarm at anything.

"Whe d'ye think yon gentleman is?—Oh, that ever ye wold has asked him to light here!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Why, whe the trouble dell d'ye say he is? There's nae her against harbouring and inter-communiquating now," said Cuddie; "nae, whig or tory, what need we care whe he is?"

"Ay, but he's nae will chag Lord Brancile's marriage aye yet, if it's nae the better locked in," said Jenny; "whe Miss Edith's first jae, your ain wold master, Cuddie."

"The dell, woman!" exclaimed Cuddie, starting up, "trow ye that I'm blind? I wad hae ken'd Mr. Harry Morton among a hundred."

"Ay, but, Cuddie lad," replied Jenny, "though ye are no blind, ye are no see notice-taking as I am."

"Wad, what for needs ye cast that up to me just now? or what did you see about the man that was like our master Harry?"

"I w'll tell ye," said Jenny. "I jalousied his keeping his face free in, and speaking w' a maddie-like voice, nae I aye tried him w' some tales o' lang syne, and when I spak o' the bress, ye see, he dillea just lauch—he's ever gress for that now-a-days—but he gae a glodge w' his ee so that I wou'd be took up w' what I said. And o' his distress is about Miss Edith's marriage, and I w'e've aye a man mark twa down w' true love in my days—I might say man or woman—only I mind how it Miss Edith was when she first got word that him and you (yon trouble-gracious here) were coming against Tillastoun w' the rebels. But what's the matter w' the man now?"

"What's the matter wif me, indeed?" said Cuddie, who was again busily getting on some of the garments he had stripped himself of, "an I no gae up this instant to see my mother?"

"Arraw, Cuddie, ye are gae nae sic gae," said Jenny, coolly and resolutely.

"The deil's in the wif," said Cuddie; "d'ye think I am to be John Tamson's man," and muttered by way of the days of my life?

"And whase man wad ye be? And wha wad ye hae to minister ye but me, Cuddie lad?" answered Jenny. "I'll gar ye comprehend in the making of a lay-band. Nodbody here that this young gentleman is living but ourselves, and here that he keeps himself up aw close, I am judging that he's purposing. If he had Miss Edith either married, or just gae to be married, he wad just shie aw way, and gie them aw mair trouble. But if Miss Edith han't that he was living, and if she were standing before the very minister wif Lord Branclose when it was told to her, I'm warrant she wad not be when she wold say 'Ye.'"

"Well," replied Cuddie, "and wha's my business wif that? If Miss Edith has her wold, ye better than her new one, what for wold she no be free to change her mind like often folk?—Ye see, Jenny, Haliday says thairg he had a promise frae yourself."

"Haliday's a lie, and ye're nothing but a gossip to barken till him, Cuddie. And then for this lady's chance,—to-day! ye may be sure o' the good Mr. Morton has a on the outside o' his coat, and how can he keep Lady Margaret and the young lady?"

"Hae there Millicent?" said Cuddie. "Nae deils, the wold hand left her housekeeper the informit, so he heard naught o' his nephew; but he's but speaking the wold wile tale, and they may a' live lauchy together, Lady Margaret and a'."

"Hark now, lad," replied Jenny, "ye has them little to drink laddies o' their rank wad set up house wif wald John Whase, when they're naist awy pood to take service frae Lord Branclose himself. Na, no, they wane follow the camp if she tak Morton."

"That wad not ill wif the wold lady, to be sure," said

\* [Suspended.]

Odille; "she was hardly win over a long day in the baggage-wain."

"Then is a lying as there was be between them, o' about whig and tory," continued Jerry.

"To be sure," said Odille, "the said lady's own little in these points."

"And then, Odille," continued his helpmate, who had reserved her strongest argument till the last, "if this marriage wif Lord Bransdale is broken off, what comes o' our own bit drive house, and the lake-park, and the cow's ground? I trow that both us and that Jerry house will be turned on the wide world!"

Now Jerry began to whinger—Odille withed himself this way and that way, the very picture of indecision. At length he broke out, "Well, woman, muna ye tell us what we said do, without o' this din about it?"

"Just do nothing at a'," said Jerry. "Never mean to hear anything about this gentleman, and for your life say a word that he said has been here, or up at the house!—An I had kno't, I wad hae gien him my ain bod, and sleepit in the byre, or he had gien up by; but it muna be helpit now. The worst thing's to get him nearly awa the morn, and I judge he'll be in our house to come back again."

"My gude master!" said Odille; "and muna I no speak to him, then?"

"For your life, no," said Jerry; "ye're no obligid to hear him; and I wadna hear tauld ye, only I feared ye wad hear him in the morning."

"Aweel," said Odille, sighing heavily. "I'm awa to plough the outfield then; for if I am so to speak to him I wad rather be out o' the gate."

"Very right, my dear bliny;" replied Jerry, "nobody has better sense than you when ye crack a bit wif me over your affairs, but ye wad na'er do anything aff head wad o' your own head."

"Awe wad think it's true," quoth Odille; "for I has aye had some carlines or gosses or another to put me gang their gale instead o' my ain. There was that my mother," he continued, as he untimed and stambled himself into bed—"then there was Lady Margaret dices, let me see wif my weel my ain—then my mother and her quarrelled, and paid me two ways at once,

as if he saw had an end of me, like Frank and the Devil, ragging about the Palace at the fair—and now I have gotten a wife," he murmured in confirmation, as he showed the blackets around his person, "and she's like to take the grating of me a'thgether."

"And wasn't the best guide ye ever had in y' poor life?" said Jenny, as she closed the conversation by assuming her place beside her husband, and extinguishing the candle.

Leaving this couple to their repose, we have next to inform the reader that, early on the next morning, two ladies on horse-back, attended by their servants, arrived at the house of Fildy-Knave, whom, to Jenny's utter confusion, she instantly recognised as Miss Bellenden and Lady Emily Hamilton, a sister of Lord Brackish.

"And I am better gang to the house to put things to rights!" said Jenny, comforted with this unexpected apparition.

"We want nothing but the paring," said Miss Bellenden; "Gudylf will open the windows of the little parlour."

"The little parlour's locked, and the lock's spoiled," answered Jenny, who recollected the local sympathy between that apartment and the bedchamber of her guest.

"In the red parlour, then," said Miss Bellenden, and rode up to the front of the house, but by an approach different from that through which Morton had been conducted.

"Ah! will be out," thought Jenny, "unless I can get him scuffled out of the house the back way."

In saying, she sped up the back to great tribulation and uncertainty.

"I had better hae said at once there was a stranger there," was her next natural reflection. "But then they wad hae been for asking him to breakfast. O aye! what will I do?—and there's Gudylf waiting in the garden, too!" she exclaimed internally on approaching the wicket—"and I daurna gang in the back way till he's off the coast. O aye! what will become of us?"

In this state of perplexity she approached the a-door's border with the purpose of decamping him out of the garden. But John Gudylf's temper was not improved by his decline in rank and increase in years. Like many peevish people, too, he seemed to have an intensive perception as to what was most likely to tease those whom he conversed with; and on the present occasion all



Jenny's efforts to rescue him from the garden served only to root him in it as fast as if he had been one of the shrubs. Unluckily, also, he had discovered Elliot during his residence at Fairy-Knave, and, leaving all other things to the charge of Lady Emily's servant, his first care was dedicated to the flowers, which he had taken under his special protection, and which he pruned, dug, and watered, pressing all the while upon their respective merits to poor Jenny, who stood by him trembling, and almost crying with anxiety, fear, and impatience.

Fate seemed determined to win a match against Jenny this unfortunate morning. As soon as the ladies entered the house they observed that the door of the little parlour, the very apartment out of which she was desirous of excluding them on account of its proximity to the room in which Morton slept, was not only unlocked, but absolutely ajar. Miss Hollander was too much engaged with her own immediate subjects of reflection to take much notice of the circumstance, but, desiring the servant to open the window-shutters, walked into the room along with her friend.

"He is not yet come," she said. "What can your brother possibly mean?—why express so anxious a wish that we should meet him here? and why not come to Charles Street as he proposed? I own, my dear Emily, that, even engaged as we are to each other, and with the sanction of your presence, I do not feel that I have done quite right in indulging him."

"Ereola's was never capricious," answered his sister; "I am sure he will satisfy us with his reasons, and if he does not I will help you to scold him."

"What I chiefly fear," said Emily, "is his having engaged in some of the plots of this flourishing and unhappy time. I know his heart is with that dreadful Chesham and his army, and I believe he would have joined them ere now but for my uncle's death, which gave him so much additional trouble on our account. How singular, that one so rational, and so deeply sensible of the errors of the entire family, should be ready to risk all for their restoration!"

"What can I say?" answered Lady Emily; "it is a point of honour with Ereola. Our family have always been loyal—he served long in the Guards—the Viscount of Dundee was his commander and his friend for years—he is looked on with an evil eye by many of his own relations, who set down his inte-

clarity to the score of want of spirit. You must be aware, my dear Edith, how often family connections, and early predilections, influence our actions more than abstract arguments. But I trust Wendale will continue quiet—though, to tell you truth, I believe you are the only one who can keep him so.”

“And how is it in my power?” said Miss Edmondson.

“You can furnish him with the Scriptural apology for not going forth with the host—” he has married a wife, and therefore cannot come.”

“I have promised,” said Edith in a faint voice; “but I trust I shall not be urged on the score of time.”

“Nay,” said Lady Emily, “I will leave Wendale (and here he comes) to plead his own cause.”

“Stay, stay, for God’s sake!” said Edith, endeavouring to detain her.

“Not I, not I,” said the young lady, making her escape, “the third person makes a silly figure on such occasions. When you want me for breakfast I will be found in the willow-walk by the river.”

As she tripped out of the room, Lord Wendale entered—“Good-morrow, brother, and good-bye till breakfast-time,” said the lively young lady; “I trust you will give Miss Edmondson some good reasons for disturbing her rest so early in the morning.”

And so saying, she left them together, without waiting a reply.

“And now, my lord,” said Edith, “may I desire to know the meaning of your singular request to meet me here at so early an hour?”

She was about to add that she hardly felt herself accountable in having complied with it; but upon looking at the person whom she addressed, she was struck dumb by the angular and agitated expression of his countenance, and interrupted herself to exclaim—“For God’s sake, what is the matter?”

“His Majesty’s faithful subjects have gained a great and most decisive victory near Blar of Ailric; but, alas! my gallant friend, Lord Drivels—”

“Has fallen!” said Edith, anticipating the rest of his tidings.

“True—most true—he has fallen in the arms of victory, and not a trace remains of honour and influence, sufficient to fill up

his loss in King James's service. This, Edith, is no time for temporising with our duty. I have given directions to raise my followers, and I must take leave of you this evening."

"Do not think of it, my lord," answered Edith; "your life is essential to your friends; do not throw it away in an adventure so rash. What can your single arm, and the few tenants or servants who might follow you, do against the hosts of almost all Scotland, the Highland clans only excepted?"

"Listen to me, Edith," said Lord Branksdale. "I am not so rash as you may suppose me, nor am my present motive of such light importance as to affect only those personally dependent on myself. The Loh-Guards, with whom I served so long, although now-moulded and now-offered by the Prince of Orange, retain a predilection for the cause of their rightful master; and"—(and here he whispered as if he feared even the walls of the apartment had ears)—"when my fact is known to be in the wrong, two regiments of cavalry have sworn to renounce the usurper's service, and fight under my orders. They delayed only till Dundee should descend into the Lowlands;—but, since he is no more, which of his successors dare take that decisive step, unless encouraged by the troops following themselves! Meantime the soul of the soldiers will be away. I must bring them to a decision while their hearts are glowing with the victory their old leader has obtained, and burning to avenge his untimely death."

"And will you, on the field of such men as you have these soldiers to be," said Edith, "take a part of such dreadful combat?"

"I will," said Lord Branksdale—"I must; my honour and loyalty are both pledged for it."

"And all for the sake," continued Miss Beltonde, "of a prince, whose measures, while he was on the throne, no one could condemn more than Lord Branksdale?"

"Most true," replied Lord Branksdale; "and as I repeated, even during the plenitude of his power, his innovations on church and state, like a freedom subject, I am determined I will assert his real rights when he is in adversity, like a loyal one. Let courtesy and eloquence better power and direct influence; I will neither do the one nor the other."

"And if you are determined to ask what my feeble judgment

must will, turn easily, why give yourself the pain of this untimely meeting?"

"Were it not enough to answer," said Lord Eversdale, "that are rushing on battle, I wished to bid adieu to my beloved child!—Surely it is judging coldly of my feelings, and showing too plainly the indifference of your own, to question my motives for a request so natural."

"But why in this place, my lord?" said Edith,—"*and why with such peculiar circumstances of mystery?*"

"Because," he replied, putting a letter into her hand, "I have yet another request, which I dare hardly proffer, even when justified by these circumstances."

In haste and tender Edith glanced over the letter, which was from her grandmother.

"My dearest child," such was its tone in style and spelling, "I never more deeply regretted the rumour, which dignified me from riding on horseback, than at this present writing, when I would most have wished to be where this paper will soon be, that is at Folly-Knave, with my poor dear *Willa's* only child. But it is the will of God I should not be with her, which I conclude to be the case, as much for the pain I now suffer, as because it hath now not given way either to considerable prostration or to decoration of wild madness, wherewith I have often relieved others. Therefore, I must tell you, by writing instead of word of mouth, that, as my young Lord Eversdale is called to the present campaign, both by his honour and his duty, he hath earnestly solicited me that the hands of holy matrimony be knitted before his departure in the war between you and him, in implement of the intention formerly entered into for that effect, whereunto, as I see no reasonable objection, so I trust that you, who have been always a good and obedient child, will not decline any which has less than mine. It is true that the unions of our house have hitherto been celebrated in a manner more befitting our Rank, and not in private, and with few witnesses, as a thing done in a corner. But it has been Heaven's own free will, as well as those of the kingdom where we live, to take away from us our mate, and from the King his throne. Yet I trust He will yet restore the rightful heir to the throne, and turn his heart to the true Protestant Episcopal faith, which I have the better right to expect to see even with my old eyes, as I have beheld the royal family when

they were struggling as early with material miseries and trials as they are now; that is to say, when his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, honoured our poor House of Tilleulsham, by taking his degree thence," etc. etc. etc.

"We will not abuse the reader's patience by quoting more of Lady Margaret's pious epistle. Suffice it to say, that it closed by laying her commands on her grandchild to consent to the administration of her marriage without loss of time.

"I never thought till this instant," said Edith, dropping the letter from her hand, "that Lord Eversdale would have acted capriciously."

"Ungenerously, Edith?" replied her lover. "And how can you apply such a term to my desire to aid you mine, ere I part from you perhaps for ever?"

"Lord Eversdale ought to have remembered," said Edith, "that when his perseverance, and, I must add, a due sense of his merit and of the obligations we owed him, wrung from me a slow consent that I would one day comply with his wishes, I made it my condition, that I should not be pressed to a hasty accomplishment of my promise, and now he avails himself of his interest with my only remaining relative, to hurry me with precipitate and even indecent importunity. There is more selfishness than generosity, my lord, in such eager and urgent solicitation."

Lord Eversdale, evidently much hurt, took two or three turns through the apartment ere he replied to this assertion; at length he spoke—"I should have escaped these painful charges, dost I at once have mentioned to Miss Bellenden my principal reason for urging this request. It is one which she will probably disprove on her own account, but which ought to weigh with her for the sake of Lady Margaret. My death in battle must give my whole estate to my heirs of entail; my father-in-law, by the usurping Government, may vest it in the Prince of Orange, or some Dutch throut. In either case, my venerable friend and betrothed bride must remain unprotected and in poverty—Vested with the rights and possessions of Lady Eversdale, Edith will find, in the power of supporting her aged parent, some consolation for having condescended to share the trials and fortunes of one who does not pretend to be worthy of her."

Edith was struck dumb by an argument which she had not expected, and was compelled to acknowledge that Lord Branksdale's suit was urged with dexterity as well as with consideration.

"And yet," she said, "such is the superannuation with which my heart reverts to former times, that I cannot" (she burst into tears) "suppress a degree of conscious reluctance at fulfilling my engagement upon such a brief season."

"We have already fully considered this painful subject," said Lord Branksdale; "and I hope, my dear Edith, your own inquiries, as well as mine, had fully satisfied you that those regrets were fruitless."

"Fruitless indeed!" said Edith, with a deep sigh, which, as if by an unexpected echo, was repeated from the adjoining apartment. Miss Belvidere started at the sound, and severely repressed herself upon Lord Branksdale's assurance that she had heard but the echo of her own respiration.

"It sounded strangely distant," she said, "and almost ominous; but my feelings are so harassed that the slightest will agitate them."

Lord Branksdale eagerly attempted to soothe her alarm, and recomended her to a measure, which, however hasty, appeared to him the only means by which he could secure her independence. He urged his claim as virtue of the contract, her grandmother's wish and command, the propriety of ensuring her comfort and independence, and touched lightly on his own long attachment, which he had refused by so many and such various services. These Edith felt the more, the less they were insisted upon; and at length, as she had nothing to oppose to his ardour, excepting a cautious reluctance, which she herself was ashamed to oppose against so much generosity, she was compelled to rest upon the impossibility of having the ceremony performed upon such hasty notice, at such a time and place. But for all this Lord Branksdale was prepared, and he explained, with joyful clarity, that the former chaplain of his regiment was in attendance at the Lodge with a faithful domestic, once a non-communical officer in the same corps; that his sister was also possessed of the secret; and that Henshaw and his wife might be added to the list of witnesses, if agreeable to Miss Belvidere. As to the place, he had chosen it on very purpose. The marriage was to remain a secret, since Lord Branksdale was to depart in disguise very soon after it was celebrated—a circumstance

which, had their truth been public, must have drawn upon him the attention of the Government, as being altogether unacceptable, unless from his being engaged in some dangerous design. Having hastily urged these motives and explained his arrangements, he ran, without waiting for an answer, to summon his sister to attend his brother, while he went in search of the other persons whose presence was necessary.

When Lady Emily awoke, she found her friend in an agony of tears, of which she was at some loss to comprehend the reason, being one of those damedes who think there is nothing either wonderful or terrible in matrimony, and joking with most who know him in thinking, that it could not be rendered peculiarly distressing by Lord Eversdale being the bridegroom. Influenced by these feelings, she exhibited in succession all the usual arguments for courage, and all the expressions of sympathy and confidence ordinarily employed on such occasions. But when Lady Emily beheld her future sister-in-law deaf to all these ordinary topics of consolation—when she beheld tears follow fast and without intermission down cheeks as pale as marble—when she felt that the hand which she pressed in order to enforce her arguments turned cold within her grasp, and lay, like that of a corpse, insensible and unresponsive to her caresses, her feelings of sympathy gave way to those of heart pain and pettish displeasure.

"I must own," she said, "that I am something of a fool to understand all this, Miss Belvidere. Months have passed since you agreed to marry my brother, and you have postponed the fulfilment of your engagement from one period to another, as if you had to avoid some dishonourable or highly disagreeable connection. I think I can answer for Lord Eversdale, that he will seek no woman's hand against her inclination; and, though his sister, I may boldly say that he does not need to urge any lady further than her inclinations carry her. You will forgive me, Miss Belvidere, but your present distress argues ill for my brother's future happiness, and I must needs say that he does not merit all these expressions of dislike and dole, and that they seem an odd return for an attachment which he has manifested so long, and in so many ways."

"You are right, Lady Emily," said Edith, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to resume her natural manner, though still betrayed by her faltering voice and the paleness of her cheeks.

"You are quite right—Lord Bransdale marries each wife from no one, least of all from her whom he has honoured with his regard. But if I have given way, for the first time, to a sudden and inevitable burst of feeling, it is my conviction, Lady Emily, that your brother knows the cause; that I have hid nothing from him, and that he at least is not apprehensive of finding in Edith Belvidere a wife unworthy of his affection. But still you are right, and I merit your censure for indulging for a moment fruitless regret and painful remembrance. It shall be no no longer; my lot is cast with Bransdale, and with him I am resolved to bear it. Nothing shall in future occur to excite his complaints, or the remembrance of his relations; no life recollections of other days shall intervene to prevent the calm and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusions recall the memory of other days"——

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the lattice window of her apartment, which was partly open, opened a dismal street, and looked. Lady Emily turned her eyes in the same direction, but saw only the shadow of a man, which seemed to disappear from the window, and, terrified more by the state of Edith than by the appearance she had herself witnessed, she uttered shriek upon shriek for assistance. Her brother soon arrived with the chaplain and Jenny Denham, but strong and vigorous measures were necessary ere they could recall Miss Belvidere to sense and motion. Even then her language was wild and incoherent.

"Press up as farthen," she said to Lord Bransdale; "it cannot be—Heaven and earth—the living and the dead, have leagueed themselves against this ill-omened union. Take all I can give—my dearest regard—my devoted friendship. I will love you as a sister, and serve you as a bondswoman, but never speak to me more of marriage."

The attachment of Lord Bransdale may easily be conceived.

"Emily," he said to his sister, "this is your doing—I was warned when I thought of bringing you here—some of your unfounded folly has driven her mad!"

"On my word, brother," answered Lady Emily, "you're sufficient to drive all the women in Scotland mad. Remember your mistress seems much disposed to jilt you, you quarrel with your sister, who has been arguing in your cause, and had



brought her to a quiet hearing, when, all of a sudden, a man looked in at a window, whose heretofore unsuspicious mistress either for you or some one else, and has treated us guests with an altogether tragic scene."

"What man? What window?" said Lord Brancdale, in impatient displeasure. "Miss Selkirk is incapable of trifling with me, and yet what else could have?"—

"Hush! hush!" said Jenny, whose interest lay particularly in shifting further inquiry; "for Elsie's sake, my lord, speak low, for my lady begins to recover."

Edith was no longer altogether restored to herself than she begged, in a feeble voice, to be left alone with Lord Brancdale. All retreated,—Jenny with her usual air of officious simplicity,—Lady Emily and the chaplain with that of unbroken cordiality. No sooner had they left the apartment, than Edith beckoned Lord Brancdale to sit beside her on the couch; her next motion was to take his hand, in spite of his surprised resistance, to her lips; her last was to stick from her seat and to clasp his knee.

"Forgive me, my Lord!" she exclaimed—"Forgive me!—I must feel most warmly by you, and break a solemn engagement. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude—You have more; you have my word and my faith—But O, forgive me, for the faith is not mine—you have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin!"

"You dream, my dearest Edith!" said Brancdale, perplexed to the utmost degree,—“you let your imagination beguile you. This is but some delusion of an over-sensitive mind,—the person whom you preferred to me has been long in a better world, where your unceasing regret cannot follow him, or if it could, would only diminish his happiness."

"You are mistaken, Lord Brancdale," said Edith, solemnly. "I am not a sleep-walker, or a mad-woman. No—I could not have believed from any one what I have seen. But having seen him, I must believe more of him."

"Euseb has!—even when?" asked Lord Brancdale, in great anxiety.

"Henry Martin," replied Edith, uttering these two words as if they were her last, and very nearly fainting when she had done so.

"Miss Selkirk," said Lord Brancdale, "you treat me like a

fool or a child. If you repeat your engagement to me," he continued indignantly, "I am not a man to enforce it against your inclination," but deal with me as a man, and forbear this trifling."

He was about to go on, when he perceived, from her quivering eye and pallid cheek, that nothing was less intended than importure, and that, by whatever means her imagination had been so impressed, it was readily dispelled by unaffected awe and terror. He changed his tone, and started all his eloquence in endeavouring to excite and attract from her the secret cause of such terror.

"I saw him!" she repeated—"I saw Henry Morton stand at that window, and look into the apartment at the moment I was on the point of signing him for ever. His face was dusky, thinner, and paler than it was wont to be; his dress was a horseman's cloak, and his legs down over his shoes; his expression was like that he wore on that dreadful morning when he was executed by Charlotte at Telfordston. Ask your sister, ask Lady Emily, if she did not see him as well as I—I know what has called him up—he came to frighten me that, while my heart was with him in the deep and dark sea, I was about to give my hand to another. My love, it is called between you and me—in the consequences what they will, do exact marry whose union disturbs the repose of the dead."

"Good heaven!" said Brundage, as he paced the room, half mad himself with surprise and confusion—"her fine understanding must be totally overthrown, and that by the effort which she has made to comply with my demand, though well-meant request. Without rest and attention her health is ruined for ever."

At this moment the door opened, and Hilday, who had been Lord Brundage's principal personal attendant since they both left the Quaker on the Revolution, stumbled into the room with a countenance as pale and ghastly as terror could paint it.

"What is the matter now, Hilday?" cried the master, starting up. "Any discovery of the?"

He had just resolution sufficient to stop short in the midst of the dangerous sentence.

"No, sir," said Hilday, "it is not that, nor anything like that; but I have seen a ghost!"

\* See q. Supposed apparition of Morton.

"A ghost! you stupid idiot!" said Lord Bransdale, forced altogether out of his patience. "Has all mankind sworn to go mad in order to drive me out?—What ghost, you singleton?"

"The ghost of Harry Morton, the wing captain at Botwell Bridge," replied Halloway. "He passed by me like a fire-bright when I was in the garden!"

"This is ridiculous madness," said Lord Bransdale, "or there is some strange villany afoot.—Jenny, attend your lady to her chamber, while I endeavor to find a clue to all this."

But Lord Bransdale's inquiries were in vain. Jenny, who might have given (had she chosen) a very satisfactory explanation, had no interest to leave the matter in darkness; and interest was a matter which now weighed principally with Jenny, since the possession of an active and affectionate husband in her own proper right had altogether allayed her spirit of mystery. She had made the best use of the first moments of confusion hastily to remove all traces of any one having slept in the apartment adjoining to the parlour, and even to erase the mark of footstep beneath the window through which she suspected Morton's face had been seen while attempting, ere he left the garden, to gain one look at her whom he had so long loved, and was now on the point of losing for ever. That he had passed Halloway in the garden was equally clear, and she hurried from her sister's bed, whom she had employed to leave the stranger's horse saddled and ready for his departure, that he had rushed into the stable, thrown the child a broad gold piece, and, mounting his horse, had ridden with fearful rapidity down towards the Clyde. The secret was, therefore, in their own family, and Jenny was resolved it should remain so.

"For to be sure," she said, "although her lady and Halloway both told Mr. Morton by broad daylight, that was no reason I said even to knowing him in the gloaming and by candlelight, and him keeping his face free outside and one of the them."

So she stood resolutely upon the negative when questioned by Lord Bransdale. As for Halloway, he could only say, that as he entered the garden-door, the supposed apparition met him walking swiftly, and with a visage on which anger and grief appeared to be contending.

"He knew him well," he said, "having been repeatedly gazed upon him, and obliged to wipe down his marks of stature and visage in case of escape. And there were few faces like

Mr. Morton's?" But what should make him leave the country where he was neither wanted nor shot, he, the said Hurlsey, did not pretend to consider.

Lady Monty confessed she had seen the face of a man at the window, but her evidence went no farther. John Godyell deposed and swore to some. He had left his profession to get his morning dress just at the time when the apparition had taken place. Lady Monty's servant was waiting orders in the kitchen, and there was not another being within a quarter of a mile of the house.

Lord Bransdale returned, perplexed and dissatisfied in the highest degree, at beholding a plan which he thought necessary not less for the protection of Edith in contingent circumstances, than for the assurance of his own happiness, and which he had brought in very true positions, thus broken off without any apparent or rational cause. His knowledge of Edith's character set her beyond the suspicion of concealing any capricious change of determination by a pretended reason. But he would have set the apparition down to the influence of an overstrained imagination, agitated by the circumstances in which she had so suddenly been placed, had it not been for the exceeding testimony of Hurlsey, who had no reason for thinking of Morton more than any other person, and knew nothing of Miss Palfreth's value when he promulgated his own. On the other hand, it seemed in the highest degree improbable that Morton, so long and so vainly sought after, and who was, with such good reason, supposed to be lost when the *Voyahd* of Rotterdam went down with crew and passengers, should be alive and lurking in this country, where there was no longer any reason why he should not openly show himself, since the present Government frowned against his party in politics. When Lord Bransdale reluctantly brought himself to communicate these doubts to the chaplain, in order to obtain his opinion, he could only obtain a long lecture on deismology, in which, after quoting Deists, and Deisming, and De'facing, on the subject of apparitions, together with sundry citations and reasons, lawyers on the nature of testimony, the learned gentleman expressed his definite and determined opinion to be, either that there had been an actual apparition of the deceased Henry Morton's spirit, the possibility of which he was, as a divine and a philosopher, neither fully prepared to admit or to deny; or else,

that the said Henry Martin, being still in *serm* nature, had appeared in his proper person that morning, or, finally, that some strong *despotic* man, or striking multitude of persons, had secured the eyes of Miss Belton and of Thomas Halliday. Which of these was the most probable hypothesis, the Doctor declined to pronounce, but expressed himself ready to die in the opinion that one or other of them had occasioned that morning's disturbance.

Lord Swandale soon had additional cause for distressful anxiety. Miss Belton was declared to be dangerously ill.

"I will not leave this place," he exclaimed, "till she is pronounced to be in safety. I neither can nor ought to do so; for whatever may have been the immediate occasion of her illness, I gave the first cause for it by my unhappy exhibition."

He established himself, therefore, as a guest in the family, which the presence of his sister, as well as of Lady Margaret Belton (who, in despite of her rheumatism, could hardly be transported farther when she heard of her grand-daughter's illness), rendered a step equally natural and delicate. And thus he successfully waited, until, without injury to her health, Edith could receive a final explanation on his departure on his expedition.

"She shall never," said the generous young man, "look on her engagement with me as the means of detaching her to a nation, the idea of which seems almost to shake her understanding."

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

Ah, happy life!—oh, pleasing shade!

Ah, little believed as mine!

Where once my native childhood stray'd,

A stranger felt to roam.

—*Lines on a Dutchess's Retreat in Stone Country.*

It is not by supposed wants and infirmities only that some of the most distinguished talents are levelled, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind. There are periods of mental equitation when the finest of mortal minds must be cooled.

with the weakest of his brethren; and when, in paying the general tax of humanity, his distresses are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in the indulgence of his grief, the rules of religion and philosophy, by which he endeavours in general to regulate his passions and his actions. It was during such a paroxysm that the unfortunate Morton left Fairy-Knave. To know that his long-loved and still beloved Edith, whose rage had killed his mind for so many years, was on the point of marriage to his early rival, who had laid claim to her heart by so many services, so hardly left her a title to refuse his addresses, better as the intelligence was, yet came not as an unexpected blow.

During his residence abroad he had once written to Edith. It was to bid her farewell for ever, and to conjure her to forget him. He had requested her not to answer his letter, yet he had hoped, for many a day, that she might transgress his injunction. The letter never reached her to whom it was addressed, and Morton, tyrant of his miseries, could only console himself with some sad forgetfulness, according to his own self-deceiving request. All that he had heard of their married relations since his return to Scotland, prepared him to expect that he could only look upon Miss Belvidere as the betrothed bride of Lord Brandaile; and, even if freed from the burden of obligation to the latter, it would still have been inconsistent with Morton's generosity of disposition to disturb their arrangements, by attempting the assertion of a claim, prosecuted by violence, never sanctioned by the consent of friends, and barred by a thousand circumstances of difficulty. Why, then, did he ask the cottage which their broken fortunes had now reduced to the extent of Lady Margaret Belvidere and her grand-daughter? He yielded, we are under the necessity of acknowledging, to the impulse of an inconsistent wish, which many might have felt in his situation.

Accident apprised him, while travelling towards his native district, that the ladies, near whose mansion he must necessarily pass, were absent; and learning that Gordon and his wife acted as their principal domestics, he could not resist passing at their cottage, to learn, if possible, the real progress which Lord Brandaile had made in the affections of Miss Belvidere—*—she!* no longer his Edith. This rash experiment ended as we have related, and he parted from the house of Fairy-Knave, con-

advice that he was still beloved by Edith, yet compelled, by faith and honour, to relinquish her for ever. With what feelings he must have listened to the dialogue between Lord Bransdale and Edith, the greater part of which he undoubtedly overheard, the reader must conceive, for we dare not attempt to describe them. An hundred times he was tempted to burst upon their interview, or to exclaim aloud, "Edith, I yet live!"—and as often the recollection of her pledged oath, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Bransdale (to whose influence with Clarendon he justly ascribed his escape from torture and from death), withheld him from a rashness which might indeed have involved all in further distress, but gave little prospect of forwarding his own happiness. He repressed feverishly those selfish emotions, though with an agony which thrilled his every nerve.

"No, Edith!" was his internal oath, "never will I add a stone to thy pillow.—That which Heaven has ordained, let it be, and let me not add, by my selfish sorrows, one atom's weight to the burden thou hast to bear. I was dead to thee when thy resolution was adopted; and never—never shalt thou know that Henry Morton still lives!"

As he formed this resolution, diffident of his own power to keep it, and seeking that firmness in flight which was every moment shaken by his continuing wilds hearing of Edith's voice, he hastily rushed from his apartment by the little closet and the walled door which led to the garden.

But firmly as he thought his resolution was fixed, he could not leave the spot where the last tones of a voice so beloved still vibrated on his ear, without endeavouring to avail himself of the opportunity which the garden window afforded, to steal one last glance at the lovely speaker. It was in this attempt, made while Edith seemed to have her eyes indifferently bent upon the ground, that Morton's presence was detected by her rising from sedentary. So soon as her wild screams made this known to the unfortunate object of a passion so constant, and which seemed so divided, he hurried from the place as if pursued by the devil. He passed Holiday in the garden without recognising, or even being sensible that he had seen him, threw himself on his knees, and, by a sort of instinct rather than recollection, took the first by-road in preference to the public route to Hamstead.

In all probability this prevented Lord Branclose from learning that he was actually in custody; for the more that the Highlanders had obtained a decisive victory at Kilsnochan, had considered an accurate look-out to be kept, by order of the Government, on all the passes, for fear of some connection among the Lowland Jacobites. They did not seek to post sentries on Belford's Bridge, and as these men had not seen any traveller pass westward in that direction, and as, besides, their comrades stationed in the village of Belford were equally positive that none had gone eastward, the supposition, in the instance of which Edith and Haliday were equally positive, became yet more mysterious in the judgment of Lord Branclose, who was finally inclined to settle in the belief that the heated and disturbed imagination of Edith had conjured up the phantom she stated herself to have seen, and that Haliday had, in some unaccountable manner, been infected by the same superstition.

Meanwhile, the by-path which Morton pursued, with all the speed which his vigorous horse could exert, brought him in a very few seconds to the brink of the Clyde, at a spot marked with the feet of horses, who were accustomed to it as a watering-place. The steed, urged as he was to the gallop, did not pause a single instant, but, throwing himself into the river, was soon beyond his depth. The plunge which the animal made as his feet quitted the ground, with the feeling that the cold water rose above his sword-belt, was the first accident which recalled Morton, whose movements had been hitherto mechanical, to the necessity of taking measures for preserving himself and the noble animal which he besetled. A perfect master of all equestrian stunts, the manege-mani of a horse in water was as familiar to him as when upon a meadow. He directed the animal's course somewhat down the stream towards a low plain, or *foots*, which seemed to promise as easy access from the river. In the first and second attempt to get on shore, the horse was frustrated by the nature of the ground, and nearly fell backwards on his sides. The instinct of self-preservation seldom fails, even in the most desperate circumstances, to recall the human mind to some degree of equanimity, unless when altogether distracted by terror, and Morton was obliged to the danger in which he was placed for complete recovery of his self-possession. A third attempt, at a spot more carefully and judiciously selected, suc-



needed better than the former, and placed the horse and his rider in safety upon the further and left-hand bank of the Clyde.

"But whether," said Morton, in the bitterness of his heart, "am I now to direct my course? or rather, what does it signify to which point of the compass a wretch so fallen betakes himself? I would to God, could the wish be without a sin, that those dark waters had flowed over me, and drowned my recollections of that which was, and that which is!"

The sense of impotence, which the disturbed state of his feelings had commenced, severely had visited itself in those violent expressions, as he was struck with ideas of having given way to such a paroxysm. He remembered how signally the life which he now held so lightly as the bitterness of his disappointment, had been preserved through the almost moment periods which had bent him since he entered upon his public career.

"I am a fool!" he said, "and worse than a fool, to set light by that entrance which Heaven has so often preserved in the most marvellous manner! Something there yet remains for me in this world, were it only to bear my opinions like a man, and to aid those who need my assistance. What have I seen—what have I heard, but the very conclusion of that which I knew was to happen? They"—(he dared not utter their names even in allusion)—"they are embarrassed and in difficulties. She is stripped of her inheritance, and he seems rushing on some dangerous career, with which, but for the low voice in which he speaks, I might have become acquainted. Are there no means to aid or to warn them?"

As he pondered upon this topic, suddenly withdrawing his mind from his own disappointment, and compelling his attention to the affairs of Edith and her betrothed husband, the letter of Berky, long forgotten, suddenly rushed on his memory, like a ray of light darting through a mist.

"Their ruin must have been his work," was his internal conclusion. "If it can be repaired, it must be through his means, or by influence detached from him. I will search him out. Stern, crafty, and enthusiastic as he is, my plain and downright rectitude of purpose has more than once prevailed with him. I will seek him out, at least; and who knows what influence the information I may acquire from him may have on the fortunes of those whom I shall never see more, and who will probably

never learn that I am now suppressing my own grief, to add, if possible, to their happiness."

Animated by these hopes, though the foundation was but slight, he sought the nearest way to the high-road, and as all the tracks through the valley were known to him, since he hunted through them in youth, he had no other difficulty than that of surmounting one or two enclosures, set he found himself on the road to the small lough where the feast of the young day had been celebrated. He journeyed in a state of mind not indeed undisturbed, yet relieved from its earlier and more intolerable state of anguish; the virtuous resolution and manly disinterestedness seldom fail to restore tranquillity even where they cannot create happiness. He turned his thoughts with strong effort upon the means of discovering Hurley, and the chance there was of extracting from him any knowledge which he might possess favourable to her in whose name he interested himself, and at length formed the resolution of guiding himself by the circumstances in which he might discover the object of his quest, trusting that, from Oudine's account of a nephew, brother Hurley and his brethren of the Freebooters, persons, he might find him less successfully disposed against Miss Belvidere, and inclined to exert the power which he asserted himself to possess over her fortune, more favourably than hitherto.

Knox's land passed away, when our traveller found himself in the neighbourhood of his deceased uncle's habitation of Kilmorwood. It rose among glades and groves that were chequered with a thousand early recollections of joy and sorrow, and made upon Morrie that powerful impression, soft and soothing, yet virilified, which the sensitive mind usually receives from a return to the haunts of childhood and early youth, after having experienced the vicissitudes and tempests of public life. A strong desire came upon him to visit the house itself.

"Old Alice," he thought, "will not know me, more than the honest people whom I saw yesterday. I may perhaps say casually, and proceed on my journey, without her having any knowledge of my existence. I think they and my uncle had bequeathed to her my family mansion. Well—he is so. I have enough to answer for, to enable me to dispense with lamenting such a disappointment as that; and yet maintain he has chosen an odd successor in my grumbling old dame, to a list of respect-

able if not distinguished society. Let it be as it may, I will visit the old mansion at least once more."

The house of Midwood, even in its best days, had nothing cheerful about it, but its gloom appeared to be destined under the auspices of the old housekeeper. Everything, indeed, was in repair; there were no stains defiling upon the steep grey roof, and no panes broken in the narrow windows. But the grass in the courtyard looked as if the feet of man had not been there for years; the doors were carefully locked, and that which admitted to the hall seemed to have been shut for a length of time, since the spikes had thickly grown there with one the doorway and the steps. Laving night or some there was none, until, after much knocking, Morton heard the little window, through which it was used to receive visitors, open with much creaking. The face of Alice, pale and with some spots of wrinkles, in addition to those with which it was favoured when Morton left Scotland, now presented itself, enveloped in a veil, from under the protection of which some of her grey tresses had escaped in a manner more picturesque than beautiful, while her shrill tremulous voice demanded the cause of the knocking.

"I wish to speak an instant with one Adam Wilson, who resides here," said Henry.

"He's not at home this day," answered Mrs. Wilson, in perky phrase, the state of whose head (and, perhaps, inspired her with this direct mode of saying herself), "and ye are but a mairn'd person to open for her in no a manner. Ye might hae had an M under your belt for Mistress Wilson of Midwood."

"I beg pardon," said Morton, internally smiling at finding in old Alice the same jealousy of strangers which she paid to no slight upon former occasions—"I beg pardon;—I am but a stranger in this country, and have been so long abroad that I have almost forgotten my own language."

"Did ye come frae foreign parts?" said Alice; "then maybe ye may hae heard of a young gentleman of this country, that they call Henry Morton?"

"I have heard," said Morton, "of such a name in Germany."

"Then, bide a wee till where ye are, friend,—or stay,—going round by the back o' the house, and ye'll find a high door, it's on the left, for it's never barred till sunset. Ye'll open't—and

tell care ye dinna fa' over the bal, for the entry's dark—and then ye'll turn to the right, and then ye'll head straight forward, and then ye'll turn to the right again, and ye'll tak heed o' the ocher stairs, and then ye'll be at the door o' the little kitchen—it's o' the kitchen that's at Milnerwood now—and I'll come down tye, and whate'er ye wad say to Mrs. Wilson ye may very wablie tell it to me."

A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuciosity of the directions supplied by Alice, to pilot himself in safety through the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the back-door to the little kitchen; but Henry was too well acquainted with the configuration of those streets to experience danger, either from the beggars which looked on one side in shape of a huddling mob, or the Charybdis which yawned on the other in the profundity of a winding cellar-vault. His only impediment arose from the snuffling and vehement harking of a small cooking animal, over his own property, but which, added to the faithful *Alpaca*, near his master's person, from his wanderings without any symptoms of recognition.

"The little dogs and all!" said Morton to himself, on being discovered by his former favourite.—"I am so changed, that no breathing creature that I have known and loved will now acknowledge me!"

At this moment he had reached the kitchen, and soon after the tread of Alice's high heels, and the pat of the crutch-headed maid, which served at once to jolly and to guide her footsteps, were heard upon the stairs, an announcement which confirmed for some time on the family reached the kitchen.

Morton had, therefore, time to survey the slender proportions for housekeeping which were now sufficient in the house of his ancestors. The fire, though coals are plenty in that neighbourhood, was husbanded with the dearest attention to economy of fuel, and the small peep, in which was preparing the dinner of the old woman and her madd-d-d-work, a gal of twelve years old, untroubled, by the thin and watery vapour, that Alice had not needed her cheer with her improved fortune.

When she entered, the head which nodded with self-satisfiedness—the features in which an irritable perverseness, acquired by habit and indulgence, shone with a temper naturally effeminate and gushy—the self—the eyes—the blue checked gown, were all those of old Alice; but hard passions,

heartily put on to meet the stranger, with some other trifling articles of domesticity, marked the difference between Mrs. Wilson, landlady of Millwood, and the housekeeper of the late proprietor.

"What were ye pleased to want wif Mrs. Wilson, sir?—I am Mrs. Wilson," was her first address, for the few minutes time which she had passed for the business of the toilette, entitled her, she conceived, to assume the full mantle of her illustrative name, and show forth on her guest in unobscured splendour. Morton's sensations, confounded between the past and present, fairly confused him so much, that he would have had difficulty in answering her, even if he had known well what to say. But as he had not determined what character he was to adopt while exceeding that which was properly his own, he had no additional reason for remaining silent. Mrs. Wilson, in perplexity, and with some apprehensions, repeated her question.

"What were ye pleased to want wif me, sir?—Ye said ye kin'd Mr. Harry Morton?"

"Pardon me, madam," answered Henry; "it was of one Miss Morton I spoke."

The old woman's countenance fell.

"It was his father, then, ye look'd o', the brother o' the late Millwood? Ye canna mist him abroad, I wad think;—he was come here afore ye were born. I thought ye had brought me news o' poor Master Harry."

"It was from my father I learned to know Colonel Morton," said Henry;—"of the son I know little or nothing; some say he died abroad on his passage to Holland."

"That's ever like to be true," said the old woman, with a sigh, "and many a tear it's cost my auld een. His uncle, poor gentleman, just enough'd aye wif it in his mouth. He had been giving me precise directions about the land, and the wine, and the bread, at his burial, and how often it was to be handed round the company (for, dead or alive, he was a prudent), fragal, painstaking man; and then he said, said he, 'Ailsa' (he eye w'd me Ailsa—we were auld acquaintances), 'Ailsa, take ye care and heed the gear wad thagither, for the name o' Morton o' Millwood's gone out like the last cough o' an auld aye.' And ere he fell out o' us down into another, and ne'er spak a word mair, unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gale enough to see to das wif;—he w'd ne'er

side to see a married one, and there was one, by all back, on the table."

While Mrs. Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old man, Morton was profoundly engaged in directing the sudden outcry of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much snuffing and examination, begun a course of capering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not refrain exclaiming, in a tone of hasty impetuosity, "Dove, Hips! dove, sir!"

"Ye ken our dog's name," said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise—"Ye ken our dog's name, and it's no a common one. And the creature ken ye, too," she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone—"God guide us! He ay sh' burn!"

In saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton's neck, clung to him, kissed him as if he had been actually her child, and wept for joy. There was no parrying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise. He returned the embrace with the most grateful warmth, and answered—

"I do indeed love, dear Alice, to thank you for all your kindness, past and present, and to rejoice that there is at least one friend to welcome me to my native country."

"Friends!" exclaimed Alice—"ye'll hae many friends—ye'll hae many friends; for ye will hae gear, honey—ye will hae gear. Heaven mak ye a gude guide o't!—But, ah, ah!" she continued, pressing him back from her with her trembling hand and shuddering arm, and gazing in his face, as if to read, at some convenient distance, the ravages which sorrow rather than time had made on his face—"Eh, ah! ye're awa' altered, honey; your face is turned pale, and your een are sunken, and your bonny red-and-white cheeks are turned a' black and cadaverous. O, woe! on the wae! mair's the sadly face they destroy. And when can ye hae, honey!—and when has ye been!—and what has ye been doing!—and what for did ye sae wate to us!—and how can ye be past yourself for dea'd!—and what for did ye ever creep in to your ain house as if ye had been an ither body, to gie poor auld Alice as a start?" she concluded, wringing through her tears.

It was more than one Marston could average his own emotion, so as to give the kind old woman the information which we did communicate to our readers in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

———— *Annals that was,*  
But that is gone for being Richard's friend;  
And, maiden, you must call him Richard now.  
RICHARD II.

THE scene of explanation was hastily removed from the little kitchen to Mrs. Wilm's own sitting room, the very room which she had occupied as housekeeper, and which she continued to retain. "It was," she said, "better secured against sitting winds than the hall, which she had found dangerous to her rheumatism, and it was more sitting for her use than the late Milwood's apartment, lowest man, which gave her sad thoughts," and as for the great oak parlour, it was never opened but to be aired, washed, and dusted, according to the inviolable practice of the family, unless upon their most solemn festivals. In the sitting room, therefore, they were seated, surrounded by pile-draps and reserves of all kinds, which the old maid housekeeper collected to compound, out of mere habit, although neither she herself, nor any one else, ever partook of the meals which she so regularly prepared.

Morton, adapting his narrative to the comprehension of his auditor, informed her briefly of the wreck of the vessel, and the loss of all hands, excepting two or three common sailors, who had only secured the ship, and were just getting off from the vessel when he leaped from the deck into their boat, and more perfectly, as well as contrary to their inclination, made himself partner of their voyage and of their safety. Landed at Frinton, he was fortunate enough to meet with an old officer who had been a servant with his father. By his advice he changed going immediately to the Hague, but forwarded his letters to the court of the Stadtholder. "Our Prince," said the veteran, "must be put deep terms with his father-in-law, and with your King Charles; and to approach him in the character of a Scottish nobleman would render it impossible for him to distinguish

you by his dress. Walk, therefore, in silence, without forcing yourself on his notice; observe the strictest propriety and retirement; assume for the present a different name; then the company of the British officer, and, depend upon it, you will not regret your presence."

The old friend of Elias Morton agreed partly. After a considerable time had elapsed, the Prince of Orange, in a progress through the United States, came to the town where Morton, ignorant of his situation and the prospects which he was obliged to observe, still continued nevertheless to be a resident. He had an hour of private interview assigned, in which the prince expressed himself highly pleased with his intelligence, his presence, and the liberal view which he seemed to take of the notions of his native country, their motives and their purposes.

"I would gladly," said William, "attach you to my own corner, but that cannot be without giving offence in England. But I will do as much for you, as will cut of respect for the sentiments you have expressed, as for the recommendations you have brought me. There is a commission in a Swiss regiment of foot to garnish in a distant province, where you will meet few or none of your countrymen. Continue to be Captain Melville, and let the name of Morton sleep till better days."

"Thus began my distress," continued Morton;—"and my services have, on various occasions, been distinguished by his Royal Highness, until the moment that brought him to Britain as our political deliverer. His commands next arose my silence to my few friends in Scotland; and I recollect not at the report of my death, considering the wreck of the vessel, and that I found no occasion to use the letters of exchange with which I was furnished by the liberality of some of them—a circumstance which must have confirmed the belief that I had perished."

"But, dear Henry," asked Mrs. Wilson, "did ye find our Scotch body at the Prince of Orange's court that ha'd ye? I wad hae thought Morton o' Mithrood was ha'd o' through the country."

"I was purposely engaged in distant service," said Morton, "until a period when few, without as deep and kind a motive of interest as yours, John, would have known the strapping Morton as Major-General Melville."



"Maivie was your mother's name," said Mrs. Wilson; "and Martin sounds far homelier in my wild legs. And when ye talk up the lairdship, ye mean talk the said name and designation again."

"I am like to be in as haste to do either the one or the other, Ailie, for I have some reasons for the present to conceal my being alive from every one but you; and as for the lairdship of Milnwood, it is an as good handle."

"As good handle, hant?" rejoined Ailie; "I'm hopeful ye are an meaning more! The reins and the handle are but a war fish to me. And I'm ever fain to tak a helpmate, though Wylie Macintosh the writer was very pleasing, and spak very stryly; but I'm ever wail a cat to drive that straw before ye—he means whilliver ye are to be's done moomy a man. And then I thought aye ye wad come back, and I wou'd get my pickie meal and my soup cauld, and keep o' things right about ye as I used to do in your yair mair's time, and it wou'd be just pleasure enough for me to see ye thrive and guide the gear away—Ye'll hae learned that in Melrose, I'm wairum, for they're thrifty folk there, as I hear tell—but ye'll be for keeping so that a mair house than your auld Milnwood that's gair; and, riled, I wou'd approve o' your eating butcher-meat maybe as often as three times a week—it keeps the wind out o' the stomach."

"We will talk of all this another time," said Norton, surprised at the generosity upon a large scale, which mingled in Ailie's thoughts and actions with habitual and acrid parsimony, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-suspension. "You must know," he continued, "that I am in this country only for a few days on some special business of importance to the Government, and therefore, Ailie, not a word of leaving me now. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions."

"I'm be it me, my jo," replied Ailie;—"I can keep a secret like my neighbors; and wad aye Milnwood hant it, honest man, for he wou'd see where he kept his gear, and that's what mak's folk like to hae as private as possible may be—but come run w' me, hant, till I show ye the self-purchase how grandly it's kept, just as if ye had been expected home every day—I lost naething wad it but my aye handle. It was a kind o' disengagement to me, though whiles the tear was into my ee, and I said to myself, what needs I look w' grace, and carpets,

and cushions, and the window-pane reflectors, say what! for they'll never come home that night if it isn't right!"

With these words she hurried him away to this modest chamber, the scrubbing and cleaning whereof was her daily employment, as its high state of good order constituted the very pride of her heart. Morton, as he followed her into the room, underwent a rebuke for not "lighting his pipe," which showed that Alice had not relinquished her habits of sobriety. On entering the subterranean, he could not but recollect the feelings of solemn awe with which, when a boy, he had been affected at his occasional and rare admission to an apartment, which he then supposed had not its equal save in the halls of prisons. It may be readily supposed, that the worked-worned chairs, with their short dumpy legs and long upright backs, had lost much of their influence over his mind, than the large brass and iron carved furniture in splendour, that the gross sensual luxury appeared as masterpiece of the *Arms Room*; and that the room looked, on the whole, dark, gloomy, and desolate. For there were two objects, "The constant presentation of two brothers," which, dissimilar as those described by Hamlet, affected his mind with a variety of sensations. One full-length portrait represented his father, in complete armour, with a countenance indicating his masculine and determined character; and the other set forth his uncle, in velvet and brocade, looking as if he were ashamed of his own story, though entirely indebted for it to the liberality of the painter.

"It was an ill story," Alice said, "to draw the honest and man in that expressive full-length that he now wore in his life, instead of dense English grey, and his head of the narrow ridge."

In private, Morton could not help being much of her opinion; for anything approaching to the dress of a partizan was as fit on the raggedy person of his relative, as an open or generous expression would have done on his mean and money-making features. He now estimated himself from Alice to vast some of his haunts in the neighbouring wood, while her own hands made an addition to the dinner she was preparing,—an incident no otherwise remarkable than as it cost the life of a fowl, which, for any want of less importance than the control of Henry Morton, might have tickled on to a good old age, as Alice could have been guilty of the extravagance of killing and

darning it. The maid was amused by talk of old times, and by the plans which Alice laid out for the future, in which she assigned her young master all the practical labors of her old one, and planned on the dexterity with which she was to execute her duty as governess. Marion let the old woman enjoy her day-dreams and needle-bussing during moments of such pleasure, and deferred, till some later season, the consummation of his purpose again to return and spend his life upon the Continent.

His next care was to lay aside his military dress, which he considered likely to render more difficult his recreation after Turkey. He exchanged it for a gray doublet and cloak, formerly his usual attire at Millwood, and which Mrs. Wilson produced from a chest of valises, whence she had laid them aside, without forgetting carefully to brush and air them from time to time. Marion retained his sword and firearms, without which few persons travelled in those unsettled times. When he appeared in his new attire, Mrs. Wilson was first thankful "that they fitted him so decently, since, though he was no longer, yet he looked near nearly than when he was then from Millwood."

Next she enlarged on the advantage of saving old clothes to be what she called "best-masters to the new," and was far advanced in the history of a velvet cloak belonging to the late Millwood, which had first been converted to a velvet doublet, and then into a pair of breeches, and appeared each time as good as new, when Marion interrupted her account of its transmigration to let her good-bys.

He gave, indeed, a reluctant shock to her feelings, by expressing the necessity he was under of proceeding on his journey that evening.

"And where are ye gone?—and what will ye do that for?—and where will ye sleep but in your old house, after ye had been so many years from home?"

"I feel all the weakness of it, Alice, but it must be so; and that was the reason that I attempted to conceal myself from you, as I suspected ye would not let me part from you so easily."

"But where are ye gone, then?" said Alice, more merry. "Have ye married one the like o' you, just to come on moment, and then were like an arrow out of a bow the next?"

"I must go down," replied Morton, "to Ned Stone, the Piper's Hawk; he can give me a bed, I suppose?"

"A bed!—The warrant can do," replied Alice, "and your pey web shelt into the bargain. Besides, I daresay ye has lost your wife in these foreign parts, to gang and gaither for a supper and a bed, and might has health for something, and thanks t'ye for accepting them."

"I assure you, Alice," said Morton, desirous to silence her remonstrance, "that this is a business of great importance, in which I may be a great gainer, and cannot possibly be a loser."

"I dince see how that can be, if you begin by going maybe the look o' twal shillings Scots for your supper, but young folks are awa venturous, and think to get aither that way. My poor auld master took a severe gale, and never parted wi' it when he had any gotten."

Preventing in his desperate resolution, Morton took leave of Alice, and mounted his horse to proceed to the little town, after sending a solemn promise that she would conceal his secrets until she again saw or heard from him.

"I am not very scrupulous," was his mutual reflection, as he trotted slowly towards the town;—"but were Alice and I to set up house together, as she proposes, I think my profession would break the good old country's heart before a week were out."

## CHAPTER FORTIETH.

—MONTAGUE: What's the jolly bed?  
You told us of it!—It has been my custom ever  
To journey with other beds.

LARGE'S PROVERBS.

MONTAGUE reached the borough town without meeting with any remarkable adventure, and alighted at the little inn. It had occurred to him, more than once, while upon his journey, that the corruption of the dress which he had worn while a youth, although desirable in his views on other subjects, might render it more difficult for him to remain incognito. But a few years of campaigns and wanderings had so changed his appearance,

that he had great confidence that in the grown man, whose beaver exhibited the traces of resolution and considerate thought, some would recognize the rise and helpful striping who was the guest of the popijay. The only chance was that here and there some whig, whom he had led to battle, might remember the Captain of the Millwood Militiamen; but the risk, if there was any, would not be guarded against.

The Howff seemed tall and disquieted as if possessed of all his old celebrity. The power and command of Ned How, more fat and less civil than of yore, intimated that he had increased as well in years as in corpulence; for in Scotland, a lacker's complaisance for his guests decreases in exact proportion to his rise in the world. His daughter had acquired the air of a determined business, undisturbed by the exigencies of love and war, as apt to perplex her in the exercise of her vocation. Both showed Morton the degree of attention which could have been expected by a stranger travelling without attendance, at a house where they were particularly the badges of distinction. He took upon himself exactly the character his appearance presented,—went to the stable and saw his horse accommodated,—then returned to the house, and seating himself in the public room (for to request one to himself, would, in those days, have been thought an overbearing degree of intimacy), he found himself in the very apartment in which he had some years before celebrated his victory at the guest of the popijay, a joyful performance which led to as many serious consequences.

He felt himself, as may well be supposed, a much-changed man since that festivity; and yet, to look around him, the groups assembled in the Howff seemed not dissimilar to those which the same scene had formerly presented. Two or three barbers lurchered their "dabbles of heady," two or three doctors lounged over their medicals, and cursed the machine times that allowed them no better dress. Their conduct did not, indeed, play at backgammon with the morals in his country, but he drank a little medicine of open rebellion with the grey-dressed Presbyterian minister. The scene was another, and yet the same, differing only in persons, but corresponding in general character.

"Let the tide of the world run or wane as it will," Morton thought, as he looked around him, "enough will be found to

All the places which chance renders vacant, and, in the usual occupations and amusements of life, human beings will accord each other as horses upon the same track, with the same undivided difference and the same general resemblance."

After passing a few minutes, Morton, whose experience had taught him the readiest mode of securing attention, ordered a pint of claret, and, as the smiling landlady appeared with the porter measure flaming fresh from the tap (the bottling was not then in fashion), he asked him to sit down and take a share of the good claret. This invitation was graciously acceptable to Ned Hens, who, if he did not positively expect it from every guest not provided with better company, yet received it from many, and was not a whit abashed or surprised at the summons. He sat down along with his guest in a secluded nook near the chimney; and while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor before them, he entered at length, as a part of his expected function, upon the news of the country,—the births, deaths, and marriages,—the change of property,—the dowdiness of old families, and the rise of new. But politics, now the fertile source of discourse, were lost did not care to mingle in his theme, and it was only in answer to a question of Morton, that he replied with an air of indifference, "You! ay! we are two soldiers among us, your or less. There's a whole German horse down at Glasgow garden, they set their commander Wat'sbody, or some so name, though he's as pure and genuine an old Dutchman as I'er I see."

"Widened, perhaps?" said Morton, "an old man, with grey hair and short black moustaches—speaks seldom?"

"And smokes for ever," replied Ned Hens. "I am your honour knee the man. He may be a very good man, too, for much I see, that is, considering he is a soldier and a Dutchman; but if he were too general, and as many Wat'sbodies, he has too skill in the pipe, he ga'd me stop in the middle of Terjesen's East, the best place o' mine that ever lag gas wind to."

"But these fellows," said Morton, glancing his eye towards the soldiers that were in the apartment, "are not of his corps?"

"No, no, these are Scotch dragoons," said Ned Hens;—"our ain old company; those were Claver's lads a while since, and wad be again, maybe, if he had the long tea in his hand."

"Is there not a report of her death?" inquired Morton.

"Truth is there," said the landlord, "your honour is right—there is no a living remnant, but, in my pale opinion, it's long as the hell doo. I wad hae the folk here look to themselves. If he makes an ostentatious, he'll be down like the Barlocks or I could drink this glass—and where are they then? A' these bellies o' dragons wad be at his whistle in a moment! You should see the Willie's men o'men now, as they were James's a while ago: and some good—they fight for their pay, what else has they to fight for? They has neither lands nor homes, I trow. There's na guid thing o' the change, or the Revolution, as they ca' it,—folks may speak and allow that better now, and are less o' being hauled awa' to the gauch-houses, or having the brackins spread on your flag-stones, just as I wad drive the screw through a cork."

There was a little pause, when Morton, being confident in the progress he had made in understanding familiarity, asked, though with the hesitation proper to one who puts a question on the subject in which rests something of importance,—

"Whether there knew a woman in that neighbourhood called Elizabeth Madure?"

"Whether I ken Bonnie Madure?" answered the landlord, with a landlord's laugh—"How can I but ken my ain wife?—(holy be her rest!)—my ain wife's fast gentleman's slave, Bonnie Madure! An honest wife she is, but she's shair been lured wi' subtleties—the lass o' twa shairt lads o' men, in the time o' the persecution, as they ca' it now-a-days; and duncely and duncely she has been her husband, blawing pipes, and condemning men. If there's an honest woman in the world, it's Bonnie Madure. And to ken her twa sons, as I was saying, and to ken dragons alighted down on her for a month together, be whig or tory government, they are quarter she home on yourselves—to ken, as I was saying!"

"This woman keeps an inn, don't?" interrupted Morton.

"A guidie, in a pair way," replied Elms, looking round at his own superior accommodations—"a nice house o' ages she that she sells to folk that are over duncely w'e travel to be in, but nothing to o' a stiring trade or a stiring change-house."

"Can you get me a guide there?" said Morton.

"Your honour will rest here o' the night?—ye'll hardly get

accommodation at Bessie's," said Neil, whose regard for his deceased wife's relatives by no means extended to seeking company from his own home to hers.

"There is a friend," murmured Morton, "whom I am to meet with there, and I only called here to take a string-cup and enquire the way."

"Your honour had better," answered the hostess, with the politeness of her calling, "send some one to warn your friend to come on here."

"I tell you, hostess," answered Morton, impatiently, "that will not serve my purpose; I must go straight to this woman Madeline's house, and I desire you to find me a guide."

"Awed, sir, ye'll choose for yourself, to be sure," said Neil Blane, somewhat disconcerted; "but dail a guide ye'll need, if ye gae down the water for twa mils or mair, as ga ye were bound for Midwood House, and then tak the first lockless disjunct-looking road that makes for the hills—ye'll ha' by a bidden adwance that stands at the side o' a burn just where the road meets; and then travel out the path—ye come soon Widow Macdoug's public, for dail another house or haill is on the road for ten lang Scots miles, and that's worth twenty English. I am sorry your honour would think o' gaun out o' my house the night. But my wife's good-woman is a decent woman, and it's no lost that a friend gaes."

Morton gratefully paid his reckoning and departed. The sunset of the summer day placed him at the mid-way, where the path led up towards the moor.

"Here," he said to himself, "my misfortunes commenced; for just here, when Bessie and I were about to separate on the first night we ever met, he was alarmed by the intelligence, that the gossamer was accused by witnesses lying in wait for him. Scarcely that very morn came the old woman who apprised him of his danger. How strange that my whole lifetime should have become inseparably interwoven with that man's, without anything more on my part than the discharge of an ordinary duty of humanity! Would to heaven it were possible I could find my humble quiet and tranquillity of mind upon the spot where I lost them!"

Thus arranging his reflections between speech and thought, he turned his horse's head up the path.

Evening lowered around him as he advanced up the narrow



dell which had once been a wood, but was now a narrow forest of trees, within where a few, from their inaccessible situation on the edge of precipitous banks, or clinging among rocks and huge stones, defied the invasion of man and of cattle. For the scattered tribes of a conquered country, driven to take refuge in the barren strength of its mountains. There, too, warred and decamped, armed rather to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the hardships had once been. But the stream hurried down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain sprout alone can confer on the burnt and most savage scenes, and which the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the tropical winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and fertile patches of opulence. The track of the road followed the course of the brook, which was now visible, and now only to be distinguished by its howling heard among the stones, or in the depths of the rock, that occasionally interrupted its course.

"Marvellous that thou art," said Morton, in the enthusiasm of his reveries,—"why dash with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There is a sea to move thee in its bosom; and there is an eternity for man when his faithful and body course through the vale of time shall be ceased and over. What thy petty fluming is to the deep and vast hollows of a shoreless ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, to the objects which must come to through the awful and boundless succession of ages!"

Thus musing, our traveller passed on till the dell opened, and the banks, rising from the brook, left a little green vale, exhibiting a craft, or small field, on which some corn was growing, and a cottage, whose walls were not above five feet high, and whose thatched roof, green with moisture, age, house-look, and grass, had in some places suffered damage from the encroachment of two oaks, whose appetite this appearance of verdure had directed from their more legitimate pasture. An ill-spelt and worse-written inscription intimated to the traveller that he might here find refreshment for man and horse;—the unacceptable intimation, vain as the last appeared to be, considering the wild path he had trod in approaching it, and the high and waste mountains which rose in desolate dignity behind this humble noyau.

"It must indeed have been," thought Morton, "in some

each spot as this, that Burley was likely to find a congenial confidant."

As he approached, he observed the good dame of the house herself, seated by the door; she had hitherto been concealed from him by a large side-board.

"Good evening, mother," said the traveller.—"Your name is Mistress Morton?"

"Elizabeth Morton, sir, a poor widow," was the reply.

"Can you lodge a stranger for a night?"

"I can, sir, if he will be pleased with the widow's table and the widow's cuisine."

"I have been a soldier, good dame," answered Morton, "and nothing can come across to me in the way of intemperance."

"A soldier, sir?" said the old woman, with a sigh. "God send ye a better trade!"

"It is believed to be an honorable profession, my good dame. I hope you do not think the worse of me for having belonged to it?"

"I judge no one, sir," replied the woman, "and your voice sounds like that of a civil gentleman; but I have witnessed one trouble all w<sup>th</sup> soldiering in this poor land, that I am e'en content that I can see and hear o' w<sup>th</sup> those evil-doing organs."

As she spoke thus, Morton observed that she was blind.

"Kind I not be troublesome to you, my good dame?" said he, respectfully; "your industry seems ill calculated for your profession."

"Na, no," answered the old woman; "I can gang about the house readily enough; and I have a lot o' folk to help me, and the dragon bairns will look after your horse when they come home frae their patrol, for a wad' better; they are drier now than lang syne."

Upon these assurances, Morton alighted.

"Peggy, my bonny bird," continued the hostess, addressing a little girl of twelve years old, who had by this time appeared, "tak the gentleman's horse to the stable, and shak his girths, and tak off the bridle, and shake down a lock o' hay before him, and till the dragons come back.—Come this way, sir," she continued; "ye'll find my house clean, though it's a poor een."

Morton followed her into the cottage accordingly.

## CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

Then rest and speak the cold reality,  
And that her tears did it!—

"Ye waken her sorrow, my son Joseph,  
From the slumber in which rest."

OUR FUGITIVE.

When he entered the cottage, Morton perceived that the old hostess had spoken truth. The inside of the hut belied its outward appearance, and was neat, and even comfortable, especially the inner apartment, in which the hostess informed her guest that he was to sup and sleep. Refreshments were placed before him, such as the little inn afforded; and, though he had small occasion for them, he accepted the offer, as the means of maintaining some discourse with the landlady. Notwithstanding her blindness, she was unobtrusive in her attendance, and seemed, by a sort of instinct, to find her way to what she wanted.

"Have you no one but this pretty little girl to assist you in waiting on your guests?" was the natural question.

"None, sir," replied his old hostess; "I dwell alone, like the widow of Nazareth. Few guests come to this poor place; and I have custom enough to live on. I had once two fine sons that ledist after a' time—But God gives and takes away—His name be praised!" she continued, turning her clouded eyes towards Heaven—"I was once better off, that is, vastly speaking, even since I lost them; but that was before this last change."

"Indeed!" said Morton; "and yet you are a Presbyterian, my good mother?"

"I am, sir—pained to the light that showed me the right way!" replied the landlady.

"Then, I should have thought," continued the guest, "the Revolution would have brought you nothing but good."

"If," said the old woman, "it has brought the land gods, and freedom of worship to under consideration, it's little matter what it has brought to a poor blind woman like me."

"Still," replied Morton, "I cannot see how it could possibly injure you."

"It's a long story, sir," answered his hostess, with a sigh.

"But as night, six weeks or thereby afore Beddowill Begg, a young gentleman stopped at the poor cottage, stiff and bloody with wounds, pale and done out wif' raising, and his horse was weary he couldn' drag us fast after the other, and his feet were close about him, and he was one o' our number.—What could I do, sir?—You that's a sedgey wif' think me but a silly waddie—but I did him, and relieved him, and kept him hidden till the pursuit was over."

"And who," said Morton, "dare disprove o' your having done so?"

"I know," answered the blind woman.—"I got it wif' about it strong some o' our ain folk. They said I should ha' been to him what Jock was to Saverie.—But wad I wad I had ane driven comin' to shed blood, and to save it was bairn like a woman and a Christian. And then they said I wanted aneural affection, to relieve me that belongs) to the head that murdered my twa sons."

"That murdered your twa sons?"

"Ay, sir, though maybe ye'll gie their deaths another name.—The time till we' were in hand, fighting for a broken national Covenant, the better,—Oh, they took him and shot him dead on the green before his mother's door.—My wif' was daunted when the shots were loosed off, and, in my thought, they wanted weaker and weaker ever since that weary day—and sorrow, and heart-break, and tears that would not be dried, might help on the disorder. But, alas! betraying Lord Rensdale's young blood to his enemies' sword wad nae' ha' brought my Saviour and Jockie alive again."

"Lord Rensdale?" said Morton, in surprise; "was it Lord Rensdale whose life you saved?"

"In truth, even he," she replied. "And kind he was to me after, and ga'e me a cow and milch, meat, and, and other, and nae' daunt starve me when he was in power. But we live on an outside bit o' Tullibulkish land, and the estate was split p'nt's between Lady Margaret Innesden, and the present Lord, Basil Gifford, and Lord Rensdale backed the wad' biddie for love o' her daughter Miss Edith, as the country said, one o' the best and bonniest lasses in Scotland. But they believed to go wye, and Basil got the Castle and land, and on the back o' that came the Revolution, and wad' to turn out faster than the wind! for he said he had been a true whig o' the time, and

turned pupil only the fishwife's sale. And then he got fatter, and Lord Eversdale's head was under water; for he was ever good and ready to lend to every kind o' what, through many a man may live as well as me, that he has six principles as they might, he was now all bound to our debt when he could protect us, and far kinder than David Ubbink, that eye keeps the cobble head down the stream. But he was not by and all looked on, and his word never asked; and then Basil, who's a voracious man, set himself to vex him in a dozen, and especially by oppressing and despoiling the cold blind widow, Anne Marton, that saved Lord Eversdale's life, and that he was now kind to, but he's mistaken, if that's his end; for it will be long or Lord Eversdale have a word true as about the setting my eye for rest or air is was due, or the putting the dragons on me when the country's quiet, or anything else that will vex him—I can bear my six better patiently, and woe's loss is the least part o' it."

Astonished and interested at this picture of patient, grateful, and high-minded resignation, Marton could not help bestowing an attention upon the poor-spirited man who had taken such a distinctly wrong of resignation.

"Diana came him, sir," said the old woman; "I have heard a good man say, that a mare was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and must like to return on the head that sent it. But if ye see Lord Eversdale, bid him look to himself, for I hear strange words pass across the sodgers that are lying here, and his name is often mentioned; and the time o' them has been twice up at Tiffinstallers. He's a kind o' favourite of the Laird, though he was in former times one o' the meanest cruel oppressors ever rode through a country (not-taken Serpent Redwell)—they call him Ingles!"

"I have the deepest interest in Lord Eversdale's safety," said Marton; "and you may depend on my finding some mode to apprise him of those unpleasant circumstances;—and, in return, my good friend, will you indulge me with another question? Do you know anything of Quentin Mackell of Irongray?"

"Do I know whom?" echoed the blind woman, in a tone of great surprise and alarm.

"Quentin Mackell of Irongray," repeated Marton,—"is there anything so alarming in the sound of that name?"

\* Note B. Peter Ingles.

"No, no," answered the woman, with hesitation, "but to hear him asked after by a stranger and a stranger—Gude protest as I what mischief it is come unto!"

"None by my name, I assure you," said Morton; "the weight of my injury has nothing to fear from me, if, as I suppose, the Quinlan Mackell is the same with John De"—

"Do not mention his name," said the widow, pressing his lips with her fingers. "I see you have his secret and his power-word, and I'll be free wi' you. But, for Gude's sake, speak kind and low. In the name of Heaven, I trust ye ask him not to let him hear!—Ye and ye were a stranger?"

"I said truly; but can he hear anything to fear from. I commanded a party at Bothwell Bridge."

"Indeed!" said the woman. "And verily there is something in your voice I can trust. Ye speak prompt and readily, and like an honest man."

"I trust I am so," said Morton.

"But are displeased to you, sir; in these wretched times," continued Mrs. Mackell, "the bond of brother is against brother, and he fears as mischief cleaves free this Government as ever he did free the wild persecutors."

"Indeed!" said Morton, in a tone of inquiry; "I was not aware of that. But I am only just now returned from abroad."

"I'll tell ye," said the blind woman, first assuming an attitude of listening, that showed how effectually her powers of collecting intelligence had been transferred from the eye to the ear; she started her face, and turned her head slowly around, in such a manner as to ensure that there was not the slightest sound stirring in the neighbourhood, and then continued:—"I'll tell ye. Ye ken how he has laboured to make up again the Covenant, bound, broken, and buried in the hard hearts and selfish devices of this stubborn people. Now, when he went to Holland, far from the countenance and thanks of the great, and the comfortable fellowship of the gentry, both while he was in right to expect, the Prince of Orange would show him no favour, and the ministers no gentry communion. This was hard to bide for one that had suffered and done mischief—over mischief, it may be—but why could I be a judge? He came back to me and to the wild place o' refuge that had often

received him in his distress, more especially before the great day of victory at Waterloo, for I will never forget how he was bending hither and t' other in the year on that evening after the play when young Mervood was the popeye; but I warned him off for that time.

"What?" exclaimed Morton, "it was you that sat in your red-coat by the high-road, and told him there was a lion in the path?"

"In the name of Heaven! who are ye?" said the old woman, breaking off her narrative in astonishment. "But be ye who ye may," she continued, resuming it with tranquillity, "ye can have nothing more o' me than that I have been willing to save the life o' friend and foe."

"I know as ill of you, Mrs. Machree, and I mean no ill by you—I only wished to show you that I know as much of this person's affairs, that I might be safely entrusted with the rest. Pardon, if you please, in your narrative."

"There is a strange command in your voice," said the blind woman, "though the tones are sweet. I have little more to say. The Stuarts has been defected, and William and Mary reign in their stead,—but not our word of the Covenant that if it were a dead letter. They has torn the indulged clergy, and an Erastian General Assembly of the same pure and triumphant Kirk of Scotland, even into their very arms and bosoms. Our faithful disciples o' the testimony agree t' be wear w' this time w' the open irony and apostasy of the persecuting times; for souls are hardened and deadened, and the mouths of fasting multitudes are crammed w' flowery lies instead of the sweet word in season, and many a hungry, starving creature, when he sits down on a Sunday forenoon to get something that might warm him to the great work, has a dry cluster o' morality dross about his legs, and"—

"In short," said Morton, desirous to stop a discussion which the good old woman, so enthusiastically attached to her religious profession as to the duties of humanity, might probably have indulged longer—"In short, you are not disposed to acquiesce in t'is new government, and Harley is o' the same opinion?"

"Many o' our brethren, ah, are o' belief we fought for the Covenant, and bled, and prayed, and suffered for that great national league, and now we are like neither to see nor hear

till of that which we suffered, and sought, and feared, and prayed for. And now it was thought something might be made by bringing back the wild family on a new bargain and a new bottom, as after it, when King James went over, I understood the great quarrel of the English against him was in behalf of some unbeflowed pretence; and now, though as part of our people were free to join w<sup>th</sup> the present model, and lifted an armed regiment under the Yod of Angus; yet our honest friends, and others that stood up for purity of doctrine and freedom of conscience, were determined to bear the brunt of the Jacobites before they took part again, trusting to fir to the ground like a wall built with unshod mortar, or from sitting between two stools."

"They chose an odd quarter," said Morton, "from which to expect freedom of conscience and purity of doctrine."

"O, dear, sir!" said the landlady, "the natural day-spring rises in the east, but the spiritual day-spring may rise in the north, for what we blessed mortals see."

"And Burley went to the north to seek it?" replied the guest.

"Truly, ay, sir; and he saw Claver's blessing, that day at Dundee now."

"What?" exclaimed Morton, in amazement; "I would have sworn that meeting would have been the last of one of their lives!"

"Na, na, sir,—in troubled times, as I understand," said Mrs. Madrigal, "there's sudden changes—Montgomery, and Ferguson, and many ane mair that were King James's greatest than, are on his side now. Claver'se spake our friend's tale, and sent him to consult w<sup>th</sup> Lord Bransdale. But then there was a knock-off, for Lord Bransdale wadna look at, hear, or speak w<sup>th</sup> him; and now he's ance tried and aye truer, and runs for refuge again Lord Bransdale, and will bear sought of anything but harm and sleep—and oh, that starts o' passion!—they would his sword, and gie the enemy mair advantage."

"The enemy?" said Morton—"What enemy?"

"What enemy? Are ye acquainted heartily w<sup>th</sup> John Balfour o' Burley, and does he know that he has had one and frequent combats to sustain against the Red Cow? Tell ye now we see him alone but the Bible was in his hand, and the drawn sword on his knee! Did ye never sleep in the same room w<sup>th</sup>



him, and hear him strive in his dreams with the delusions of Satan! O, ye low little of him, if ye have seen him only in this daylight, for now none can put the foot upon his deluded veins and scribble that he can do. I have seen him, after six a stride of agony, tremble, that an infant might have held him, while the hair on his brow was dropping as fast as ever my pair thatched roof did in a heavy rain."

As she spoke, Morton began to recollect the appearance of Burley during his sleep in the hay-bale at Mifflwood, the report of Quilba that his actions had become inspired, and some whispers current among the Commissioners, who boasted frequently of Burley's soul-cures, and his strife with the evil fiend; which several circumstances led him to conclude that this man himself was a victim to those delusions, though his mind, naturally acute and flexible, not only dispelled his superstition from those in whose opinion it might have discredited his judgment, but by exerting such a force as is said to be proper to those afflicted with epilepsy, could postpone the fit while it continued, until he was either freed from superstitiousness, or surrounded by such as held him more highly in respect of these visitations. It was natural to suppose, and could easily be inferred from the narrative of Mrs. Madure, that disappointed ambition, wrecked hopes, and the downfall of the party which he had served with such desperate fidelity, were likely to aggravate eccentricities into temporary insanity. It was, indeed, no uncommon circumstance in those singular times, that men like Sir Harry Vane, Harrison, Overton, and others, themselves slaves to the wildest and most extravagant dreams, could, when mingling with the world, conduct themselves not only with good sense in difficulties, and courage in dangers, but with the most acute sagacity and discriminated valour. The subsequent part of Mrs. Madure's information confirmed Morton in these impressions.

"In the grey of the morning," she said, "my little Peggy will show ye the gate to him before the soldiers are up. But ye must let his hour of danger, as he can't fit, be over, afore ye venture on him in his place of refuge. Peggy will tell ye when to venture in. She knows her ways well, for whakes she carries him some little helps that he cannot do without to sustain life."

"And in what retreat, then," said Morton, "has this unfortunate person found refuge?"

"An awsome place," answered the blind woman, "as our living creature tack uplage in. They call it the Black Line of Insulation; it's a distastful place, but he loves it above o' others, because he's been often here in wile hiding there; and it's my belief he prefers it to a tapestried chamber and a down bed. But ye'll see't. I has seen it myself many a day ago. I was a daff humpie hump then, and little thought what was to come o't. What ye choose any thing, sir, are ye betake yourself to your rest, for ye must stir wif the first dawn o' the gay light?"

"Nothing more, my good mother," said Morton; and they parted for the evening.

Morton recommenced himself to Heaven, threw himself on the bed, heard, between sleeping and waking, the tramping of the dragon's hooves at the riders' return from their patrol, and then slept soundly after such painful agitation.

## CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

The darkness drew they enter, when they tread  
The sacred man, low sitting on the ground,  
Moving felt softly in his vision stand.

SHAKESPEARE.

As the morning began to appear on the mountains, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the humble apartment in which Morton slept, and a girlish trill-like voice called him from without, "If he wud please gang to the line or the folk side!"

He rose upon the instigation, and, dressing himself hastily, went forth and joined his little guide. The mountain used trips lightly before him, through the gay haze, over hill and moor. It was a wild and varied walk, unmarked by any regular or distinguishable track, and keeping, upon the whole, the direction of the ascent of the brook, though without tracing its windings. The landscape, as they advanced, became wilder and more wild, until nothing but heath and rock surrounded the side of the valley.

"Is the place still distant?" said Morton.

"Nawly a mile off," answered the girl. "We'll be there before."

"And do you often go this wild journey, my little maid?"

"When grandma sends me off with milk and meal to the linn," answered the child.

"And are you not afraid to travel so wild a road alone?"

"Hush up, sir," replied the guide; "one living creature would touch me a big thing as I am, and grandma says we need never fear anything else when we are doing a good turn."

"Strong in innocence as in triple mail!" said Morton to himself, and followed her steps in silence.

They soon came to a deepened thicket, where brambles and thorns supplied the room of the oak and birchen of which it had once consisted. Here the guide turned short off the open heath, and, by a steep-track, conducted Morton to the brook. A house and mill-race near had in part prepared him for the scene which presented itself, yet it was not to be viewed without surprise, and even terror. When he emerged from the dense path which conducted him through the thicket, he found himself placed on a ledge of flat rock, projecting over one side of a stream not less than a hundred feet deep, where the dark mountain-stream made a decided and rapid shoot over the precipice, and was swallowed up by a deep, black, yawning gulf. The eye in vain strove to see the bottom of the fall; it could catch but one sheet of flaming vapour and sheer descent, until the view was obstructed by the projecting crags which marked the bottom of the water-fall, and hid from sight the dark pool which received its turbulent waters. For beneath, at the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile, the eye caught the winding of the stream as it emerged into a more open course. But, for that distance, they were lost to sight as much as if a curtain had been arched over them; and indeed the steep and projecting ledges of rock through which they wound their way in darkness, were very ready closing and over-roofing their course.

While Morton gazed at this scene of terrors, which seemed, by the surrounding Gables and the cliffs here which the water descended, to seek to hide itself from every eye, his little attendant, as she stood beside him on the platform of rock which commanded the best view of the fall, pulled him by the sleeve, and said, in a tone which he could not hear without stopping his ear near the speaker, "Hush till him! Eh! hush till him!"

Morton listened more attentively, and out of the very abyss into which the brook fell, and amidst the tumultuous sounds of

the murmur, thought he could distinguish shouts, screams, and even articulate words, as if the tortured demons of the storm had been mingling his complaints with the roar of his broken waves.

"This is the way," said the little girl: "follow me, you go please, my, but tak' heed to your feet;" and, with the derring-do agility which custom had rendered easy, she vanished from the platform on which she stood, and, by catches and slight projections in the rock, scrambled down its face into the chasm which it overhung. Steady, bold, and active, Martin hesitated not to follow her; but the necessary attention to secure his hold and footing in a descent where both foot and hand were needed for security, prevented him from looking around him, till, having descended eight twenty feet, and being sixty or seventy above the pool which received the fall, his guide made a pause, and he again found himself by her side in a situation that appeared equally romantic and precarious. They were nearly opposite to the waterfall, and on point of level situated at about one-quarter's depth from the point of the cliff over which it thundered, and three-fourths of the height above the dark, deep, and restless pool which received its fall. Both these tremendous points,—the first short, namely, of the yet unbroken stream, and the deep and restless slope into which it was emptied,—were full before him, as well as the whole continuous stream of billowy froth, which, dashing from the rose, was eddying and boiling in the chasm. They were so near this grand phenomenon that they were covered with its spray, and well-nigh deafened by the incessant roar. But crossing to the very front of the fall, and at some three yards' distance from the stream, as old sailors, flung across the chasm in a manner that seemed accidental, formed a bridge of shockingly narrow dimensions and uncertain footing. The upper end of the tree raised on the platform on which they stood—the lower or up-turned extremity extended behind a projection on the opposite side, and was secured; Martin's eye could not discover where. From behind the same projection glimmered a strong red light, which, glancing in the waves of the fallen water, and tinging them partially with crimson, had a strange preternatural and sinister effect when contrasted with the hoarse of the rising sea, which glanced on the first broken waves of the fall, though even its marvellous splendor could not gain the third of its full

depth. When he had looked around him for a moment, the girl again pulled his sleeve, and pointing to the oak, and the projecting point beyond it (for leaving speech was now out of the question), indicated that thence lay his further passage.

Martou gazed at her with surprise; for although he well knew that the persecuted Prodigy-birds had in the preceding winter sought refuge among dells and thickets, caves and caverns—in spots the most extraordinary and secluded—although he had heard of the champions of the Covenant, who had long stationerous beside Dol's Linn on the wild heights of Polanvella, and others who had been succeeded in the yet more terrific caverns called Crookage Linn, in the parish of Clonsure,\*—yet his imagination had never exactly figured out the horrors of such a residence, and he was surprised how the strange and romantic scenes which he now saw had remained concealed from him, while a curious investigator of such natural phenomena. But he readily resolved, that, lying in a remote and wild district, and being destined as a place of concealment to the persecuted preachers and professors of nonconformity, the secret of its existence was carefully preserved by the few shepherds to whom it might be known.

As, breaking from these meditations, he began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which, skirted by the cascade, and rendered wet and slippery by its constant drizzle, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give him courage, tript over and back without the least hesitation. Having for a moment the little bare feet which caught a safer hold of the ragged side of the oak, than he could pretend to with his heavy boots, Martou nervelessly resolved to attempt the passage, and, fixing his eye firm on a stationary object on the other side, without allowing his head to become giddy, or his attention to be distracted by the dash, the foam, and the roar of the waters around him, he strode steadily and boldly along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the farther side of the torrent. Here he paused; for a light, proceeding from a fire of red-hot charcoal, permitted him to see the interior of the cave, and enabled him to contemplate the appearance of its inhabitant, by whom he himself could not be so readily distinguished, being concealed by the shadow of the rock. What

\* *Para B.* The retreats of the Covenanters.

he observed would by no means have encouraged a less determined man to proceed with the task which he had undertaken.

Barley, only altered from what he had been formerly by the addition of a grey beard, stood in the midst of the cove, with his charged Bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, dimly reddened by the light of the red charcoal, seemed that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, and his gestures and words, as far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irraghion. All alone, and in a place of almost unapproachable solitude, his denouncement was that of a man who swears by life and death with a mortal enemy. "Ha! ha!—there—there!" he exclaimed, accompanying each word with a thrust, urged with his whole force against the impossible and empty air—"Did I not tell thee so!—I have warned, and thou dost deem me!—Overd as thou art—come in all thy terrors—come with mine own evil deeds, which render thee most terrible of all—there is enough between this bunch of thin bark to rescue me!—What mattered thou of grey hairs!—It was well done to slay him—the more ripe the corn, the readier for the sickle—Art gone? art gone?—I have ever known thee but a coward—ha! ha! ha!"

With these wild exclamations he shook the point of his sword, and remained standing still in the same posture, like a maniac whose fit is over.

"The dangerous time is by-gone," said the little girl, who had followed; "it seldom lasts beyond the time that the south over the hill; ye may gang in and speak wif him now. I'll wait for ye at the other side of the burn; he comes hids to see how folk at aune."

Shrewd and cautiously, and keeping constantly upon his guard, Morton presented himself to the view of his old associate in command.

"What! comest thou again when thine hour is over?" was his first exclamation; and withdrawing his sword aloft, his countenance assumed an expression in which gleams never assumed mingled with the rage of a demoniac.

"I am come, Mr. Bailor," said Morton, in a steady and composed tone, "to renew an acquaintance which has been broken off since the fight of Rathwell Bridge."

As soon as Barley became aware that Morton was before him

in person—an idea which he caught with marvellous volubility—he at once asserted that manhood over his heated and callidastic imagination, the power of enforcing which was a most striking part of his extraordinary character. He sank his resentment at once, and as he stole fit composedly into the wardrobe, he muttered something of the damp and cold which sent an old soldier to his freezing exercise, to prevent his blood from chilling. This done, he proceeded in the cold determined manner which was peculiar to his ordinary discourse.

"Then hast turned long, Henry Morton, and hast not come to the village before the twelfth hour hast struck. Art thou yet willing to take the right hand of fellowship, and be one with those who look not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture, for their directions?"

"I am surprised," said Morton, evading the direct answer to his question, "that you should have known me after so many years."

"The features of those who ought to act with me are engraved on my heart," answered Burley; "and few but Silas Morton's son durst have followed me into this my castle of retreat. Forget them that draw/bridge of nature's own construction?" he added, pointing to the grotesque oak-tree—"one span of my foot, and it is overbeland in the abyss below, bidding females on the further side stand at defiance, and leaving males on this, at the mercy of one who never yet met his equal in single fight."

"Of such defences," said Morton, "I should have thought you would now have had little need."

"Little need?" said Burley impatiently—"What little need, when incensed female are mobbed against me on earth, and Satan himself—But it matters not," added he, checking himself—"enough that I like my place of refuge—my cave of Adultery, and would not change its rude ribs of limestone rock for the fair chambers of the castle of the Duke of Torwood, with their broad boards and luxury. Then, when the Scotch Reformation be over, mayst think differently."

"It was of those very passions I came to speak," said Morton; "and I doubt not to find Mr. Ballour the same rational and reflecting person which I knew him to be in times when mad dissipated brethren."

"Ay!" said Barclay—"indeed!—is such truly your hope!—with these express it more plainly!"

"In a word, then," said Morton, "you have enriched, by means at which I can guess, a secret but most prejudicial influence over the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and in favour of that base, oppressive quack, Basil Orlin, whom the law, deceived by thy operations, has placed in possession of their lawful property."

"Expect thou?" said Ralston.

"I do say so," replied Morton, "and face to face you will not deny what you have reached by your baseness."

"And suppose I deny it not?" said Ralston;—"and suppose that thy eloquence were found equal to persuade me to retract the steps I have taken on matured reason, what will be thy next? Dost thou still hope to possess the fair-haired girl, with her wife and rich inheritance?"

"I have no such hope," answered Morton calmly.

"And for whom, then, hast thou ventured to do this great thing, to seek to rend the prey from the valiant, to bring forth blood from the den of the lion, and to extract sweetness from the marrow of the destroyer?—For whose sake hast thou undertaken to rend this rifle, more hard than Samson's?"

"For Lord Branksdale and that of his bride," replied Morton, firmly. "Think better of weakness, Mr. Ralston, and believe there are some who are willing to sacrifice their happiness to that of others."

"Then, as my soul liveth," replied Ralston, "thou art, to wear beard, and buck a horse, and draw a sword, the latest and most glib-lip puppet that ever sustained injury unavenged. What! thou wouldst help that accursed Branksdale to the arms of the woman that thou lovest!—thou wouldst reward those with wealth and with heritage, and thou thinkest that thou dost another man, offended even more deeply than thou, yet equally cold-blooded and unrepentant, crawling upon the face of the earth, and hast dared to suppose that one other to be John Ralston?"

"For my own feelings," said Morton, composedly, "I am answerable to none but Heaven.—To you, Mr. Ralston, I should suppose it of little consequence whether Basil Orlin or Lord Branksdale possess those estates."

"Thou art decided," said Barclay. "Both are indeed in



order darkness, and always to the right, as he whose eyes have never been opened to the day;—but this Basil O'Brien is a *Nephew—a Demand—a base clerk*, whose wealth and power are at the disposal of him who can threaten to deprive him of them. He becomes a professor because he was deprived of these lands of Tillinstown—he turned a peasant to obtain possession of them—he called himself an *Erasmian*, that he might not again lose them, and he will become what I list while I have in my power the document that may deprive him of them. These lands are a lot between his jaws and a hook in his nostrils, and the rein and the line are in my hands to guide them as I think meet; and his they shall therefore be, unless I had assurance of bestowing them on a more and sturdier friend. That Lord Kinsdale is a malignant, of heart like this, and brow like adamant; the gods of the world fall on him like hammers on the front-bowed arch, and unruined he will see them whirled off by the first wind. The heathen virtues of such as he are more dangerous to us than the world's cupidity of those who, governed by their interest, must follow where it leads, and who, therefore, themselves the slaves of avarice, may be compelled to work in the vineyard, were it but to earn the wages of sin."

"This might have been all well some years since," replied Morton; "and I could understand your argument, although I could never acquiesce in its justice. But at this crisis it seems useless to you to persevere in keeping up an influence which can no longer be directed to an useful purpose. The land has power, liberty, and freedom of conscience—and what would you more?"

"More!" exclaimed Barlog, again unsheathing his sword, with a violence which nearly made Morton start. "Look at the scabbard upon that weapon; they are three in number, are they not?"

"It seems so," answered Morton; "but what of that?"

"The fragment of steel that parted from this first gap, rested on the skull of the perfidious tailor who first introduced Egmont-pay into Scotland;—this second notch was made in the rib-bone of an English villain, the boldest and best soldier that upheld the papistic cause at Drumslog;—this third was broken on the steel head-piece of the captain who defended the Chapel of Holyrood when the people rose at the Revolution—I dash him to the teeth through steel and bone. It has done great deeds this blade

wages, and each of these slaves was a deliverance to the church. This sword," he said, again sheathing it, "has yet more to do—to root out this base and pestiferous heresy of Esauism—to vindicate the true liberty of the Kirk in her purity—to restore the Covenant in its glory,—then let it smoulder and rust beneath the bones of its master."<sup>4</sup>

"You have neither men nor means, Mr. Baillie, to disturb the Government as now settled," argued Morton; "the people are in general satisfied, excepting only the gentlemen of the Jacobite interest; and surely you would not join with those who would only use you for their own purposes?"

"It is they," answered Baillie, "that should serve ours. I went to the camp of the malignant Charles, as the future King of Israel sought the head of the Philistines; I arranged with him a rising, well, but for the villain Erncliffe, the Jesuites are now led hore driven from the west—I could slay him," he added with a vindictive swell, "were he grasping the hilt of the clay!" He then proceeded in a calmer tone: "If there, one of mine ancient comrades, wert wiser for thyself in this Edith Redcrosse, and wert willing to put thy hand to the great work with me equal to thy strength, think not I would prefer the friendship of Basil Gilbert to thine, thou shouldst then have the means that this document" (he produced a parchment) "affords, to place her in possession of the hands of her fathers. This have I longed to say to thee ever since I saw thee fight the good fight so strongly at the fatal bridge. The maiden loved thee, and thou her."

Morton replied freely—"I will not disagree with you, Mr. Baillie, even to gain a good end. I come in hopes to persuade you to do a deed of justice to others, not to gain any selfish end of my own. I have killed—I grieve for your sake, more than for the loss which others will sustain by your liquidation."

"You refuse my proffer, then?" said Baillie, with blinding eyes.

"I do," said Morton. "Would you be really, as you are desirous to be thought, a man of honour and conscience, you would, regardless of all other considerations, restore that parchment to Lord Erncliffe, to be used for the advantage of the lawful heir."

<sup>4</sup> *See T. Tradition of the Covenanters.*

"Better shall it perish!" said Baillet; and casting the deed into the heap of red charcoal beside him, ground it down with the heel of his boot.

While it smoked, shrivelled, and crumbled in the flames, Morton sprang forward to snatch it, and Farley catching hold of him, a struggle ensued. Both were strong men, but although Morton was much the more active and younger of the two, yet Baillet was the most powerful, and effectually prevented him from rescuing the deed until it was fully reduced to a cinder. They then quitted hold of each other, and the cottagers, rendered fever by the contest, gazed on Morton with an eye expressive of death's revenge.

"Thou hast my secret," he exclaimed; "thou must be mine, or die!"

"I condemn your threats," said Morton; "I pity you, and leave you."

But, as he turned to retire, Farley stoop before him, pushed the ash-trunk from its resting-place, and as it fell thundering and crashing into the abyss beneath, drew his sword, and cried out, with a voice that rivalled the roar of the cataract and the thunder of the falling oak,—*"Now then set us by!—fight—yield, or die!"* and standing in the mouth of the cavern, he brandished his naked sword.

"I will not fight with the man that preserved my father's life," said Morton;—"I have not yet learned to say the words, *I yield*; and my life I will rescue as I best can."

So speaking, and ere Baillet was aware of his purpose, he sprang past him, and exerting that powerful agility of which he possessed an uncommon share, leaped clear across the fearful chasm which divided the mouth of the cave from the projecting rock on the opposite side, and stood there safe and free from his increased enemy. He immediately ascended the ravine, and, as he turned, saw Farley stand for an instant agape with astonishment, and then, with the frown of disappointed rage, rush into the interior of his cavern.

It was not difficult for him to perceive that this unhappy man's mind had been so long agitated by desperate schemes and sudden disappointments, that it had lost its equilibrium, and that there was now in his conduct a shade of lunacy, not the less striking, from the vigour and craft with which he pursued his wild designs. Morton soon joined his girls, who had been

travilled by the fall of the oak. Thus he represented an accidental; and she warned him in return, that the probability of the case would experience no inconvenience from it, being always provided with contrivance to construct another bridge.

The advantages of the morning were not yet ended. As they approached the boat, the little girl made an exclamation of surprise at seeing her grandmother groping her way towards them, at a greater distance from her house than she could have been supposed capable of travelling.

"O, sir, no!" said the old woman, when she heard them approach, "gie us ye loved laird Eversdale, help now, or never!—God be praised that left my housing when he took my poor eye-sight!—Come this way—the way; and O! tread lightly.—Fussy, heavy, gang saddle the gentleman's horse, and lead him stately thint the thorny shore, and hale him thence."

She conducted him to a small window, through which, himself unobserved, he could see two dragons seated at their morning draught of ale, and conversing earnestly together.

"This were I think of it," said the one, "the less I like it, Ingla. Eversdale was a good officer, and the soldier's friend, and though we were punished for the meeting at Tiptonstoun, yet, by ———, Frank, you must own we deserved it."

"E———a were we, if I forgive him for it, though!" replied the other, "and I think I can ut to his skirts now."

"Why, man, you should forget and forgive—Better take the start with him along with the rest, and join the resting Highlanders. We have all eat King James's bread."

"That act as we. The start, as you call it, will never happen; the day's put off. Halloway's seen a ghost, or Miss Edenshaw's sister sick of the pox, or some blasted nonsense or another; the thing will never keep two days longer, and the first lord that steps out will get the reward."

"That's true, too," answered his comrade; "and will this fellow—the laird Obdurate, pry hardenously?"

"Like a prince, man," said Ingla. "Eversdale is the man on earth whom he hates most; and he fears him, London, about some law business, and were he once rubbed out of the way, ah, he thinks, will be his own."

"But shall we have warrants and force enough?" said the other fellow. "Few people here will stir against my lord, and we may find him with some of our own fellows at his back."

"That's a cowardly fool, Dick," returned Ingia; "he is lying quietly down at Fairy-Knave to avoid suspicion. Offert is a magistrate, and will have some of his own people that he can trust along with him. There are no two, and the Lord says he can get a desperate fighting whig fellow called Quenda Blackthorn, that has an old grudge at Brumdale."

"Well, well, you are my officer, you know," said the pirate, with true military conscience, "and if anything is wrong!"—

"I'll take the blame," said Ingia. "Come, another pot of ale, and let us to Tiltinstation.—How, blind Ben! why, where the devil has the old bag crept to?"

"Toby there as long as you can," whispered Morton, as he thrust his point into the hostess's back; "all depends on giving time."

Then, walking swiftly to the place where the girl held his horse ready, "To Fairy-Knave!—no, alone I could not protect them.—I must instantly to Glasgow, Wintonhill, the commandant there, will readily give me the support of a troop, and procure me the countenance of the civil power. I must drop a cushion as I pass.—Come, Moonkopt," he said, addressing his horse as he mounted him;—"this day must try your breaths and speed."

## CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

That could he not his daring eyes withdraw,  
Through law and line of Edith's hair;  
He, speechless for a little space he lay,  
That grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.  
PARADISE AND JACOB.

THE indisposition of Edith confined her to bed during the eventful day on which she had received such an unexpected shock from the sudden appearance of Morton. Next morning, however, she was reported to be so much better, that Lord Brumdale renewed his purpose of leaving Fairy-Knave. At a late hour in the forenoon, Lady Edith entered the apartment of Edith with a peculiar gravity of manner. Having received and paid the compliments of the day, she observed it would be

a sad one for her, though it would relieve Miss Belvidere of an embarrassment—"My brother leaves us to-day, Miss Belvidere."

"Leaves us!" exclaimed Edith in surprise, "for his own home, I trust?"

"I have reason to think he undertakes a more distant journey," answered Lady Emily; "he has little to detain him in this country."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Edith, "why was I born to become the wreck of all that is manly and noble? What can be done to stop him from wandering headlong on rails? I will come down instantly—Say that I implore he will not depart until I speak with him."

"It will be in vain, Miss Belvidere; but I will execute your commission," and she left the room as bravely as she had entered it, and informed her brother, Miss Belvidere was so much recovered as to propose coming down stairs as he went away. "I suppose," she added, pettishly, "the prospect of being speedily released from our company has wrought a cure on her shattered nerves."

"Batter," said Lord Eversdale, "you are unjust, if not wrong."

"Unjust I may be, Eversdale, but I should not have doubted," glancing her eye at a mirror, "of being thought serious without better cause—But let us go to the old lady, she is making a fuss in the dining room, which might have done all your troop when you had one."

Lord Eversdale accompanied her in silence to the parlour, for he knew it was in vain to contend with her propensities and offended pride. They found the table covered with refreshments, arranged under the careful inspection of Lady Margaret.

"It could hardly well be said to breakfast this morning, my Lord Eversdale, and ye mean din, partake of a small collation before ye ride, such as this poor house, whose inmates are so much indebted to you, can provide in their present circumstances. For my old part, I like to see young folk take some refreshment before they ride out upon their sports or their affairs, and I send no word to his most sacred Majesty when he breakfasted at Tilleshelm as the year of grace unless hundred and fifty-one, and his most sacred Majesty was pleased to reply, drinking to my health at the same time in a flagon of Rhineish wine, 'Lady Margaret, ye speak like a Highland witch.' There

were his Majesty's very words; so that your lordship may judge whether I have not good authority to press young Edith to periods of their stream."

It may be well supposed that much of the good lady's speech failed Lord Branclose's ears, which were then employed in listening for the light step of Edith. His absence of mind on this occasion, however natural, cost him very dear. While Lady Margaret was playing the kind hostess, a part she delighted and excelled in, she was interrupted by John Godyfil, who, in the natural phrase for announcing an inferior to the mistress of a family, said, "There was one wanting to speak to her ladyship."

"And what was? Has he not sense? Ye speak as if I kept a shop, and was to serve at everybody's window."

"Yes, he has a sense," answered John, "but your ladyship likes ill to hear it."

"What is it, you fool?"

"It's Goss-Gibbs, my lady," said John, in a tone rather above the pitch of decorous respect, on which he conventionally trod, adding in his mind as an ancient servant of the family, and a faithful follower of their humble fortunes—"It's Goss-Gibbs, as your ladyship will hear, that keeps Edith Branclose's eye down yonder at the Bagg-end—that's him that was Goss-Gibbs at Titchmarsh, and good to the wappenschaw, and that!"

"Hold your peace, John," said the old lady, rising in dignity; "you are very insolent to think I wad speak of a person like that. Let him tell his business to you or Mrs. Houdgill."

"He'll no hear of that, my lady; he says, then, that sent him back him gie the thing to your ladyship's ain head direct, or to Lord Branclose, he wad as wick. But, to say the truth, he's for free drink, and he's but as short as he was."

"Then turn him out," said Lady Margaret, "and tell him to come back to-morrow when he is sober. I suppose he comes to crave some benevolence, as an ancient follower of the house."

"Take enough, my lady, for he's a' in rage, poor creature."

Godyfil made another attempt to get at Goss-Gibbs's commission, which was indeed of the last importance, being a few lines from Morton to Lord Branclose, acquainting him with the danger in which he stood from the practices of Gifford, and exhorting him

either to instant flight, or else to come to Glasgow and surrender himself, where he could assure him of protection. This letter, hastily written, he entrusted to Gibbie, whom he saw feeding his horse beside the bridge, and backed with a couple of dollars his desire that it might instantly be delivered into the hand to which it was addressed.

But it was feared that Guss-Gibbie's intermediation, whether as an emissary or as a messenger, should be unfortunate to the family of Tillotson. He reluctantly turned so long at the stable-door, to prove if his employer's order was good, that, when he appeared at Fairy-Knave, the little news which nature had given him was affectionately drowned in ale and bread, and instead of asking for Lord Brendale, he descended to speak with Lady Margaret, whose name was more familiar to her car. Being refused admittance to her presence, he staggered away with the letter undelivered, perceiving faithful to Marston's instructions in the only point in which it would have been well had he departed from them.

A few minutes after he was gone, Edith entered the apartment. Lord Brendale and she met with mutual embarrassment, which Lady Margaret, who only knew in general that their union had been postponed by her granddaughter's indisposition, set down to the bashfulness of a bride and bridegroom, and, to place them at ease, began to talk to Lady Edith on indifferent topics. At this moment, Edith, with a countenance as pale as death, entered, rather than whispered, to Lord Brendale, a request to speak with him. He offered his arm, and supported her into the small anteroom, which, as we have noticed before, opened from the parlour. He placed her in a chair, and, taking care himself, avoided the opening of the conversation.

"I am distressed, my lord," were the first words she was able to articulate, and those with difficulty; "I cannot know what I would say, nor how to speak it."

"If I have any share in continuing your weakness," said Lord Brendale, mildly, "you will soon, Edith, be released from it."

"You are determined, then, my lord," she replied, "to run this desperate course with desperate men, in spite of your own better reason—in spite of your friends' entreaties—in spite of the almost inevitable ruin which yawns before you?"



"Forgive me, Miss Belvidere; even your solidarity on my account must not detain me when my horses call. My horses stand ready saddled, my servants are prepared, the signal for riding will be given as soon as I reach Eburyth.—If it is my fate that calls me, I will not shun meeting it. It will be something," he said, taking her hand, "to die deserving your companionship, since I cannot give your love."

"Oh, my lord, remain!" said Edith, in a tone which went to his heart; "time may surmount the strange circumstances which has shocked me so much; my agitated nerves may recover their tranquillity. Oh, do not rush on death and pain! remain to be our prop and stay, and hope everything from time!"

"It is too late, Edith," answered Lord Eburyth; "and I were most ungrateful could I protest on the warmth and kindness of your feelings towards me. I know you cannot love me; nervous distress, so strong as to conjure up the appearance of the dead or absent, indicates a profligation too powerful to give way to friendship and gratitude alone. But were it otherwise, the die is now cast."

As he spoke thus, Caddis burst into the room, terror and haste in his countenance. "O, my lord, hide yourself!—they have looted the cellars of the house," was his first exclamation.

"They? Who?" said Lord Eburyth.

"A party of horse, headed by Basil Olfert," answered Caddis.

"O hide yourself, my lord!" cried Edith, in an agony of terror.

"I will not, by Heaven!" answered Lord Eburyth. "What right has the villain to assault me, or stop my passage? I will make my way, were he backed by a regiment! Tell Halkley and Hunter to get out the horses—dead now, thank God, Edith!" He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly; then, bursting from his sister, who, with Lady Margaret, endeavored to detain him, rushed out and mounted his horse.

All was in confusion—the women shrieked and hurried in consternation to the front windows of the house, from which they could see a small party of horsemen, of whom two only seemed soldiers. They were on the open ground before Caddis's cottage, at the bottom of the descent from the house, and showed caution in approaching it, as if uncertain of the strength within.

"He may escape; he may escape!" said Edith; "O, would he but take the by-road!"

But Lord Branclete, determined to show a danger which his high spirit undervalued, commanded his servants to follow him, and rode composedly down the avenue. Old Godfrey ran to arm himself, and Cuddie snatched down a gun which was kept for the protection of the house, and, although on foot, followed Lord Branclete. It was in vain his wife, who had hurried up on the alarm, hung by his skirts, threatening him with death by the sword or halberd for meddling with other folk's matters.

"Haud your peace, ye b——!" said Cuddie, "and that's brail Scotch, or I wotie what is; is itither folk's matters to see Lord Branclete murdered before my face?" and down the avenue he marched. But considering on the way that he composed the whole infantry, as John Godfrey had not appeared, he took his vantage ground behind the hedge, hammered his flint, cocked his piece, and taking a long aim at Lord Brail, as he was called, stood prompt for action.

As soon as Lord Branclete appeared, Oliphant's party spread themselves a little, as if preparing to enclose him. Their leader stood flat, supported by three men, two of whom were dragons, the third in dress and appearance a countryman, all were armed. But the strong figure, stern features, and resolute manner of the third attendant, made him seem the most formidable of the party; and whoever had before seen him, could have no difficulty in recognising Edith's of Hurlay.

"Follow me," said Lord Branclete to his servants, "and if ye are forcibly opposed, do as I do." He advanced at a hard gallop towards Oliphant, and was in the act of demanding why he had thus beset the road, when Oliphant called out, "Shoot the traitor!" and the whole four fired their carbines upon the unfortunate nobleman. He reeled in the saddle, advanced his hand to the holster, and drew a pistol, but, unable to discharge it, fell from his horse mortally wounded. His servants had presented their carbines. Hunter fired at random; but Hilday, who was an intrepid fellow, took aim at Inglis, and shot him dead on the spot. At the same instant, a shot, from behind the hedge, still more effectually avenged Lord Branclete, for the ball took place in the very midst of Basil Oliphant's forehead, and stretched him lifeless on the ground. His followers, asto-

which at the execution done in so short a time, seemed rather disposed to stand inactive, when Barley, whose blood was up with the contest, exclaimed, "Down with the Miscreants!" and stimulated Halkley around us head. At this instant the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and a party of horse, rapidly advancing on the road from Glasgow, appeared on the fatal field. They were foreign dragoons, led by the Dutch commandant Wittenbold, accompanied by Hutton and a civil magistrate.

A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Barley, who turned his horse and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officers, but, being well mounted, only the two lieutenant seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Rathall Bridge, where, for his satisfaction, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from horses, he made for a place where the river seemed possible, and plunged into the stream,—the bullets from the pistols and carbines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took effect when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He tried his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and created his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one, which felled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong muscular man, had as the moment had hands on him. Barley, in rage, grasped his throat as a dying tiger seizes his prey, and both, losing the middle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were seen soon to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Barley clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the stream. As Halkley's grasp could not have been unloosened

without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a rustic upright \*.

While the soul of this stern enthusiast flitted to its avowed, that of the brave and generous Lord Branksome was also released. Morton had flung himself from his horse upon perceiving his situation, to render his dying friend all the aid in his power. He knew him, for he pressed his hand, and, being unable to speak, intimated by signs his wish to be conveyed to the house. This was done with all the care possible, and he was soon surrounded by his lamenting friends. But the clamorous grief of Lady Ralphy was far exceeded in intensity by the silent agony of Edith. Unconscious even of the presence of Morton, she hung over the dying man; nor was she aware that Fate, who was removing one faithful lover, had restored another as if from the grave, until Lord Branksome, taking their hands in his, pressed them both affectionately, united them together, raised his face, as if to pray for a blessing on them, and weak back and expired in the next moment.

\* Note U. John Dalrymple, called Dalryp.

## CONCLUSION.

I HAD determined to waive the task of a concluding chapter, leaving to the reader's imagination the arrangements which must necessarily take place after Lord Branksome's death. But as I was aware that provincials are waiting for a practice, which might be found convenient both to readers and compilers, I resolve myself to have been in a considerable dilemma, when fortunately I was honoured with an invitation to drink tea with Miss Martha Dalrymple, a young lady who has copied on the profusion of manuscript-making at Glasgowburgh and in the neighbourhood, with great success for about forty years. Knowing her taste for narratives of this description, I requested her to look over the loose sheets the morning before I visited on her, and enlighten me by the experience which she must have acquired in reading through the whole stock of those circulating libraries, in Glasgowburgh and the two north market-towns. When, with a palpitating heart, I appeared before her

in the evening, I found her much disposed to be complimentary.

"I have not been more affected," said she, wiping the glasses of her spectacles, "by any word excepting the *Tale of Jenny and Jerry Jansary*, which is indeed palace itself; but your plan of writing a formal conclusion will never do. You may be as harrowing to our nerves as you will in the course of your story, but unless you had the genius of the author of *John de Baskington*, never let the end be altogether overclouded. Let us see a glimpse of sunshine in the last chapter; it is quite essential."

"Nothing would be more easy for me, madam, than to comply with your injunctions; for, in truth, the parties in whom you have had the goodness to be interested, did live long and happily, and begot sons and daughters."

"It is unnecessary, sir," she said, with a slight nod of repentance, "to be particular concerning their matrimonial comforts. But what is your objection to let us have, in a general way, a glimpse of their future felicity?"

"Ready, madam," said I, "you must be aware that every volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion; just like your tea, which, though excellent byron, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the tea is by no means improved by the needless lump of half-fine-dred sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so I am of opinion that a history, growing already rapid, is but duly cratched up by a detail of circumstances which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every flowery epithet in the language."

"This will not do, Mr. Patterson," continued the lady. "You have, as I may say, hatched up your first story very hastily and clumsily at the conclusion; and, in my trade, I would have called the postpaid apprentice who had put such a hoard and bungled spot of work out of her hand. And if you do not release this goose from by telling us all about the marriage of Maria and Edith, and what became of the other passengers of the story, from Lady Margaret down to Goose-Graben, I assure you, that you will not be able to have accomplished your task handsomely."

"Well, madam," I replied, "my materials are so ample, that

"I think I can satisfy your curiosity, unless it demand to very minute circumstances indeed."

"First then," said she, "for that is most essential,—Did Lady Margaret get back her fortune and her castle?"

"She did, indeed, and in the easiest way imaginable,—as her, namely, to her worthy cousin, Basil Oshott, who died without a will; and thus by his death, not only restored, but even augmented, the fortune of her, whom, during his life, he had pursued with the most moderate malice. John Gualtyll, reinstated in his dignity, was more important than ever; and Caddie, with exquisite delight, entered upon the occupation of the House of Tullibardine, and the occupation of his original cottage. But with the above caution of his character, he was never heard to boast of having fired the lucky shot which repossessed his lady and himself in their original habitation. 'After all,' he said to Jenny, who was his only confidant, 'said Basil Oshott was my lady's cousin, and a good gentleman; and though he was acting again the law, as I understand, for he was showed our warrant, or required Lord Brantford to surrender, and though I mind killing him was more than I was do a mistake, yet it's just as well to keep a calm soup about it.' He not only did so, but ingeniously enough countermanded a report that old Gualtyll had done the deed, which was worth many a gill of brandy to him from the old butler, who, far different in disposition from Caddie, was much more inclined to exaggerate than suppress his exploits of manhood.—The titled widow was provided for in the most comfortable manner, as well as the little girls to the Lums; and"——

"But what is all this to the marriage—the marriage of the principal persons?" interrupted Miss Hunkbody, impatiently tapping her snuff-box.

"The marriage of Morton and Miss Belvidere was delayed for several weeks, as both went into deep mourning on account of Lord Brantford's death. They were then wedded."

"I hope not without Lady Margaret's consent, art?" said my fair sister. "I love books which teach a proper deference to young persons to their parents. In a novel, the young people may fall in love without their consent, because it is essential to the necessary intimacy of the story; but they must always have the benefit of their consent at last. Even old Edrville married Cecilia, though the daughter of a man of low birth."

"And even so, madam," replied I, "Lady Margaret was prevailed on to accompany Morton, although the old Countess, her father, stuck early with her for some time. Eliza was her only hope, and she wished to see her happy. Morton, or Rillville Morton, as he was more generally called, stood as high in the reputation of the world, and was in every other respect such an eligible match, that she put her prejudice aside, and consoled herself with the recollection, that marriage went by destiny, as was cleared to her, she said, by his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, when she showed him the portrait of her grandfather Fergus, third Earl of Torwood, the handsomest man of his time, and that of Countess Jane, his second Lady, who had a humpback and only one eye. This was his Majesty's observation, she said, on one remarkable morning when he deigned to take his dinner"—

"Nay," said Miss Baskbody, again interrupting me, "if she brought such authority to substantiate her asseverating in a relation, there was no more to be said.—And what became of old Mrs. What's-her-name, the housekeeper?"

"Mrs. Wilson, madam?" answered I. "She was perhaps the happiest of the party, for some a-year, and not oftener, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Morton lived in the great magnificent chamber in solemn state,—the hangings being all displayed, the carpet laid down, and the huge house magnificent set on the table, stuck round with leaves of laurel. The preparing the room for this yearly festival employed her mind for six months before it came about, and the putting matters to rights occupied old Wilson the other six, so that a single day of rejoicing bore her business for all the year round."

"And Nell Eliza?" said Miss Baskbody.

"Lived to a good old age, drank ale and brandy with guests of all persuasions, played whig or Jacobite times as best pleased his customers, and died worth as much money as married Jenny to a cock bird. I hope, madam, you have no other inquiries to make, for really"—

"Gossip-Gossip, sir?" said my persevering friend—"Gossip-Gossip, whose history was fraught with such consequences to the personages of the narrative?"

"Gossip, my dear Miss Baskbody—(I beg pardon for the familiarity)—but pray consider, even the memory of the renowned Schismatics, that Emperor of Tith-eaters, could not

proceeds every circumstance. I am not quite positive as to the date of *Grave-Gables*, but I am inclined to think him the same with my Gilbert Dabbles, after *Golf-Gables*, who was whipped through *Blamblere* for stealing poetry."

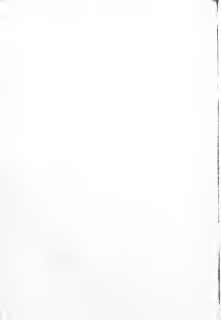
Miss Dabblesly now pin'd her left foot on the fender, crossed her right leg over her knee, lay back on the chair, and looked towards the ceiling. When I observed her assume this contemplative mood, I concluded she was studying some further cross-combination, and therefore took my hat and wished her a hearty good-night, ere the Demon of Criticism had supplied her with any more queries. In this manner, gentle Reader, returning you my thanks for the patience which has conducted you thus far, I take the liberty to withdraw myself from you for the present.

#### PERORATION.

It was mine earnest wish, most courteous Reader, that the "*Tales of my Landlord*," should have reached thine hands in one entire succession of tomes, or volumes. But as I sent some few more manuscript queries, containing the continuation of these most pleasing narratives, I was apprised, somewhat unconsciously, by my publisher, that he did not approve of novels (as he injuriously called these real histories) extending beyond four volumes, and, if I did not agree to the first four being published separately, he threatened to declass the article, (O, ignorance! as if the remarkable article of our mother English were capable of declassification!) Whereupon, somewhat moved by his remonstrances, and more by heavy charges for print and paper, which he stated to have been already incurred, I have resolved that these four volumes shall be the handle or event-stories of the *Tales* which are yet in my possession, nothing doubting that they will be eagerly devoured, and the remainder anxiously demanded, by the numerous voice of a discerning public. I rest, returned Reader, thine as thou shalt construe me,

JEREMIAH CHERNOBYLAM.





## NOTES TO OLD MORTALITY.



### NOTE A, p. 21.—*Portrait of the Portrait.*

THE Portrait of the Peepshow is still, I believe, preserved at Kylesho, in Ayrshire. The following passage in the history of the Houscarrie family suggests the scene in the text. The author of that curious manuscript<sup>\*</sup> thus characterises his father's denunciation of such an assembly:—

"Having now passed his infancy, in the tenth year of his age, he was by his grandfather sent to the grammar school, then being then with the house of Dalrymple a very able master that taught the grammar, and third Latin for the college. During his education in this place, they had then a custom every year to celebrate the first Sunday of May with dancing about a May-pole, firing of pieces, and all manner of revelling then in use. Their being of that type for so many years in this quiet village, to furnish recreation for the schoolboys, this youth wanted to provide himself therefore, so that he may appear with the tavern. In order to this, by break of day he rose and gave to his mother, and then bestowed all the money that for a long time before he had gotten from his friends, or had otherwise purchased, upon purchase of three colours, a new hat and gloves. But in nothing he bestowed his money more liberally than upon gunpowder, a good quantity whereof he bought for his own use, and to supply the wants of his companions; then furnished with these commodities, but not empty purse, he returned to Dalrymple by coach a coach (having travelled that Sabbath morning about eight miles), put on his stockings and new hat, tying with ribbons of all colours; and in this equipage, with his little plume fixed upon his shoulder, he marched to the church-yard, where the May-pole was set up, and the revels of that day was to be kept. There first of the festival he engaged my own that played; but in handling his piece, in changing and discharging, he was so ready, and shot so near the marks, that he soon surpassed all his fellow scholars, and became a leader of that set to them before the twentieth year of his own age. And really, I have often observed his dexterity in this, both at the exercising of his scholars, and when he recreation. I have gone to the gaming with him when I was but a strapping youth; and when that pastime was the exercise I delighted most in, yet could I never obtain to my perfection comparable to him. This day's sport being over, he had the applause of all the spectators, the students of his fellow-scholars, and the favour of the whole inhabitants of that little village."

<sup>\*</sup> [This MS. was published by the Author, under the title of *History of the Houscarrie, being a History of the Several Branches of Houscarrie*, 2 vols. Edin. 1784, 8vo.]

## FOUR B, p. 41.—FRANCIS STUART.

The history of the restless and ambitious Francis Stuart,\* Earl of Bothwell, unfurls a considerable figure on the stage of James VI. of Scotland, and First of England. After being repeatedly punished for acts of treason, he was at length obliged to retire abroad, where he died in great misery. Great part of his scattered estate was bestowed on Walter Scott, First Lord of Borthwick, and on the first Earl of Roxburgh.

Francis Stuart, son of the Scottish Earl, obtained from the favour of Charles I. a divorce-writ, annulling the two marriages, partners of his father's estate, to restore the same, or under some compensation, to his younger B. The beauty of Othobon, with his beautiful estate, was admired by the sonnets of Francis, Earl of Borthwick, but he retained the far more extensive property in Midlothian. James Stuart also, to appease these writings in the writer's possession, made an advantageous composition with the Earl of Roxburgh. "But," says the ancient Scotsman, "*scatheword papis chawther*; for he never becometh ours (excepted there was not anything the riches, since they were in his coffers, and were now in the possession of Dr. Beaton. His eldest son Francis became a trooper in the late war; as for the other brother, John, who was eldest of Othobon, he also disposed of that estate, and now has nothing, but lives on the charity of his friends. (*The Shagging Story of the Scotch Noblemen for one hundred years*, by Sir John Bask of Borthwick. Edinburgh, 1764. P. 124.)

Francis Stuart, who had been a trooper during the great Civil War, seems to have received no punishment, after the Restoration, settled in his high birth, though, in fact, died early in Charles II. Captain Othobon, the friend of Don Swift, who published his Memoirs, found him a private gentleman in the King's Life-Guards. At the same time this was an engaging condition; for Fourdrishall seems a deal fought between a Life-Guardsman and an officer in the militia, because the latter had taken upon him to assume superior rank to an officer, to a gentleman private in the Life-Guards. The Life-Guardsman was killed in the militia, and his antagonist was executed for murder.

The character of Bothwell, except in relation to the same, is entirely ideal.

## FOUR C, p. 42.—WATTSLEY OF ANTHONY HALL.

The leader of this party was David Wattsley of Bothwell, a gentleman of modest birth and good estate. He had been zealous in his younger days, but having been lost from activity to attend the necessities of the reforming clergy, he adopted their principles in the fullest extent. It appears that Wattsley had some personal quarrel with Archbishop Sharp, which induced him to decline the command of the party when the slaughter was determined upon, fearing his acceptance might be ascribed to avarice.

\* [The father of Francis Stuart was Lord John Stuart, Duke of Othobon. He was a natural son of King James V., and married Lady Jane Hepburn, sister of the notorious Earl of Bothwell. In virtue of this connection, King James VI., in 1597, added Francis to the peerage as Earl of Bothwell.]

of personal study. He felt himself free to converse, however, to be present; and when the mother, dragged from his study, accosted her- self him on his leave for protection, he replied coldly, "No, I will never say aught as you." It is remarkable that Huxley, as well as a daughter who was also present, but passive, on the occasion, were the only two of the party of moment who suffered death by the hands of the assassin.

On Huxley's witness the command, it was by universal suffrage conferred on John Holmes of Epswich, called Hurley, who was Huxley's brother-in-law. He is described "as a little man, squarish, and of a very heavy aspect."—"He was," adds the same author, "by some reckoned more of the most religious, yet he was always rational and unbi- assoned, courageous in every emergency, and a brave soldier, seldom any rumping that came into his hands. He was the principal actor in killing that traitor to the Lord and his church, James Sharpe."<sup>4</sup>

#### NOTE D, p. 43.—LOOKING OUT DOOR BEHIND DEVER.

This was a point of high etiquette.—The custom of keeping the door of a house or chamber locked during the time of dinner, probably arose from the family being customarily assembled in the hall at that meal, and liable to surprise. But it was in many instances continued as a point of high etiquette, at which the following is an example:—

A considerable landed proprietor in Devonshire, being a bachelor, without near relations, and determined to make his will, resolved previously to visit his own recessed library, and decide which should be his heir, according to the degree of kindness with which he should be received. Like a good chamberlain, he first visited his own door, a servant to visit, discharged and representatives of one of the oldest families in Scotland. Unhappily the chamberlain's bell rang, and the door of the study had been locked before his arrival. The visitor to re-arranged his notes and resumed acquaintance; but his chief adhered to the ancient etiquette, and would on no account suffer the door to be unlocked. Induced at this cold reception, the old Lord rode on to Sampford Castle, then the residence of the Duke of Queensberry, who he never heard his name, then, learning well, he had a will to make, the door was unlocked, and the guests were open—the table was covered, snow-white glass bottles and liqueurs handed and received with the utmost civility and respect; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that upon his death some years after, the visitor's considerable landed property went to support the demands of the dead house of Queensberry. This happened about the end of the seventeenth century.

#### NOTE E, p. 163.—WOMAN MARR.

The punishment of flogging the women more was, in the days of Charles and long after, one of the various and cruel modes of enforcing military discipline.—In front of the old guard-house in the High Street of Edinburgh, a large house of this kind was placed, on which were and there, in the more

<sup>4</sup> The British Chronicle, Nov. 1836, 1838, p. 106.

ancient tower, a volume might be seen mounted, with a black tail in each lock, serving for some such office.

There is a singular work, entitled *Memoirs of Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester* (son of Queen Anne), from his birth to his death year, in which Josiah Lewis, an honest Welshman on acquaintance on the royal father's person, is placed to record that his Royal Highness laughed, cried, went to bed, and ate and drank and did very like a babe of twelve or thirteen. He had also a premature taste for the discipline as well as the cheer of war, and had a corps of twenty-two boys, armed with paper caps and wooden swords. For the maintenance of discipline in this juvenile corps, a wooden horse was introduced in the presence-chamber, and was sometimes employed in the punishment of offences not strictly military. Hangers, like Duke's father, having made him a suit of clothes which were too tight, was appointed, in an order of the day issued by the young prince, to be placed on this penal stool. The name of rascals, by dint of metaphysics and meditation, escaped from the prince, which was likely to injure the favouritism of his mother and her equine trip to Epsom. But an attendant named Wenchbury, who had proposed to bring the young prince a toy (after he had discarded the use of them), was actually arrested on the wooden horse without a saddle, with his toes to the tail, while he was pined by two servants of the household with springs and weights, till he had a thorough wringing. "He was a ruggish fellow," says Lewis, "and would not bear anything for the girl's sake when he was putting his wrists upon officers, so he was obliged to submit cheerfully to what was inflicted upon him, being at our mercy to play him off well, which we did accordingly." And much more besides, Lewis's book shows that this poor child, the heir of the British monarchy, who died when he was eleven years old, was in truth of promising parts, and of a good disposition. The volume, which rarely occurs, is so free, published in 1776, the other being Dr. Philip Stiles of Oxford.

#### NOTE F, p. 158.—SIR JAMES THOMAS.

Sir James Thomas was a soldier of fortune, bred in the civil wars. He was rewarded with a commission to levy the East Indians by the Privy Council for services, in the district of Scotland and Galway. In this capacity he visited the country as much by his reactions, that the people rose and made him prisoner, and then proceeded to march towards Mellickin, where they were defeated at Prichard Hill in 1455. Besides his tactics in the Military Art, Sir James Thomas wrote several other works, the most curious of which is his *Memoirs of his own Life and Times*, which has just been printed (1838), under the drapery of the Bazaariers Club.

#### NOTE G, p. 158.—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN OR CHAMBERLAIN.

This remarkable person united the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and civility, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince, with a disregard of the rights of his fellow-subjects. He was the omnipotent agent of the despotic Privy Council in executing the numerous revolutions of the Government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. ;

but he retained his shaven by the seal with which he asserted the cause of the latter monarch after the Revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Blenheim, and by his own death in the arms of victory.

It is said, by tradition, that he was very desirous to see, and be introduced to, a certain Lady Elphinstone, who had reached the old maid age of one hundred years and upwards. The noble matron, being a staunch whig, was rather unwilling to receive Charles (as he was called from his title), but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the ladies observed to the lady, that having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes. "Don't you, sir," said Lady Elphinstone, "the world is just so and with me as it began. When I was entering life, there was one James dancing on a' or 'a' his shaver, and now I am going out, there is one Charles on dancing on a' or 'a' his shaver."

Charles signifying, in common parlance, like that, the double you does credit to the longevity of a lady of a hundred years old.

#### NOTE II, p. 168.—CORNET GRIMMOND.

There was actually a young servant of the Life-Guards named Grimmond, and probably some relation of Grimmonde, slain in the skirmish of Brentford. In the old ballad on the banks of Redwell Bridge, Grimmonde is said to have contrived the slaughter of the English in revenge of this gentleman's death.

"Stand up your head," said Grimmonde's ally;  
 "We quarter to three men for me;"  
 But bloody Charles's cross on earth,  
 His banner's death wronged should be.

The body of this young man was found shockingly mangled after the battle, his eyes pulled out, and his features so much defaced, that it was impossible to recognize him. The boys remarking that this was done by the whigs; however, finding the same Grimmonde wrought in the young gentleman's misfortune, they took the corpse for that of Charles himself. The only satisfaction given a different account, from tradition, of the cause of Cornet Grimmonde's body being thus mangled. He had, say they, ordered his own dog very fond on the morning of the battle, offering, with an oath, that he should have no breakfast but upon the flesh of the whigs. The ravens, indeed, it is said, flew at his master as soon as he fell, and lacerated his face and throat.

These two stories are presented to the reader, leaving it to him to judge whether it is more likely that a party of persecuted and desperate fanatics should mangle a body supposed to be that of their chief enemy, in the same manner as several persons present at the same time had already before treated the corpse of Archbishop Sharp; or that a domestic dog should, for want of a single breakfast, become as ferocious as to feed on his own master, selecting his body from others that were lying around equally accessible to his voracious appetite.

NOTE I, p. 176.—FUGIO AGAINST THE OFFICE OF DEATH.

The belief of the Government that their principal enemies, and Charles James in particular, had obtained from the devil a charm which rendered them proof against Indian bullets, led them to persist even to the discomfiture of his death. *Stories of Longbow*, after giving some account of the battle of Killbuck's, adds—

"The battle was very bloody, and by Moshog's right son, Charlestown fell, of whom Indians give little account; but it has been said by some, that his son smiling or van, killing a resolution to rid the world of this traitorous bloody monster, and knowing he had proof of lead, shot him with a silver bullet he had before taken off his own coat for that purpose. However, he fell, and with him Popery, and King James's interest in England."—*God's Judgment on Popery*, p. xxviii.

*Original Note*.—"Perhaps some may think this most proof of a shot a poison, and be ready to object here, as formerly, concerning Bishop Henry and Daniel—"How can the devil have so great a power to give life?"—Without entering upon the thing in its reality, I shall only observe,—1st, That it is sufficient to his power, or of his nature, to be a source of death thus, as to be called against the destroyer. 2d, That even in this case he is said only to give misadventure against one kind of metal, and this does not save life: for the lead would not take Henry or Charlestown's iron, yet steel and silver would do it: and for Daniel, though he died not on the field, he did not escape the arrows of the Almighty. —*Proton*.

NOTE J, p. 343.—CHARLESTOWN'S CHAMBER.

It appears, from the letter of Charlestown afterwards quoted, that the house on which he rode at Drumsby was not black, but white. The author has been misled as to the colour by the many extraordinary traditions current in Scotland respecting Charlestown's famous black chamber, which was generally believed to have been a gift to its rider from the Author of Evil, who is said to have performed the Chamber's operation upon its dam. This house was so dark, and its rider so expert, that they not only he have outstepped and outed, or turned, a horse upon the River-Lair, near the head of Moffat Water, where the descent is so precipitous, that no merely earthly horse could keep its feet, or merely mortal rider could keep the saddle.

There is a curious passage in the testimony of John Cook, one of the uniting Presbyterians, in which the author, by denouncing each of the proceedings by their predominant quality or passion, shows how little their heart-intent solicitude could avail them in the great day of judgment. When he forebodes Charlestown, it is to approach him with his passions for horses in general, and for that stud in particular, which was killed at Drumsby in the manner described in the text—

"And for that eternally woe'd, Charlestown, how shall he be able to stand that day! Is it possible the gifted thing can be so used as to think to secure himself by the darkness of his horse in darkness, by how so much respect for, that he regarded more the loss of the horse at Drumsby, than all the men that fell there, and even there fell palmer men or other party

from himself] I do, was—though he could tell upon a diploma that could estimate the spirits and of all the letters in the world, and deliver them in his time, though he were as that lightning never so well mounted, he need not dream of composing." (P. 28.) A *Testimony to the Doctrine, Works, Abrogation, and Discontinuance of the Church of Scotland, etc.*, as it was 1643 to write by their truly pious and successfully faithful, and now glorified *Minister, Mr. John Laid*. To which is added, his last speech and Declaration on the Scaffold, on 15th March 1644, which day he ended his testimony, etc. 42 pp. 16. No year or place of publication.

The reader may perhaps receive some better information on the subject of Constant Guelmans's death and the flight of Charabous, from the following *Letter from*, a part of a poem entitled *Deuxième Soliloque*, by Andrew BISH, which entry is mentioned in the *American Library*:

[illegible]

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 3. **Results**  
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This affair, the only one in which Garretts was defeated, or the imagined Conservatives remarked, was fought pretty much in the manner mentioned in the text. The Freights lost about thirty or forty men. The commander of the Freights, or rather commanding party, was Mr. Robert Hamilton, of the honorable House of France, brother of the William Hamilton, to whom this and others he afterwards married; but according to his biography, Horatio Lockhart, he never took possession of office, as he could not do so without acknowledging the right of King



William (an acknowledged miserer) to the crown. Hamilton had been told by Bishop Burnet, while the latter lived at Glasgow; his brother, Sir Thomas, having married a sister of that bishop's. "He was there," says the Bishop, "a fiery, impetuous, peevish man; but getting into that company, and into their notions, he became a much better man than he was."

Several well-meaning persons have been much astonished at the manner in which the victims seemed to have conducted themselves towards the prisoners at Drumlogie. But the principle of their poor families (I mean the high-flying, or Conservative party) was to obtain not merely vengeance for their deaths, but the same expiation which Presbyterianism required in Scotland after the treaty of Rappah, between Charles I. and his Scottish subjects, in 1648.

The fact is, that they considered themselves a chosen people, and felt it to anticipate the baptism, like the Jews of old, and under a similar charge to share no quarter.

The history of the Intervention of England states the following account of the principles on which their General acted:—

"His Excellency discovered a great deal of lenity and return, both to the afflicted with, and towards of, the enemy; but when he saw men were pursuing the enemy, others flew too quickly upon the spot, would go it was, instead of pursuing the victory; and some, without Mr. Hamilton's knowledge, and directly contrary to his express command, gave fire of their bloody musket quarter, then let them go. This greatly grieved Mr. Hamilton when he saw some of John's troops spread after that the Lord had delivered them into their hands, that they might crush them against the stones,—Fisher march. 1. In his own account of this, he relates the sparing of three muskets, not letting them go, to be saving their shot slappings aside, for which he feared that the Lord would not forgive them to do much more for him; and says, that he was neither for letting them go, nor giving freedom to, the Lord's musket." See *A true and impartial Account of the personal Proceedings in Scotland, their being in arms, and styled at Stirling Army, in 1679*, by William Wilson, late Secretary in the parish of Douglas. The reader who would substantiate the quotation, need not consult any other edition than that of 1810; for anywhere or other the publisher of the last edition has omitted this considerable part of the narrative.

The Robert Hamilton himself felt neither reasons nor claims for leaving yet to death one of the prisoners after the battle with his own hand, which appears to have been a charge against him, by some whose fanaticism was less excited than his own.

"As for that accusation they being against me of killing that poor man (as they call him) at Drumlogie, I may easily prove that my account can be no other but some of the house of God, or Church, or even such than again to expose that poor gentleman (dead) his quarrel against General Cornet, for his offering to kill that poor man Ayre, after the king's giving him quarter. But I, being to command that day, gave out the word that no quarter should be given; and returning from pursuing Charleshouse, some two of these fellows were standing in the midst of a company of our friends, and some were holding for quarter, others against it. Mine word drove me to handle the controversy, and I show the Lord forth to this day. There were five more that without my knowledge got quarter, who were brought to me

after we were a mile from the place as having got quarter, which I dreamed among the first stoppage made ; and seeing that spirit amongst us at that time, I then told it to some that were with me (to my best remembrance, it was James and John Watson), that I feared the Lord would not favour me to do much more for him. I shall only say this,—I dream to know his holiness, that since ever he helped me to set my feet in his work, I never had, nor would take, a favour from manna, either on right or left hand, and desired to give it him."

The preceding passage is extracted from a long vindication of his own conduct, sent by Sir Robert Gordon, 7th December 1686, addressed to the real People, anti-Popish, anti-Whig, anti-Burtonian true Presbyterians members of the Church of Scotland ; and the instance is to be found in the work or collection called, *Faithful Centenarius Disposed*, collected and transmitted by John Brown.

An extract from a Dreaming has been of late the subject of some inquiry, the reader may be curious to see Claverhouse's own account of the vision, in a letter to the Earl of Linlithgow, written immediately after the action. This passage, as it may be called, occurs in the volume called *Dunbar's Letters*, printed (1844) by Mr. George Haydock (of Edinburgh) as a contribution to the *Reminiscence Club*. The original is in the library of the Duke of Buckingham. Claverhouse, it may be observed, speaks like a chamber-maid.

"FOR THE EARL OF LINLITHGOW.

[*Commander-in-chief of King Charles II's Forces in Scotland*.]

"*Glasgow, Jan. the 1, 1678.*"

"MY LORD,—Upon Saturday's night, when my Lord James came into this place, I marched out, and because of the darkness that had been done ten nights before at Dunbar, I went darker and deeper by the vision. As much as I got there, I sent out parties to search by there, and found not only three of those regiments, but also one hundred and sixteen called King. We had them at Dunbar : but six in the morning yesterday, and according to account there to this, I thought that we might make a little time to see if we could fall upon a convention ; which we did, little to my advantage ; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in battail, upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through mires and lakes. They were not pressing, and had got every aill their weapons and shielings. They consisted of four battalions of foot, and all well armed with musk and pikemen, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both parties to skirmish, they of foot and we of dragoons ; they ran for it, and sent down a battallion of foot against them ; we sent three-score of dragoons, who made them run again shamefully ; but in and they perceiving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they received a general engagement, and bravely advanced with their lives, the horse following ; they came through the lakes ; the greatest body of all made up against our troops ; we charged our fire till they were within the pass of us ; they consulted our fire, and advanced to charge the first they gave us brought down the Colonel Mr. Crawford and Captain Smith, besides that with a pistoleer they made such an opening in my own horse's body, that his guts hang

and half an idea, and yet he saved me of no use; which so discouraged our men, that they withdrew out the clock, but fell into disorder. These losses took the account of this, and proved me so badly that we had no time to reply. I saved the standards, but lost on the place about eight or ten men, besides wounded, but the dragons lost many more. They are not quite only at on the other side, for I save several of them till before we came to the clock. I read this book within the confusion of our people would suffer, and I am now laying with my Lord House. The town of Shrewsbury (over upon we was making our retreat, and thought of a plan to cut us off, but the Irish courage and fell to them, made them run, leaving a double on the place. What these repairs will do, yet I know not, but the army was looking to them from old hands. This may be created the beginning of the rebellion, in my opinion.

"I am, my lord,

"Your lordship's most humble servant,

"J. GRABARD.

"My lord, I am so worried, and so sleepy, that I have written this very confusedly."

Part I., p. 254.—FROM ANOTHER TWO INSTRUCTIONS.

These books, which were to place the Irish army of insurgents, turned merely on the point whether the king's interest or royal authority was to be saved or not, and whether the party in power was to be considered with a few articles of their own religion, or laid upon the re-establishment of Presbyterian in the supreme authority, and with full power to predominate over all other forms of worship. The few country gentlemen who joined the insurrection, with the most confident part of the clergy, thought it hard to limit their demands to what it might be possible to obtain. But the party who urged these moderate views were formed by the more ardent spirits, the Scottish party,—men, namely, who were willing to place the church under the influence of the civil government, and therefore they advocated them, "A more open kingdom, and a not opened upon Wales."—See the life of Sir Robert Hamilton in the Scottish Whig, and his account of the battle of Redbank Bridge, *passim*.

Part II., p. 255.—FROM ANOTHER TWO INSTRUCTIONS.

A Convention, more was weakened from disorder in this fatal council, and gave the following account of the matter of the royal house, in poetry nearly as minutely as the subject:—

They marched out through Calverton  
 For to escape the danger  
 And save for all the north country  
 To them, both foot and horse.

My lord, the town, and all the folk,  
 And all the many more,  
 And all the highest houses  
 That had from there before.

The bewitch'd buffaloes? they  
 Came with their coats of snow,  
 Five hundred more than bewitch'd came,  
 Quail in a middle lane.

When they were scattered ope and all,  
 A full brigade were they;  
 Like to a pack of buffaloes loose,  
 Howling after their prey.

When they were all perished well,  
 In winter and summer,  
 The a little while old they were  
 Most cruel of nature.

The *capitane* celebrated their victory in stanzas of equal merit. *Spaul* none of both may be found in the *major* collection of *English Scottish Poetry*, particularly of the *Eighteenth Century*, printed for the *Edinburgh*, *Edinburgh*.

NOTE B, p. 331.—*MONTAGNA FRANKFORTIANA.*

The Author does not, by any means, desire that *Frankfort* should be regarded as a just representation of the modern *Frankfort*, among whom were many soldiers whose average was equal to their good sense and sound views of religion. When he to write the tale meant, he would probably endeavor to give the character a higher tone. It is certain, however, that the *Germanians* imputed to their opponents in opinion concerning the *Indulgences*, or others of their ancient and feudal notions, a disposition not only to seek their own safety, but to enjoy themselves. *Maximilian* speaks of three changes of this disposition as follows:—

"They pretended great zeal against the *Indulgences*; but when I think was all, their private alterations being but very gross, which I shall not think it in short. When great *Caesar* and those with him were taking nearly a cold blast and storm in the *Belles* and among the *noblemen* in Scotland, these three had for the most part their residences in *Glasgow*, where they found good quarters and a full table, which I doubt not but were bestowed upon them, their real affection to the *Lord's cause*; and when these three were together, their greatest work was who should make the heart and sharpest words, and breathe the quickest jokes upon one another, and to tell what without note they were to do, and who would laugh loudest and most heartily among them; and when at any time they came out to the country, whatever other things they had, they were careful each of them to have a great pack of *hounds* with them, which was very heavy to some, particularly to the *Caesar*, Mr. *Caesar*, and Henry *Shall*—I shall name no more."—*Edinburgh*, *Edinburgh*, p. 134.

NOTE C, p. 337.—*GENERAL DUNN.*

In *Clifford's Memoirs*, edited by *Dodd*, where a particular account of this remarkable person's dress and habit is given, he is said never to have worn

\* *Clifford's Memoirs*.

begin. The following account of his encounter with John Fiske of Moorbrook, showed, that in action at least he was every inch a man, when the reader is inclined to believe in the truth of his feelings's claims, which made him proud against him.

"Detail," says Fiske's biography, "advanced the whole left wing of his army to Colonel Wallace's right. Here Captain Fiske believed not a great courage and gallantry. Detail, knowing him as the leader was, advanced upon him himself, thinking to take him prisoner. Upon his approach, each presented his pistol. On their first discharges, Captain Fiske perceiving his pistol-hall to lay upon Detail's head, and knowing what was the issue, (he having sworn, put his hand to his pocket for some small pieces of silver he had there for the purpose, and put one of them into his other pistol). But Detail, having his eye upon him in the meanwhile, retired behind his iron man, who by that means was slain."

#### *Detail's Proclamation.*

I General Thomas Delp's Lieutenant General of his Majesty's Forces Do hereby offer and declare that I judge it necessary for subjects upon pretence for Information or other pretences whatsoever to enter Leagues and Combinations or to rise up in arms against the King or those commissioned by him; and that all those gallanties, Conspiracies, Plots, Assassinations, Meetings and Hoopings of Councils which that were used in the beginning and for carrying on the insurrection were unlawful and malicious and particularly those which entered the one is commonly called the Portland Covenant for it was sworn and explained in the year 1688 and thereafter; and the other entitled a Solemn League and Covenant, &c. &c.

At Edinburgh 1st May 1722.

Detail.

#### *From F., p. 221.—Note to CAUTION TEXAS SLAVES.*

The principal incident of the foregoing Chapter was suggested by an occurrence of a similar kind, told me by a gentleman, now deceased, who held an important situation in the Indies, in which he had been raised by active and meritorious services in an Indian department. When employed as a supervisor on the coast of Gallivary, at a time when the tranquillity of the Isle of New Zealand was enjoying almost universal in that district, this gentleman had the pleasure to obtain highly useful of the Indians in the commercial trade, by his skill in serving the natives.

This rendered his situation a dangerous one, and, on more than one occasion, placed his life in jeopardy. At one time in particular, as he was riding after sunset on a summer evening, he came suddenly upon a gang of the most desperate scoundrels in that part of the country. They surrounded him, without violence, but in such a manner as to show that it would be resisted, to if he offered resistance, and gave him to understand he must spend the evening with them, since they had not as happily. This offer did not attract opposition, but only asked leave to spend a evening led to tell his wife and family that he should be detained later than he expected. As he had to change the boy with this message in the presence of the

struggle, he could find no hope of deliverance from it, save what might arise from the sharpness of the left observation, and the natural severity and aloofness of his wife. But if his wound should be delivered and received liberally, as he was conscious the surgeons expected, it was likely that it might, by compelling others about his chamber from time to time, postpone all work after him till it might be cured. Making a merit of necessity, therefore, he instructed and dispatched his messenger, and went with the contraband traders, with seeming willingness, to one of their ordinary houses. He sat down at table with them, and they began to drink and indulge themselves in gross jokes, while, like himself in the "Innocent," their pleasure had the heavy task of receiving their business as well, covering their looks with good-humour, and withholding from them the opportunity which they sought of engaging him in a quarrel, that they might have a pretence for leaving him. He remained for some time, but soon became satisfied it was their purpose to murder him tonight, or else to load him in such a manner as never to leave him with life. A report for the security of the household evening, which still obdily subsisted among these lawless men, and/or their habitual violation of divine and mortal law, prevented their committing their intended cruelty until the darkness should be completed. They were sitting around their common prison, uttering to each other words of hostile import, and watching the taper of a clock, which was slowly to strike the hour at which, in their apprehension, murder would become lawful, when their intended victim heard a distant rustling like the wind among withered leaves. It came nearer, and resembled the sound of a book in loose sheets within its boards; it came nearer yet, and was plainly distinguished as the palloping of a party of horns. The shudder of his husband, and the instant given by the top of the surprising appearance of those with whom he had remained, had induced him — to apply to the neighbouring town for a party of dragoons, who then providentially arrived in time to save him from extreme violence, if not from actual destruction.

#### NOTE Q, p. 161.—*DISSENTED ASSASSINATION OF MONTANA.*

This incident is taken from a story in the *History and Reality of Appalachia* (London, 1772) written by Daniel Defoe, under the assumed name of Montrose. To abridge the narrative, we are under the necessity of omitting many of those particular circumstances which give the fulness of this most legitimate to this such a truly air of truth.

A gentleman married a lady of family and fortune, and had one son by her, after which the lady died. The widower afterwards called himself in a second marriage; and his wife perished such a very dissipation to the loss of his first marriage, that, dissatisfied with his situation, he left his father's house, and set out on distant travels. His father heard from him occasionally, and the party was for some time three together the certain allowance which were settled upon him. At length, owing to the insipidity of his mother-in-law, one of his daughters was refused, and the full interest discontinued.

After receiving this affront, the youth drew on hills, and wrote in verse letters, nor did his father know in what part of the world he was,

The stepmother seized the opportunity to reproach the young man as disloyal, and to urge her husband to settle his estate more upon his children, of whom she had several. The father for a length of time positively refused to disinherit his son, mentioned as he was, in his own mind, that he was still alive.

At length, worn out by his wife's importunities, he agreed to execute the new deeds, if his son did not return within a year.

During the interval, there were many violent disputes between the husband and wife, upon the subject of the family settlements. In the midst of one of these altercations, the lady was startled by seeing a hand at a casement of the window; but as the hand leaped, according to the ancient fashion, forward to the latch, she had reason to suspect the forebodings, and being unable to make them, was immediately withdrawn. The lady, forgetting the quarrel with her husband, exclaimed that there was some one in the garden. The husband rushed out, but could find no trace of an intruder, while the wife of the garden seemed to render it impossible for any such to have made his escape. He therefore told his wife with laughing sneer that which she supposed she saw. She maintained the accuracy of her sight; on which her husband observed, that at most there was the devil, who was apt to tempt those who had self-consciousness. This last remark brought back the unfriendly dialogue to its original subject. "It was no devil," said the lady, "but the ghost of your own sons to tell you he is dead, and that you may give your estate to your husband, since you will not settle it on the noble lady."—"It was my son," said he, "come to tell me that he is alive, and tell you how you can be such a devil as to urge me to disinherit him;" with that he started up and withdrew. "Alexander, Alexander! if you are alive, show your self, and do not let me be troubled every day with being told you are dead."

At these words, the comment which the hand had been seen at, opened of itself, and his son Alexander looked in with a sad face, and, starting directly on the mother, with an angry countenance, cried, "Here!" and then vanished in a moment.

The lady, though much frightened at the apparition, had wit enough to make it serve her own purpose; for, as the spectre appeared at her husband's command, she made silently that he had a familiar spirit who appeared when he willed it. To escape from this disagreeable charge, the poor husband agreed to make the new settlement of the estate in the terms demanded by the unreasonable lady.

A meeting of friends was held for that purpose, the new deed was executed, and the wife was about to execute the former willowment by leaving the end, when on a sudden they heard a rushing noise in the parlour in which they sat, as if something had come in at the door of the room which opened from the hall, and then had gone through the room towards the garden-door, which was shut; they were all surprised at it, for the sound was very distinct, but they saw nothing.

This noise interrupted the business of the meeting, but the persevering lady brought them back to it. "I am not frightened," said she, "not I—Greta," said she to her husband, laughingly. "I'll assert the old writings if dirty devils were in the room;" with that she took up one of the deeds, and was about to tear off the seal. But the *double-ginger*, or *Exeter*, at

Alexander was as perturbed as in guarding the rights of his principal, as his responsibility in throwing them.

The same instant she seized the paper to destroy it, the parchment flew open, though it was fast in the macle just as it was before, and the shadow of a body was seen as standing in the garden without, the feet looking into the porch, and staring directly at the man with a stern and angry countenance—"Halt!" said the specter, as if speaking to the lady, and immediately closed the window and vanished. After this second interruption, the new parchment was cancelled by the removal of all concerned, and Alexander, in a hour (not or five months after, arrived from the East Indies, to which he had gone four years before from London in a Portuguese ship. He could give no explanation of what had happened, excepting that he detected his father had written him an angry letter, threatening to disinherit him.—*The History and Mystery of Apparitions*, chap. viii.

NOTE B, p. 304.—PETER INGLE.

The death of a man, or rather a monster, of this name, are recorded upon the tombstone of one of those martyrs which it was Old Mortality's delight to repair. I do not remember the name of the monstrous person, but the circumstances of the case were as terrible in my childish imagination, that I am confident the following copy of the epitaph will be found nearly correct, although I have not seen the original for forty years at least:—

"This martyr was by Peter Ingle shot,  
By virtue of a warrant from a Court;  
Who, that his villain offspring might be gone,  
Gave off his head, then looked it over the gown;  
There was the head which was to wear the crown,  
A traitor made by a tyrant's design."

In Gordon's Letters, Captain Ingle, or Ingle, is repeatedly mentioned as commanding a troop of horse.

The numerous names here referred to was James White, of the parish of York-st. Ayrshire. The epitaph appeared in the *Obit of 1748*, a well-known work published in 1714; but the honest conduct of Ingle is thus stated in a pamphlet or "Memorial" printed in 1690.—"Then—The said Peter or Philip Ingle killed one James White, drunk off his head with an ox, brought it to Newcastle, and played at the Foot-ball with it, he killed him at Little Black wood, the second year 1688."

As proof of the Author's singular memory, it may be added that the epitaph as printed above is almost verbatim with the original, except in the third line, which runs thus, "who, that his monstrous Rascal might be gone."

This Peter Ingle, a cousin of dragons, was the son of Captain John Ingle for Ingle, as Lord Dundee calls him, above mentioned. In the earlier editions of the *Scott's Works*, John Gordon, the author, adds an Appendix, "God's Justice accomplished in his Judgments upon Parricides." Here it is stated regarding Peter Ingle, that if not he himself, some other "prophane dragons," conspired with the atrocious traitor described in the



apoplexy on Ullin, not with a sudden death by falling backward from the battlement of the parterre-house; near Kilmarnock, known as *Stone Circle*.]

NOTE 2, p. 364.—THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

The severity of persecution often drove the sufferers to hide themselves in dens and caves of the earth, where they had not only to struggle with the real danger of decay, darkness, and disease, but were called upon, in their diabolical consciousness, to oppose the infernal powers by whom such caverns were believed to be haunted. A very remarkable case of herbs, tinctures, and medicines, called *Chlorophyll Elix*, on the island of Orkney (Dumfriesshire), is said to have been the retreat of some of these enthusiasts, who judged it safer to face the opposition by which the place was thought to be haunted, than to expose themselves to the rage of the malignant powers.

Another remarkable encounter between the Evil Power and the champions of the Cross, is preserved in written records, and yet forgotten in British Fairs. Two men, it is said, by name Halbert Wilson and David Ross, constructed for themselves a place of refuge in a hidden cavern, of a very strange character, by the side of a considerable waterfall, near the head of Loch Tays. Here, surrounded from human eyes, they were assisted by Helen Maxwell, who came upon them growing and working wonders, as if trying to frighten them, and distract their devotion. The worshippers, more terrified than astonished at this supernatural character, avoided the ghostly visitor, believed in a conspiracy with their illness, and compelled her at length to change herself into the resemblance of a pack of dirty linen, in which shape he rolled down the cascade. The steps which he assumed was perfectly designed to excite the curiosity of the multitude, who, as keepers of records, might have been disposed to attempt something to save a package of good linen. Thus,

"*Rob-Tek and Torki Elix,  
Doing the Deil over Helen's Lin.*"

The popular version according to this fact, to which Burns seems to have been indebted for some lines in his "*Address to the Deil*," may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. 2.

It cannot be matter of wonder to any one at all acquainted with human nature, that superstitions should have prevailed, by no means, the approximations to which men of enthusiastic character were disposed by the gloomy forests to which they had fled for refuge.

NOTE 3, p. 408.—FRAUDS OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

The word of Captain John Paton of Menziesburgh, a Conservative famous for his personal prowess, bears testimony to his candour in the case of the Cross, and was typical of the opposition of the times. "This sword is short-station" (scabbard, scabbard) "yet scabbard," says Mr. Burns of Islay. "It was then by his possession" (possessing, possessing), a rather curious use of the word "scabbard" to have twenty-eight years in

in edge; which made them afterwards observe, that there were just as many yards in the time of the persecution as there were steps or broken places in the edge thereof."—*Journal*, vol. II, p. 412.

The persecuted party, in their circumstances led to their finding a less and sterner reliance on heaven, when earth was more persecuted to leave them, till majority took enthusiastic feelings, and, as they imagined, direct conversation with the persons of darkness, so they conceived great amongst them to be possessed of a power of prediction, which, though they did not exactly call it inspired prophecy, seems to have approached, in their opinion, very nearly to it. The subject of these predictions was generally of a remarkably serious, for it is during such times of blood and confusion that

"False-eyed prophets whisper doubtful things."

The celebrated Alexander Paine was haunted by the horrors of a French invasion, and was often heard to exclaim, "Oh, the Monks, the French Monks!" (For Monks, doubtless, "how they run! how long will they run! O Lord, cut their lengths, and stay their running!") He afterwards declared, that French blood would run thicker in the veins of Ayr and Dymke than ever did that of the Highlanders. Upon another occasion, he said he had been ready to see the French marching with their armies through the length and breadth of the land in the blood of all ranks, up to the British ruins, and that for a hundred, broken, and burned covenant.

David Hume also prophesied. In passing by the house of Kersness, to which workmen were making some additions, he said, "Lads, you are very busy working and repairing that house, but it will be burned like a straw's nest in a windy May morning," which accordingly came to pass, the house being burned by the English forces in a cloudy May morning. Other instances might be added, but there are enough to show the character of the people and times.

NOTE II, p. 418.—JOHN BUCHANAN, CALLED BUCHAN.

Great notice I did request of mine honest friend Peter Trenchard, travelling northward, known to many of this land for his fidelity and just dealings, as well in trade and commerce as in small wars, to procure me, on his next progress towards that village, a copy of the *Highlanders* directed to. And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runs thus:—

How long are we to grudge our life,  
Being John Buchan, sometime of Dorset,  
Who stirred up to vengeance him,  
For fellowes longer and our countrymen,  
Upon the Mountains in 1715,  
Did let James Henry the apostate's life;  
By Dalhousie's hands was broken and shot,  
Then driven to Dymke and his men apt.

The name of John Buchan of Kinloch, called Dorset, is recorded, as well as his violent death in the manner described, in various traditions. He was wounded at Falkland Bridge, when he obtained the celebrated trans-

lived to the last, not even to share with his religious persecutors. His afterwards escaped to Holland, where he found refuge, with other fugitives of that disturbed period. His biographer must admit enough to believe that he was high in the Prince of Orange's favour, and, therefore, "that having still a desire to be avenged upon those who persecuted the Lord's cause and people in Scotland, if it could be obtained like by from the Prince for that purpose, but died at sea before his arrival in Holland; whereby that design was never accomplished, and so the land was never stained by the blood of those who had shed innocent blood, according to the law of the Lord, Gen. ix. 5. *Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*" *Indiscoverable Mystery*, p. 323.

It was reserved for this historian to discover, that the machineries of King William, and his greatest anxiety to prevent that propagating of seditious quacks, which is called in modern times Reaction, were only adopted in consequence of the death of John Bellamy, called Broday.

The late Mr. Wemyss, of Wemyss Hall, in Fife-shire, succeeded to Bellamy's property in this house, and had several manuscripts, papers, articles of dress, &c., which belonged to the old householder.

His name seems still to exist in Holland or Flanders; for in the Brussels papers of 23th July 1722, *Christiaan Debusz Tollou de Berghen* is named Commandant of the troops of the King of the Netherlands in the West Indies.

## AT 099A ET

CERTAIN SCOTCH WORDS AND PHRASES,  
AS APPLIED IN OLD MINERALITY.

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